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Irene Owen Andrews —
February 1 - 1905

IRELAND
ITS SCENERY, CHARACTER
AND HISTORY

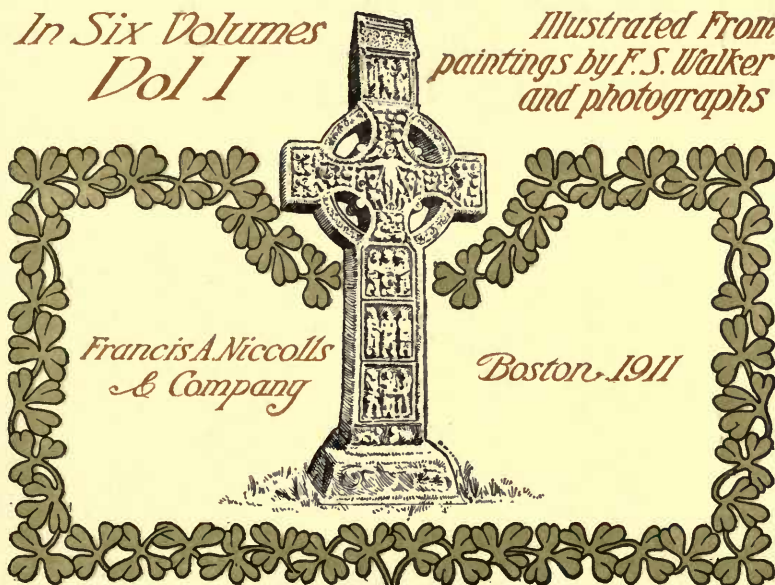
VOLUME ONE



IRELAND
ITS
SCENERY
CHARACTER
AND
HISTORY
BY MR. & MRS. S. C. HALL

*In Six Volumes
Vol I*

*Illustrated From
paintings by F. S. Walker
and photographs*



*Francis A. Niccolls
& Company*

Boston, 1911

CELTIC EDITION

OF which one thousand numbered
and registered copies have been
printed

No. *97*.....

Printed by
THE COLONIAL PRESS
C. H. Simonds & Co., Boston, U. S. A.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE ALBERT

This Work

DESCRIPTIVE OF A COUNTRY WITH WHICH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IS SO CLOSELY
AND SO AUSPICIOUSLY CONNECTED,

IS,

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY HIS FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED SERVANTS,

THE AUTHORS

PREFACE

It is necessary to preface, briefly, the First Volume of our Work on "Ireland;" chiefly, in order to express our grateful sense of the patronage it has received.

We are justified in assuming that it has not disappointed public expectation: for its sale has far exceeded our most sanguine hopes, having more than doubled the calculation of the Publishers. By the Press of England and Scotland—we believe universally—we have been greatly encouraged; and also by that of Ireland, with very few exceptions.

We have, therefore—we hope and think—induced that confidence in our honesty of intention, without which labour such as ours must be comparatively vain.

To have satisfied all parties, in Ireland, would have been a triumph we did not, for a moment, calculate on achieving. Although we have studied to avoid topics upon which opinions, in that country, are, unhappily, divided, it was impossible not to touch upon some of them: the rule we have laid down for our guidance, and to which we shall conscientiously adhere, is TO ENDEAVOUR TO CONSIDER EVERY SUBJECT, WITHOUT TAKING INTO ACCOUNT WHETHER IT IS SUPPORTED OR OPPOSED BY A PARTY—exercising our judgment only

PREFACE

with a view to determine whether it is beneficial, or prejudicial, to the United Kingdom.

Unequivocal proof has been supplied us that we have, at least to some extent, succeeded in the attainment of our leading object—to direct public attention to Ireland, and to induce visitors to examine it for themselves. We repeat, there is no country in the world so safe or so pleasant for strangers; while so abundant is the recompense of enjoyment it can supply, that for every new visitor it receives, it will obtain a new friend.

We shall continue the Work with the same anxiety to make Ireland more advantageously known to England—that the tie which unites them may be more closely knit, and that the people of both countries may think, feel, and act, as ONE PEOPLE. Under no other circumstances can the prosperity and happiness of either be essentially, or extensively, advanced.

THE ROSERY, OLD BROMPTON.

REPRINTED FROM THE AUTHORS PREFACE IN
ORIGINAL EDITION

THIS work is the result of an early acquaintance with Ireland and its people; and of five several Tours made by the writers, together, subsequent to the year 1825. They did not, therefore, consider it desirable to pursue any specified route, but aimed, rather, to give their general views of the condition and character of Ireland, as arising out of the various opportunities they had, from time to time, for forming opinions. As some attention to ORDER was, however, indispensable, they decided to divide the work into Counties, describing the more peculiar characteristics of each.

They undertook the task with a full consciousness of the difficulties they had to encounter—difficulties that could be partially overcome only by a fixed determination in no instance to consult the wishes or intentions of any party; and a firm adherence to that honesty of purpose which can alone create confidence and produce success. Their great object was to promote the welfare of Ireland—but not by a sacrifice of truth; and their earnest hope is, that they may give effect to the care and consideration manifested, of late years, by England towards Ireland, which cannot fail to increase the prosperity and happiness

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of both countries—their interests being mutual and inseparable.

It cannot be questioned that a decided improvement has taken place among all classes throughout Ireland—referable to causes upon which it will be the authors' duty to comment. Neither can it be doubted, that English capitalists consider Ireland a vast field in which judicious labour may be assured a profitable harvest; the barriers, which have heretofore obstructed the in-flow of their wealth, are giving way before the advancing spirit of the age; and it may be safely predicted, that its great natural resources will be, ere long, made more largely available to the commercial, the agricultural, and the manufacturing interests of the United Kingdom.

Many valuable and important works, descriptive of Ireland, already exist, but they are, for the most part, local histories, which present so few attractions to the general reader, that they contribute little to increase intimacy between Ireland and England, or to establish that good understanding so essential to their well-being and well-doing. The proprietors of this publication, therefore, consider there was not only room for it, but that it was required by the public. The authors laboured with zeal and industry to obtain such topographical and statistical information as might be useful to those who visit Ireland, or who desired the means of judging correctly as to its capabilities and condition. But their especial duty was to associate with more important details, such incidents, descriptions, legends, tradi-

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tions, and personal sketches, as might serve to excite interest in those who are deterred from the perusal of mere facts, if communicated in a less popular form. Independently of their own actual observation and experience, they had the aid of many who have continually employed the pen or pencil—or both—in collecting and preserving records, that serve to throw light on the state of the country, and the character of its people; and the co-operation of others who were interested, with them, in making Ireland more advantageously known to England, and who had confidence in their competency for the due discharge of their important task.

The Towers, the Castles, and the remains of Monastic Edifices, are described, in the page that relates the more remarkable events in their several histories, and contrasts their present ruins with their former greatness. The Manners and Customs of the Irish also afforded ample scope from which to draw both entertainment and information;—the Baalfire meetings on Midsummer Eve; the patrons; the courtships; the weddings; the christenings; the wakes; the pilgrimages to holy wells; the sports on All-Hallow Eve, and the observances on Christmas; the peculiar dances and the music of the peasantry; the musical instruments, ancient and modern; the faction fights (now, happily, but shadows of what they were); and many other national points, usages, and ceremonies, supplied material for the pencil of the Artist, as well as the pen of the Writer. The Legends and Traditions of Ire-

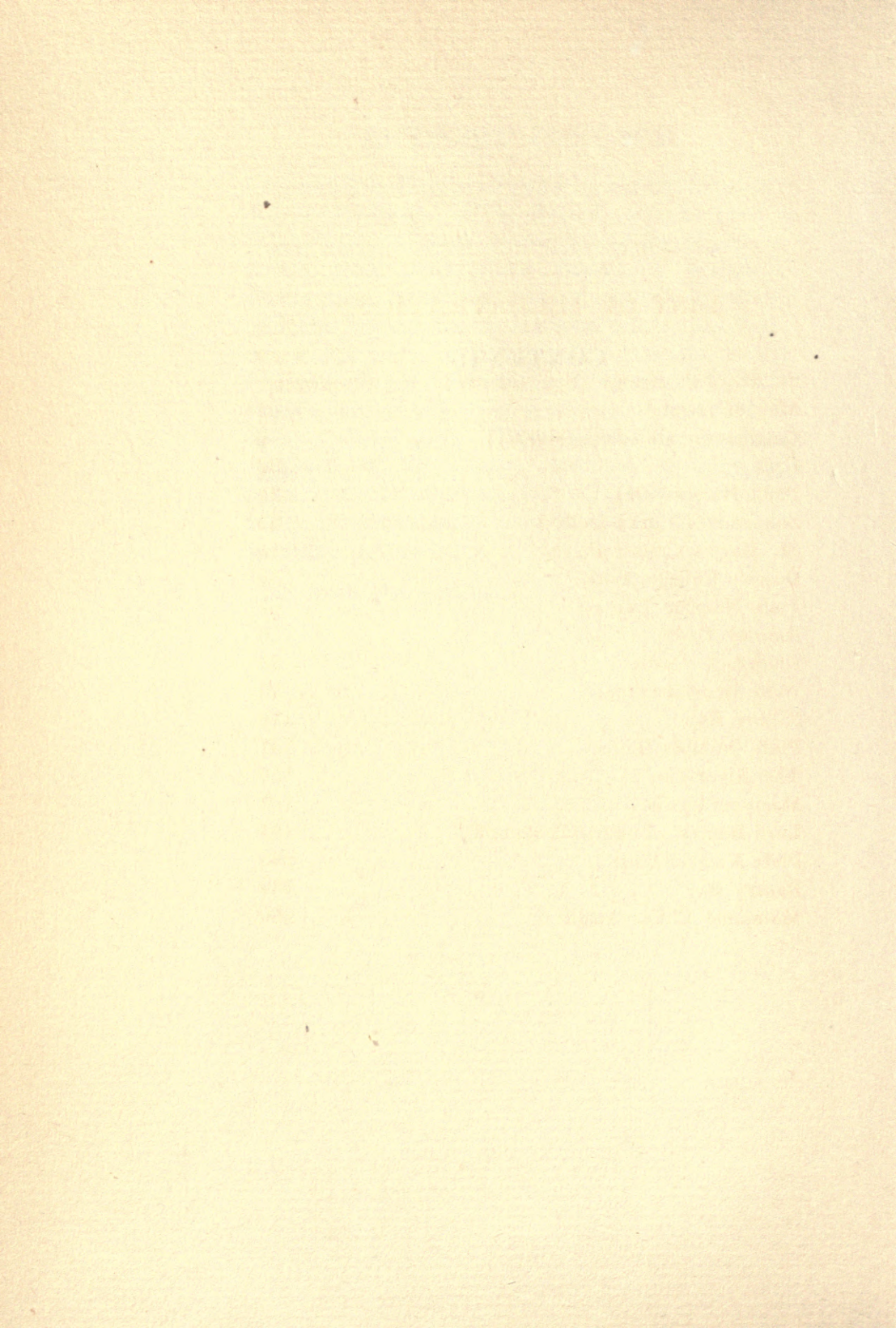
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land are full of interest; and its superstitions are rich in romance. It is, indeed, rare to pass a single mile, without encountering an object to which some marvellous fiction is attached. Every lake, mountain, ruin of church or castle, rath and boreen, has its legendary tale; the Fairies people every wild spot; the Banshee is the follower of every old family; Phookas and Cluricaunes are—if not to be seen—to be heard of in every solitary glen. These stories the Authors collected in their way; and not as gleaners merely; for the harvest, notwithstanding that so many labourers have been in the field, was but partially gathered in.

THE ROSERY, OLD BROMPTON.

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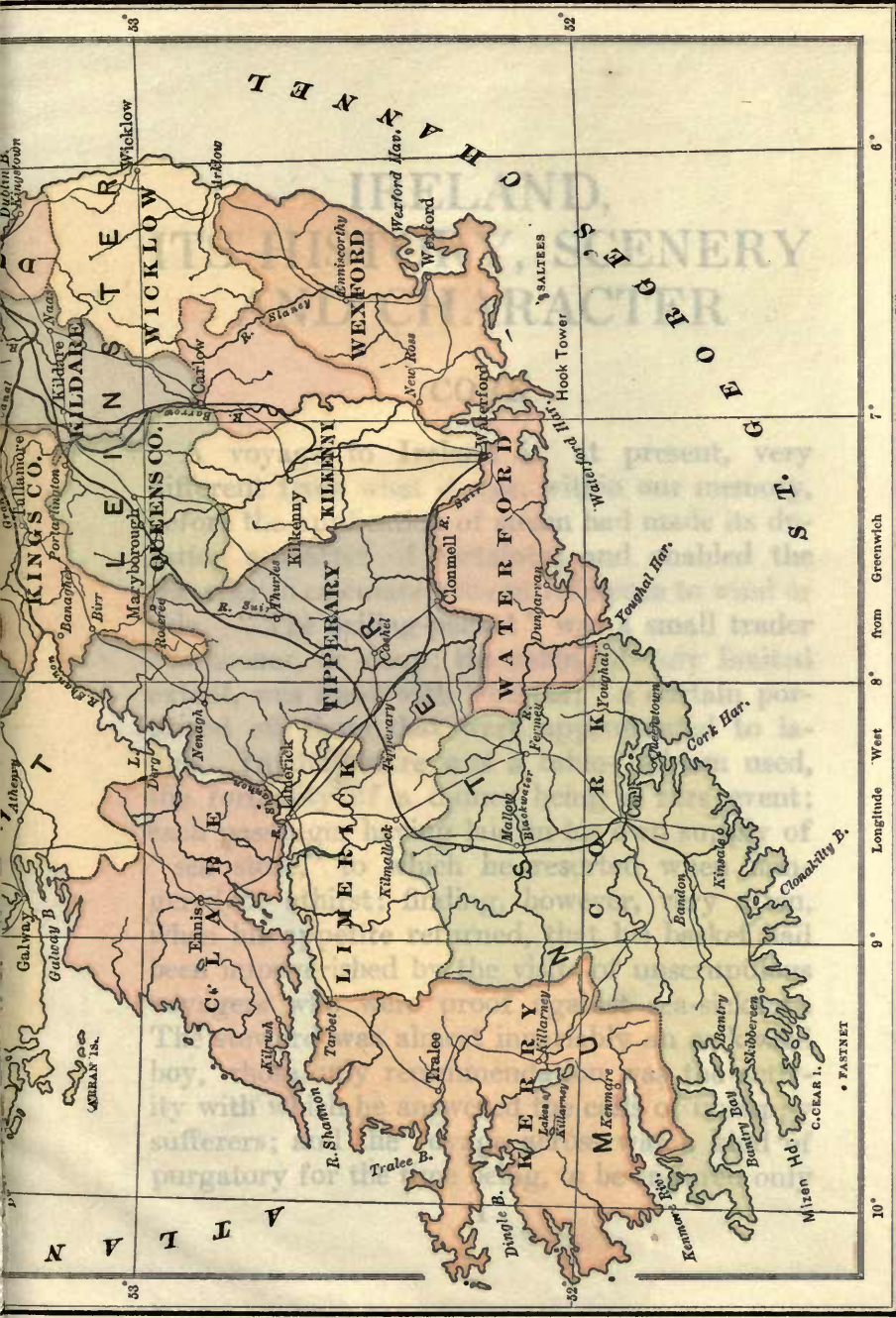


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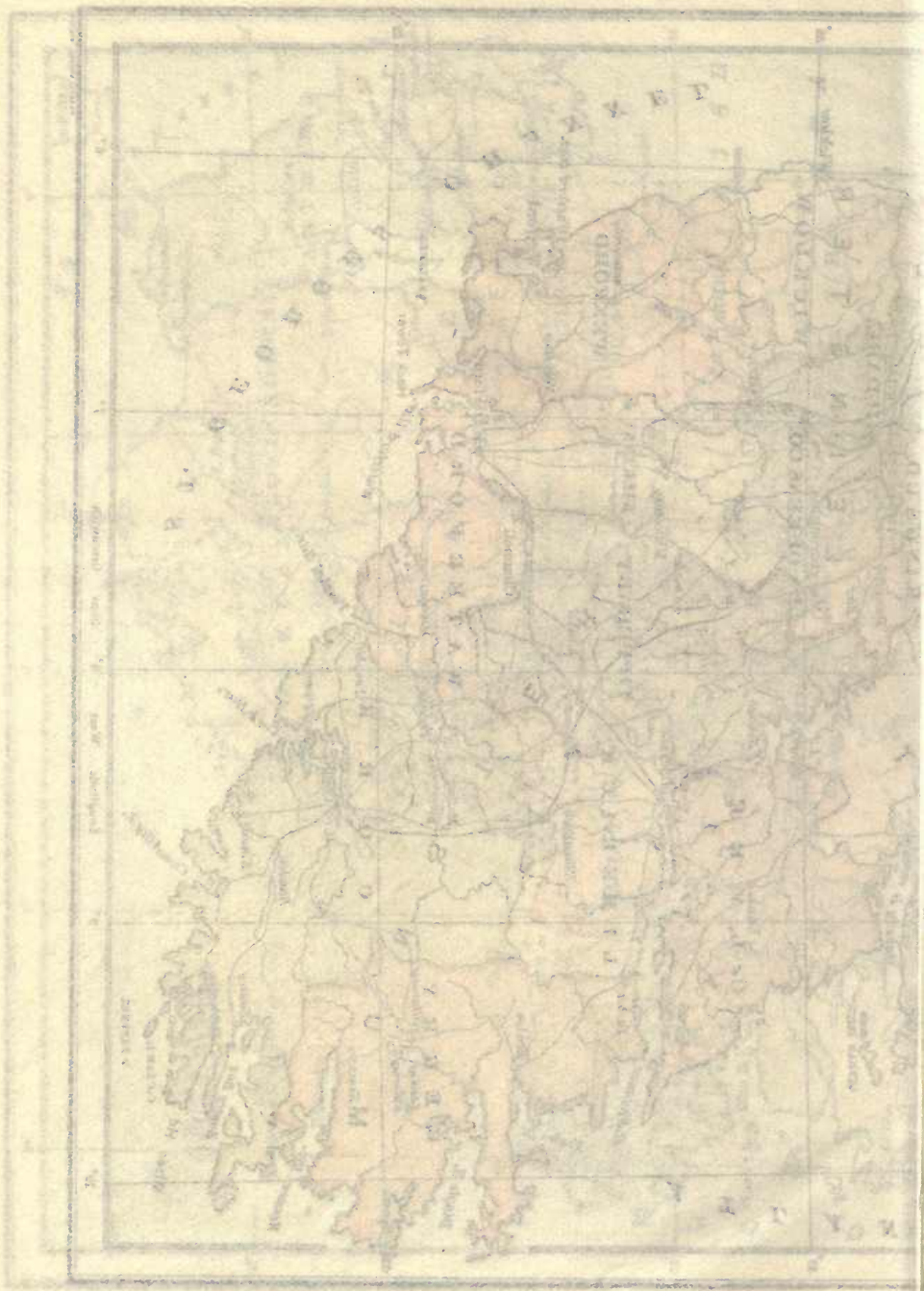




PIRELLA GÖTTSCHE LOWE

10° 9° 8° 7° 6° Longitude West from Greenwich

• FASTNET



IRELAND, ITS HISTORY, SCENERY AND CHARACTER

CORK

A voyage to Ireland is, at present, very different from what it was, within our memory, before the application of steam had made its duration a matter of certainty, and enabled the traveller to calculate without reference to wind or tide. "The sailing-packet" was a small trader—schooner, or sloop; the cabin, of very limited extent, was lined with "berths;" a curtain portioned off those that were appropriated to ladies. In the centre was a table—seldom used, the formality of a dinner being a rare event; each passenger having laid in his own supply of "sea store," to which he resorted when hungered or athirst; finding, however, very often, when his appetite returned, that his basket had been impoverished by the visits of unscrupulous voyagers who were proof against sea-sickness. The steward was almost invariably an awkward boy, whose only recommendation was the activity with which he answered the calls of unhappy sufferers; and the voyage across was a kind of purgatory for the time being, to be endured only

in cases of absolute necessity. It was not alone the miserable paucity of accommodation and utter indifference to the comfort of the passengers, that made the voyage an intolerable evil. Though it usually occupied but three or four days, frequently as many weeks were expended in making it. It was once our lot to pass a month between the ports of Bristol and Cork; putting back, every now and then, to the wretched village of Plil and not daring to leave it even for an hour, lest the wind should change and the packet weigh anchor. But with us it was "holiday time," and our case was far less dismal than that of an officer to whom we recently related it; his two months' leave of absence had expired the very day he reached his Irish home.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that comparatively little intercourse existed between the two countries, or that England and Ireland were almost as much strangers to each other as if the channel that divided them had been actually impassable.

The introduction of steam has made them, as it were, one island; the voyage now, either from Liverpool to Dublin, or from Bristol to Waterford or Cork, is far more comfortable and less fatiguing than a journey to York; the natural effect has been, that prejudices and popular errors are passing away from both countries, that a more just and rational estimate has been formed by the one of the other, and that a union, based on mutual interests, is rapidly cement-

ing. The insane attempts to procure "Repeal" may retard, for a time, a consummation for which every upright British subject must devoutly wish; but a growing intelligence and an increasing intimacy are barriers which the advocates of the measure will vainly endeavour to break down. It is our intention to avoid, as far as possible, all irritating and party topics; but it will be our duty to consider England and Ireland as one country—to draw more closely the ties that unite them, and to condemn, as the most mischievous of all projects, that which either contemplates or leads to separation—the inevitable consequence of a repeal of the Union. Upon this subject, therefore, we may feel bound, hereafter, to submit to our readers the results of our observation and experience.

The steam-boats that ply between the two countries have, in fact, facilitated intercourse almost as much as a bridge across St. George's Channel would have done. The elegance with which they are fitted up, the moderate fares, and the attention to comfort, in all respects, have made the journey from England to Ireland an excursion of pleasure, instead of a weary, dangerous, prolonged, and expensive voyage. But they have produced advantages of far greater import; inasmuch as they have largely contributed to develop and increase the resources of the country, and to improve the moral and social condition of the people. Sixteen years ago, the St. George Steam Company established packets between the port of Cork and the ports of Dub-

lin, Liverpool, and Bristol, and, more recently, of London. The value of the poor man's property immediately augmented; previously, he was at the mercy of agents who purchased his produce at fairs, compelling him to sell at the prices they dictated, or to return with it, in many instances a distance of twenty miles. The old saying that "the pig paid the rent" was literally true; and the fair-day was always the rent-day. Now, he is, himself, very frequently, the export merchant, and accompanies to England his half score of pigs, his crate of fowl, or his hamper of eggs. Hence he obtains a knowledge of men and manners: naturally shrewd and inquisitive, he looks around him as he travels along; his curiosity is excited; he inquires and examines, and takes back with him notions of improvement and of the profit to be derived therefrom, which he not only turns to account, but disseminates among his neighbours.¹ As will therefore be expected, a material change for the better has taken place throughout Ireland—perceptible even in the remotest districts, but very apparent in the vicinity of sea-port towns. The peasantry are better clad than they formerly were, their cottages much more decent, their habits far less uncivilized. The very lowest class, perhaps, has not yet felt the full benefit of this movement, but every grade above that class has essentially advanced; in all respects the people of Ireland are gradually but certainly assimilating with the people of England.

Undoubtedly this most beneficial change may

be dated from the introduction of steam into commerce; but it has been greatly promoted by other circumstances upon which we shall have to comment. In the year 1838 we made a tour in Ireland, and in 1840 another. The improvement, within these two years, was so extraordinary as almost to exceed belief: during our previous visits, we noted comparatively little alteration in the external aspect of the country or in the condition of its people, from what we had known them twenty years ago; but, of late, the "move forward" has been wonderful; and if the future progress be in proportion, the serviceable results to the country cannot be estimated at too high a rate.

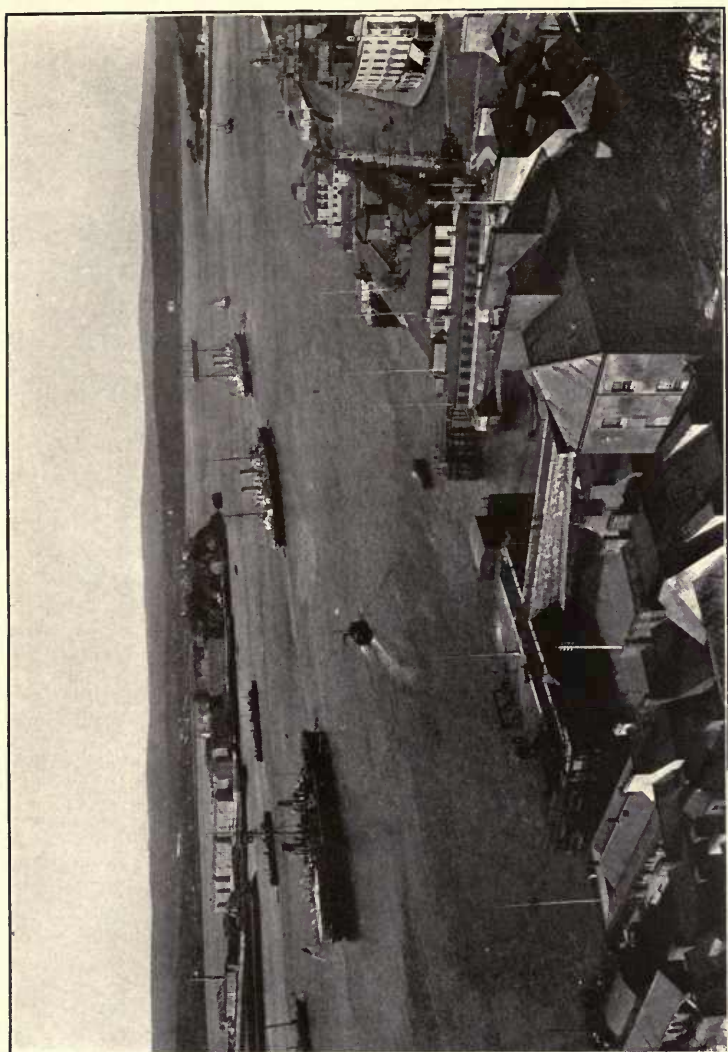
Hitherto, however, although steam has so largely aided in inducing visits from Ireland to England, visitors to Ireland from England have not, in the same ratio, increased. Happily, many of the causes that produced this evil exist no longer, and others are rapidly disappearing. It will be our leading object in this publication to induce the English to see and judge for themselves, and not to incur the reproach of being better acquainted with the Continent than they are with a country in which they cannot fail to be deeply interested, and which holds out to them every temptation the traveller can need—a people rich in original character, scenery abundant in the wild and beautiful, a cordial and hearty welcome for the stranger, and a degree of safety and security in his journeyings, such as he can meet in no other portion of the globe. In all

our tours, we not only never encountered the slightest stay or insult, but never heard of a traveller who had been subjected to either; and although sufficiently heedless in the business of locking up "boxes" at inns, in no instance did we ever sustain a loss by our carelessness. We may add, that travelling in Ireland and the charges connected with it are so moderate, that a month at Killarney shall cost less, the journey from London included, than would be expended, during the same time, at Ramsgate or Cheltenham.

The usual routes to Ireland are either from Bristol to Cork or Waterford, or from Liverpool to Dublin. The voyage across occupies, generally, to Cork twenty-four hours, to Waterford twenty hours, and from Liverpool to Dublin twelve hours; although it is frequently made in much less time. The shortest sea-passage is between Holyhead and Dublin, which is usually made in six hours.

Our work commences with Cork.

The distant appearance of Cork harbour, from the seaward approach, is gloomy, rocky, and inhospitable; but as its entrance between two bold headlands—scarcely half a mile apart and crowned by fortifications—opens upon the view, its character undergoes a complete change. The town of Cove, with the island of Spike, forming a sort of natural breakwater, and several smaller islands, give variety and interest to a noble expanse of sea, that spreads out, like a luxuriant lake, to welcome and rejoice the visitor; its



sparkling billows heaving and tumbling in sportive mimicry of the wild and wide ocean without. The harbour is one of the most secure, capacious, and beautiful of the kingdom, and is said to be large enough to contain the whole navy of Great Britain. It is diversified by other islands besides that of Spike; one of which, Haulbowlin, is the depot for naval stores.

Another, "Rocky Island," is the government depot for gunpowder; the store-rooms are excavated in the solid rock, and communicate with each other by apertures in the sides. Passing Monkstown and Passage, two pretty and picturesque villages, which, together with the town of Cove, we shall presently describe, the vessel proceeds from the latter place, a distance of ten miles, to the Quay of Cork. To do full justice to the exceeding beauty of the river Lee is impossible. On either side, immediately after passing the harbour's mouth, numberless attractive objects, in succession, greet the eye; and the wild and the cultivated are so happily mingled, that it would seem as if the hand of taste had been everywhere employed, skilfully, to direct and improve nature. Moore during one of his visits called it, "the noble sea avenue to Cork;" and an Eastern traveller, with whom we journeyed, observed that "a few minarets placed in its hanging gardens would realize the Bosphorus." As we proceed along, the land seems always around us; and from its mouth to the city quays, the river, in its perpetual changes, appears a series of lakes, from which there is no passage except over one

of the surrounding hills. These hills are clad, from the summit to the water's edge, with every variety of foliage; graceful villas and ornamental cottages are scattered among them in profusion, and here and there some ancient ruin recalls a story of the past. A sail from Cork to Cove is one of the rarest and richest treats the island can supply, and might justify a description that would seem akin to hyperbole. It is, therefore, not surprising, considering also the cheapness and rapidity of the passage to and fro, that a vast proportion of the citizens have dwellings, magnificent or moderate, according to their means, along the banks of their glorious and beautiful river; although it is to be lamented that its attractions too generally wile them from business, and keep them at "the receipt of custom" but for a few hours of the day.

The moment the voyager lands, he is impressed with a conviction that the natural advantages of Cork have been turned to good account. There is bustle on the quays; carriages and carts of all classes are waiting to convey passengers or merchandize to their destination; and an air of prosperity cheers him as he disembarks.

Unhappily, however, the first peculiarity that strikes a stranger on landing here, or, indeed, in any part of Ireland, is the multiplicity of beggars. Their wit and humour are as proverbial as their rags and wretchedness; and both too frequently excite a laugh, at the cost of serious reflection upon their misery and the means by

which it may be lessened. Every town is full of objects, who parade their afflictions with ostentation, or exhibit their half-naked children, as so many claims to alms as a right. Age, decrepitude, imbecility, and disease, surround the car the moment it stops, or block up the shop-doors, so as, for a time, effectually to prevent either entrance or exit. In the small town of Macroom, about which we walked one evening, desiring to examine it undisturbed, we had refused, in positive terms, to relieve any applicant; promising, however, the next morning, to bestow a halfpenny each upon all who might ask it. The news spread, and no beggars intruded themselves on our notice for that night. Next day, it cost us exactly three shillings and tenpence to redeem the pledge we had given; no fewer than ninety-two having assembled at the inn gate. We encountered them, nearly in the same proportion, in every town through which we passed.

It is vain to plead inability to relieve them; if you have no halfpence the answer is ready, "Ah, but we'll divide a little sixpence between us;" and then comes the squabble as to which of the group shall be made agent for the rest. Every imaginable mode of obtaining a gratuity is resorted to; distorted limbs are exposed, rags are studiously displayed, and, almost invariably, a half idiot, with his frightful glare and paralysed voice, is foremost among them. The language in which they frame their petitions is always pointed, forcible, and, generally, highly poetic:—"Good luck to your ladyship's happy

face this morning—sure ye'll lave the light heart in my bussom before ye go?"—"Oh, then, look at the poor that can't look at you, my lady; the dark man that can't see if yer beauty is like yer sweet voice;"—"Darling gintleman, the heavens be yer bed, and give us something;"—"Oh, the blessing of the widdy and five small children, that's waiting for yer honour's bounty, 'ill be wid ye on the road;"—"Oh, help the poor craythur that's got no childer to show yer honour—they're down in the sickness, and the man that owns them at sea;"—"Oh, then, won't yer ladyship buy a dying woman's prayers—chape?"—"They're keeping me back from the penny you're going to give me, lady dear, because I'm wake in myself, and the heart's broke wid the hunger." Such are a few of the sentences we gathered from the groups; we might fill pages with similar examples of ingenious and eloquent appeals.

A beggar, on receiving a refusal from a Poor Law commissioner, addressed him with "Ah, then; it's little business you'd have only for the likes of us;" another, vainly soliciting charity from a gentleman with red hair, thrust forward her child, with "And won't ye give a ha'penny to the little boy?—sure he's foxy like yer honour." "You've lost all your teeth," was said to one of them.—"Time for me to lose 'em when I'd nothing for 'em to do," was the reply. Some time ago, we were travelling in a stage-coach, and at Naas, where it has been said "the *native* beggars double the population of the town," a person inside told a troublesome and persevering ap-

plicant, very coarsely, to go to —. The woman turned up her eyes, and said, with inimitable humour, “ Ah, then it’s a long journey yer honour’s sending us; maybe yer honour’ll give us something to pay our expenses.” We saw, in Waterford, a gentleman angrily repulse a beggar, with a call to his servant to shut the door; and an odd soliloquy followed: the woman half murmured and half hissed, “ Shut the door; and that’s it, is it? Oh, then, that’s what I’ll be saying to you when ye want to pass through the gate of heaven. It’s then I’ll be saying to St. Peter, Shut the door, St. Peter, says I, to a dirty nagur, that ’ud disgrace the place intirely, says I—and ye’ll be axing me to let ye in; the never a fut, says I—shut the door, says I; shut the door! Ould go-by-the-ground (the person who had excited her wrath was of diminutive stature), what’ll ye say then?” “ May the spotted fever split ye in four halves!” was a curse uttered by a beggar who had been rejected somewhat roughly. “ Foxy-head, foxy-head,” was called out by one as a reproach to another; “ That ye may never see the dyer!” was the instant answer. Our purse having been exhausted, we had been deaf to the prayer of one who was covered so meagrely as scarcely to be described as clad: she turned away with a shrug of the shoulders, murmuring, “ Well, God be praised, it’s fine summer clothing we have, any way.” Once—it was at Macroon, of which we have particularly spoken—among a group we noted a fair-haired girl. We have seen many such, along every road

we travelled. Perfect in form as a Grecian statue, and graceful as a young fawn. The hood of her cloak shrouded each side of her face; and the folds draped her slender figure as if the nicest art had been exerted in aid of nature. There was something so sad, so shy, and yet so earnest, in her entreaty for "charity, for the love of God," that we should have at once bestowed it, had not a thin, pallid woman, whose manner was evidently superior to those around her, and whose "tatters" bore a character of "old decency," made her way through the crowd, and, struggling with excited feelings, forced the girl from our side. Curious to ascertain the cause of this interference, we followed them and learned it. "My name's MacSweeny," said the woman somewhat proudly, after a few preliminary questions, "and I am a lone widow, with five of these craythurs depending on my four bones. God knows 'tis hard I work for the bit and the sup to give them; and 'tis poor we are and always have been; but none of my family ever took to the road or begged from any Christian—till this bad girleen disgraced them." The mother was sobbing like a child, and so was her "girleen." "Mother," said the girl, "sure little Timsy was hungry, and the gentleman wouldn't miss it." Our car was waiting; we had far to go that day, and we were compelled to leave the cabin without hearing what, we are sure, must have been a touching story; but we left the widow less heart-broken than we found her. As a contrast to this, let us relate an incident that occurred

in Cork, where, by the way, the beggars seldom appear in public until nearly mid-day. We were sitting at the window of our hotel ("the Imperial," which for elegance and comfort may vie with any hotel of the kingdom); our attention had been frequently called from the book we were reading, by the querulous whine of a beggar, who uttered at intervals, not far between, the customary salutation of "Good luck to ye," and the usual accompaniment of "Lave us a ha'penny for God's sake; for the lone widdy and her five fatherless childer." As we had heard but few blessings follow the appeal, we concluded that her efforts were unsuccessful; the more especially as at times her prayer ended with an undefined growl that sounded very like its opposite. Still she kept her position, directly beneath our window. We had seen her there in the morning; her tattered grey cloak falling back from her long lean throat; her dirty cap so torn as to be insufficient to conceal her tangled tresses; her right hand supported by her left, so as to stand out in the most imploring posture; while she lolled first on one side, then on the other, sometimes balanced on her right, then on her left, foot—the sad picture of confirmed and hardened beggary. As the evening was closing in, we were calculating how much longer she would remain in the same spot, when a very loud double knock echoed from the opposite side of the street, followed almost immediately by the woman's strenuously repeated petition, with the addition of "Do, dear, honourable, handsome

young gentleman, bestow a halfpenny on a poor lone widdy, with *seven* small starvin' little childer, that haven't broke their fast this blessed day."

We looked out of the window and saw she had crossed over, and was urging her request most emphatically, while the young man thundered again at the knocker. "Why thin, more power to yer elbow, and it's yerself that's strong enough in the wrist anyhow. God keep it to ye, sir, and lave the little token of a halfpenny with the lone widdy and her seven fatherless childer." "I really have not any silver about me," drawled out the young man. "Bedad," replied the beggar, "I did not ax ye for silver nor goold, but for one halfpenny for the broken-hearted widdy and her poor little naked fatherless childer." "I tell ye I've no halfpence," he replied, losing what people should never lose in Ireland, seeing that the loss is taken immediate advantage of—his temper. "Why, thin, bad luck to ye," she exclaimed, setting both her arms a-kimbo and looking a fury—while the impatient youth knocked more loudly; "then what the dickens did ye bring me from my comfortable sate across the street, wid such a knock as that for, if ye hadn't money in yer pocket—ye poor, half-starved, whey-faced gossoon?"

The beggars in the various towns have their distinctive characters, and they differ essentially from those who beg in the country. In the towns it is usually a "profession;" the same faces are always encountered in the same places; and they are very jealous of interlopers, unless

good cause be shown for additions to "the craft." In Dublin they are exceedingly insolent and repulsive; in Cork, merry and good-humoured, but most provokingly clamorous; in Waterford, their petitions were preferred more by looks than words, and a refusal was at once taken; in Clonmel—we were there during a season of frightful want—they appeared too thoroughly depressed and heart-broken to utter even a sentence of appeal;² in Killarney they seemed trusting to their utter wretchedness and filth of apparel, as a contrast to the surpassing grace and beauty of nature all around them, to extort charity from the visitors; and in Wicklow, where we encountered far fewer than we expected (always excepting Glendalough), they laboured to earn money by tendering something like advice as to the route that should be taken by those who were in search of the picturesque. One had followed a friend of ours, to his great annoyance, for upwards of a mile, and on bidding him good-bye, had the modesty to ask for a little sixpence. "For what?" inquired the gentleman; "what have you done for me?" "Ah, then, sure haven't I been keeping yer honour in discourse?" In the country, where passers-by are not numerous, the aged or bed-ridden beggar is frequently placed in a sort of handbarrow, and laid at morning by the road-side, to excite compassion and procure alms: not unfrequently their business is conducted on the backs of donkeys, and often they are drawn about by some neighbour's child.

The reader will naturally inquire as to the in-

fluence of the New Poor Law upon a state of things certainly without parallel in any civilized country; to such an inquiry, however, we are, at present, unable to supply any answer. The act is in operation only in Dublin and Cork; and although architects are busy, in every district, erecting "poor-houses," it would be premature to offer an opinion as to its practical working. Before our task is finished we shall have had abundant opportunities for arriving at some definite conclusion in reference to a matter of such vital importance. It was unquestionably a monstrous evil—that which left the aged, incompetent, and diseased, altogether to private charity; for, although charity is a fountain that, in Ireland, is never dry, the supply was insufficient and unwholesome, taxing largely the generous and humane, but levying no impost upon the selfish or indifferent.

It will be readily believed that, if a large proportion of the class consists of the idle, reckless, or unprincipled, the number of those who really want is by no means small: among a people very improvident, and living "from hand to mouth," a small deviation from the usual course of labour brings absolute destitution, and suggests the only mode, within reach, of continuing existence. Whole families are frequently met who have "taken to the road"—a phrase which denotes beggary as a business; the potato garden has been bared; the man is seeking labour at a distance from his home—perhaps in England; the cabin door has been closed; and the woman with

her children are travelling from village to village, asking, and invariably receiving, aid "for the love of God" from the "good Christians." We might relate scores of strongly characteristic and not uninteresting anecdotes of parties who have thus fallen in our way; but our readers will permit us to tell one story, although in so doing we may encroach somewhat too largely upon the space we desire, as much as possible, to vary.

There is a beautiful terrace along the north bank of the Cork river; the gardens are so steep that the walks hang, as it were, one above the other; the houses stand on a sort of platform, and the hill at their back is beautifully planted with trees and evergreens; roses climb in the most luxuriant profusion—and clematis, honeysuckle, and various creeping plants, mingle with their branches. We had been spending the evening with some friends whose exquisite taste had converted their hanging garden into a little paradise; the air was so balmy, and the moonbeams fell athwart the river in such long silvery lines, that we preferred walking to driving to our hotel. While lingering in the porch, bidding our friends adieu, our attention was arrested by the tones of a female voice; it was feeble, but very sweet: the burden of the song was that of an old ballad we had heard some fishermen sing on the Shannon two years ago. There was a wail at the termination, that seemed in harmony with the faint voice which gave it utterance;—it was—

"And has left me all alone for to die."

We paused to listen; but the strain was not renewed. It had made us sad; our adieus were repeated in a quieter tone; and as we proceeded, in the calm moonlight, we spoke of the poor singer.

Suddenly the melody was recommenced; not in the same place, but nearer town, and we had lost sight of the pretty river-terrace before we overtook her. Our interest in the ballad was now changed to an interest in the woman, for her song was interrupted by heavy, yet suppressed, sobs. She was leaning against the gate of a small house, trying to continue it: at length she sunk upon the steps, exclaiming, "I can't, afther all, I can't." We placed a coin of trifling value in her hand.

"God bless ye—God bless ye—" she said faintly; "God bless ye, though it's little good this or anything else can do me now; God bless you for it anyhow!" It is never hard to open an Irish heart. A few kind words, almost a kind look, will do it. "And afther all," she said, in reply to our inquiries, "and afther all, my lady, sure I sung it all along the river for practice, that I might have strength for it when I got here; and now there isn't power in me to say a word, though I know there's one in that house whose heart would answer me, though maybe her lips wouldn't own they'd know me."

We desired the poor creature to call on us the next day. "I can't," she replied, "lady honey, I can't; I'm almost as bare of clothes as a new-born babe. Oh that my soul was as bare of

sin!" It was impossible for human words or human voice to convey the idea of more acute misery than was made manifest by this sentence; it sounded like the knell of a broken heart. We managed, however, to see her again, and our interest in Mary Nolan—such was her name—was increased on finding that she was the daughter of a person who had been known to one of us in early childhood.

"I was once," said poor Mary, "not what I am now: I had a bright eye and a mighty gay heart, and I gave the light of the one and the pulse of the other to a boy of this county; and if I tell his name, you won't brathe it, for it would harrum her who I thought might have heerd and know the song I sung, if I'd the power to tune it rightly; but somehow music is like lead upon a bosom like mine, it crushes it down instead of lifting it up. I've not much to tell: we loved each other well in those days, so well, that when he was led astray by many things that war going on through the counthry at that time, when he used to be meetin' the boys by night in the Ruins of Kilcrea, or maybe away in the county Limerick, by the dancin' waters of the Shannon, why I thought it right, and many a moonlight meetin' I gave him, and many a gallon of whiskey I brought him from the hills; and my husband (for he was my husband, and many a one besides the Priest knew he was) had a fine voice, and often we sung together, and many a pleasant heart that beat its last in a far country, shook the laves off the trees with the strength of fine music. Oh!

we thought to carry all before us. And at other times the meetins would be silent as the ould graves over which we trod, until the whiskey they took would send them over the counthry with hot breath and burning eyes; the end came, and soon—but not the end we looked for: my husband (for he *was* my husband) staid on his keepin' many, many weeks, a starvin', wretched man, wild among the mountains, set by the soldiers as a dog sets a bird in a field of stubble. I have watched with a dry potato and a grain of salt for him the length of a summer day, shifting about so as to keep under the shadow of a rock to steal such as that to him, knowing he was dying of hunger all the time, and seeing him fetch-like before me, yet daren't stretch out my hand to him with a bit to eat. Oh! it was a woful time, but worse woe was afther it. When men are set on to hunt each other they have wonderful patience.

“He was took at last; and three days I sate at the gate of the ould jail, though they wouldn't let me in; my throuble came upon me then, and though my heart was broke, my child lived; my husband (for he *was* my husband) was sentenced to die; I was in the court-house and heard it, and *that* I can never forget; they say I tore through the crowd, that I fell at the judge's feet and laid my child on his robe, that I asked him to kill us all, that I told him the witnesses swore false, that it was the whiskey I brought him stirred him up, and that I had earned death most; that I was mad—and I do believe that God heated my brain

in his mercy, for I do not know what I did. Many weeks after, I found my poor old mother sitting by my side with my babby on her knee; I had been an undutiful daughter to *her*, yet when she heard of my trouble, she left her comfortable home in the west, and came to seek her child. Oh! the love of that mother's heart beat all! She gave me the babby to kiss; I would have asked for its father, but the darkness came over my eyes again, and no voice rose to my lips; only *she* knew what I meant, and 'Praise God, Mary, ma-vourneen,' she said, 'praise Him, a-vourneen, in yer heart, Mary, for he's *not* dead, only transported.' I spoke no word, but the tears came thick and fast; I felt my mother wiping them off, and her breath on my cheek like a blessing!"

Poor Mary covered her face with her long shadowy hands, and I saw that the memory of her mother was thrilling at her heart.

"She *was* a good woman," she resumed after a pause—"the heavens be her bed!—She was an honest industrious good woman. Oh, if I could but think she'd welcome me to glory, I'd die happy; she brought me up well, as far as book-reading went; but she let me grow wilful, and suffered for it in the end; oh! it's hard to suffer for love, and yet mine grew out of that. My poor mother, when I recovered, wanted to take me to her own place, but I could not content myself without my husband. I went to every one who had the knowledge and power of the counthry, and I asked to be let go out to him; they laughed, and said none but criminals were sent there. I

had never kept back my will for any of them; I would not do it now; I forgot all my duties but the one; I became a criminal; I forced those who had jeered to send me out; and when with my babby still at my breast (for they didn't part us, as they told me they might) I got to the end of the voyage, I found he was almost as far away from me as ever, up the counthry, while I was to remain near the town. I thought I should have gone mad. I wrote to him; weeks and months passed and I had no answer. I gave so much satisfaction to my master that I was left at liberty. After long slavery, I used that liberty to escape to him; I took my girl with me; I roved like a wild animal through as wild a counthry, but I found him—my first love! the thought of my life; my heart's core, for whose sake I had become a thief—I found him, married to the daughter of one of the overseers; a free man.

“At first he pretended not to know me, but I had kept my marriage lines in my bosom, and showed them to him; he came round, and promised if I would keep quiet a little he would do me justice; he said how well he was off, took his child in his arms, and kissed and blest it; I saw him do that much anyhow; he brought us food, and made us rest under a shade close to where he lived; he came again that evening and laid the child on his bosom, and excused himself, as he always could, to me. And I forgot his falsity when I heard his voice and saw his face once more, though the sunshine of love had left it: he asked to look at my marriage lines; I gave

them to him; in an instant he tore the paper into scraps; I fell on my knees and would have cursed him, but for my little Mary; she covered my mouth with her sweet innocent face; I could not curse then; the power left my limbs; I fell on the floor, and he stood by and offered me money, and threatened, if I did not go, to send me back as a runaway convict. To this day I can hardly believe it was *himself* was in it, with his fine clothes and *cowld* way; he bid me good night, said he would give me till the morning to consider of it; kissed the little girl, and left us. Weak as I was I crawled after him, and saw his shadow on the grass; I wished for God to direct me, and prayed for that; my child and I cried together, and before the day rightly broke, she said, 'Mother, let us go home,' and I got up, as well as I was able, and followed my little girl back to slavery.

"It was long before we reached where we had left, and I was afeared at first they'd be hard on me; but they weren't; and when my time was up they would have kept me there, but I wanted to set my foot upon the sod once more, and to see my mother before she died; they would have kept the little girl, but she would not leave me.

"When I got sight of ould Ireland, I felt as if my troubles war over: for a little while that lasted. I went to my old home; my mother was dead, though the grass wasn't grown on her grave. All I could do was to kneel on it with my child; what little property she had she had left me, though I was anything but worthy of it; it didn't

thrive, and I feared that my poor girl would fall under her mother's ban; this thought was over me day and night; I heard that her father's sister was living near Cork (*she* knew that he *was* my husband), and I laid a case before her that I'd give up the child to her, for she had lost all her own; she agreed, on *one* condition—that I was never to see her more.

“Oh lady, it was hard; and I had to trap away my own child; to invent a rason for laving her, and then she was to hear that I was dead, which I will be soon, plase God!—they have changed her name, and for the last four years I've been begging over the poor counthry, going a round³ betimes, and making my soul as I ought; but now, God help me, my heart fails me; I do want to see the face of my own child once more; I thought last night if she heard the song she'd know the voice; I was that heart-sore to see her that I think the last breath would lave me asy if I could just listen to her one word; and yet,” she added, “I don't know why; God help me I don't know why; it was good of the woman to take her, she had no reason to think well of me or of her father; God reward her! I heard from one who knows, that my poor child would be happy if she knew anything of her mother; and for all that she wouldn't be happy to see me as I am; I oughn't to break my promise; but sure the love of a mother breaks through stone walls! I mind when I was a girl having taken a bird's nest and put it in a cage, and I tended the young ones with the best of food, but the old birds would come with

the first and with the last light—there they war feedin' and cherishin' the young, and I used to tell them their birds war better off than they could make them; but still they'd come, they'd come, and wail and mourn—and wail and mourn," repeated poor Mary mournfully. Her reason and affection were at variance; but I saw, as is generally the case with her countrywomen, that, if she lived, the love of parent towards child must triumph.

When we returned from Killarney, she had been dead some days; and although we knew the house in which her daughter resided, we had no means of ascertaining if she had seen her mother.

CORK holds rank as the second city of Ireland—in extent, population, and commercial importance. Its situation is low, having been originally built on marshy islands; whence its name—"Corcagh," signifying, in Irish, land occasionally overflowed by the tide; but the northern and southern suburbs stand upon high ground. Scarcely a century has passed since the river ran through its principal streets, which are formed by arching over the stream. The poet Spenser has happily described—

"The spreading Lee, that like an island fair
Encloseth Cork with his divided flood."

In a very rare tract, so rare indeed as to be said to be unique, entitled "A relation of the most lamentable burning of the city of Cork by thunder and lightning," which was printed in London in 1622, the following graphic account

of old Cork occurs:—"The cittie of Corke hath his beginning upon the side of an hill, which descendeth easily into one wide and long streete; the onely principall and chiefe streete of the cittie. At the first entrance there is a castle called Shandon Castle, and almost over against it a church built of stone, as the castle is a kinde of marble, of which that country yeeldeth store. The cittie hath many houses built of the same stone, and covered with slate. But the greatest number of houses are built of tymber or mudde walls, and covered with thatch." About the year 1600, Camden described the city as enclosed "within a circuit of walls in forme of an egge, with the river flowing round about it and running betweene, not passable through but by bridges, lying out in length as it were in one broad street, and the same having a bridge over it." The foundation of Cork is generally attributed to Danish adventurers in the ninth or tenth century; it is contended, however, that its origin was earlier, and that the founder was St. Finn Bar, (the fair-haired or white-headed, for the Irish name admits of both translations,) whose ecclesiastical establishments contained, it is said, no fewer than seven hundred priests, monks, and students. For several centuries the annals of Cork are little more than records of skirmishes between English settlers and Irish clans. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the chronicler Holinshed pictures the city as so "beset with rebels neighbouring upon it, that they (the citizens) are faine to keep watch and



ward, as if they had continual siege laid unto it.” During the reign of Henry VII. it was destined to achieve a fatal notoriety: the mayor, John Walters, having abetted the pretensions of Perkin Warbeck to the throne, was hanged for treason, and the city was, for a time, deprived of its charter. While the contest continued between the Crown and the Parliament, Cork generally remained firm to the cause of Monarchy, but succumbed to Oliver Cromwell; who, during a brief visit, ordered the church-bells to be converted to the purposes of his army, and is said to have answered a remonstrance on the subject by facetiously remarking, that “since gunpowder was invented by a priest, he thought the best use for bells would be to promote them into canons.” The city was early in declaring for the restoration of Charles II.; and it is a singular fact, that the King was proclaimed there eleven days before the proclamation was made in London. In the Revolution of 1688, it supported the cause of James, and sustained a siege of three days’ duration; remarkable chiefly as having laid the foundation of the future fame and fortune of the hero of Blenheim. After an unsuccessful effort to reduce Limerick, William III. had returned to England, and Marlborough, anxious to distinguish himself, was appointed to the command of an expedition for Ireland—it is believed, through the influence of the Princess Anne’s party; by whom the necessity was urged of securing Cork and Kinsale, which were open to receive troops and supplies

for the support of the army of James II. William, although he could not well refuse his sanction to the proposed expedition, is said to have viewed it with a jealous eye, and to have caused, what is asserted to be, the unnecessary co-operation of the Duke of Wirtemberg at the head of a body of foreign troops, which led to a dispute between the two generals as to the command—Wirtemberg claiming it as a Prince, and Marlborough as the senior officer—and which dispute ended in an adjustment that they should command on alternate days.

Marlborough, having commanded on the first and third days of the siege, obtained the credit of taking the city. As a military exploit it was one of no great difficulty, but in a political view was important, and the achievement at the time was proportionably magnified for party purposes. A few days after the capture of Cork, Kinsale, from which an obstinate defence was expected, surrendered, and the adherents of James truly sung, in rhymes still current in Ireland—

“ There are no fortresses that we can call our own,
But Limerick stout, Galway, and brave Athlone.
Sing oh—oh, hone.”

With this event, the active military history of Cork terminates: its political importance being derived exclusively from its position as a seaport, and as the first commercial city of Ireland; its noble harbour having originated the motto—*“Statio bene fida carinis”* so aptly and de-

servedly applied to it.⁴ (See Plate No. 1.) The city arms, there can be no doubt, were suggested by the arms of Bristol, similar privileges to those enjoyed by that city having been granted to Cork by charter.

Cork has a cheerful and prosperous aspect; the leading streets are wide; and though the houses may be described as built with studied irregularity, their character is by no means ungraceful or unpleasing. The quays at either side of the Lee—here of course a river muddied from traffic—are constructed of lime-stone, and may be said to merit the term so frequently applied to them, “grand and elegant.” The city is a mere mart for commerce; the whole of the gentry, and indeed a large proportion of the trading inhabitants, living in the picturesque and beautiful outskirts. The public buildings of Cork are neither numerous nor remarkable; the court-house being almost the only good example of modern architecture, if we except the offices recently erected by the St. George Steam Packet Company, on the quay, which their vessels have made more bustling than that of the Custom-house—an ungainly structure, that stands on the opposite side of the river. The bridges, as may be supposed, are numerous. St. Patrick’s bridge, had formerly a drawbridge attached to it; but being one of the most frequented thoroughfares to a new and populous district, and the portcullis being of comparatively small value to the navigation, it was removed in 1823. In 1830, Anglesey bridge, or, as it is more generally

called, "the metal bridge," was constructed by the eminent architect, Sir Thomas Deane, from a design by Mr. Griffiths; it consists of two elliptic arches, forty-four feet in span, with a draw-bridge to admit vessels to the quays on the south branch of the Lee, which it crosses.

Antiquities are rare; the Cathedral, dedicated to St. Finn Bar, is built on the site of the early church, a few of the remains of which have been introduced into the modern structure. The tower of the steeple is, comparatively, ancient: the pointed doorway recessed, and richly moulded. It consists of two distinct arches, the inner being ornamented by bold and well-relieved mouldings, and the outer by cluster columns and a cinquefoiled head, all in low relief. It is curious that the inner portion of the archway should have been executed in freestone, of which there is none now to be had in Cork, and that the outer should have been executed in a different material, limestone. The building, taken as a whole, has no pretensions to Cathedral grandeur. It was erected in 1735, the expense having been defrayed by a tax of one shilling per ton on all coals and culm consumed within the city. A round tower formerly stood in the churchyard; but, having been considerably injured by the fire from the Fort on Barrack Hill, when Marlborough stormed Cork, this venerable remain was taken down, and no trace of it at present exists. In the churchyard there are few monuments that call for notice; one tablet, containing merely two lines, however, hints at a touching story.



PLATE NUMBER ONE

"Here lies a branch of DESMOND's race,
In Thomas Holland's burial-place."

Institutions, charitable, scientific, and literary, abound in Cork; it has been celebrated more than any other city of Ireland for the production and fosterage of genius, and is the birthplace of many distinguished characters, as well as of persons who have attained considerable eminence in literature, science, and the arts. Among the former who are at present living, or recently were so, may be named General O'Leary, the South American patriot; Mr. Hastie, the tutor of King Radamah, and to whose exertions the present civilized state of Madagascar may be mainly attributed; and Miss Thomson, the favourite wife of Muli Mahomed, late Emperor of Morocco.⁵ The most remarkable of the latter—of whom we could readily enumerate several—is the painter James Barry; of the house in which he was born, Mr. Crofton Croker has supplied us with a sketch; which we copy (See Plate No. 1), not merely because of its interest in association with the memory of the eccentric artist, but as affording a correct idea of the peculiar character of the suburb of an Irish town. The house is in Waterlane, in the northern, or "Blackpool," suburb, and is marked by two women at the door.

The jails of Cork—the "city" and "county"—are models of good management, cleanliness, and order. In the former, during our latest visit, were confined the notorious culprits Casey and Hartnett, who had been tried and found guilty of the murder of a policeman on the Glan-

mire road. The crime was deprived of much of its atrocity by the fact that it was not premeditated. They had robbed a gentleman, the policeman pursued them, and in the struggle he was killed. The characters of the men, however, were so bad, that they were sentenced to die; their graves had actually been dug beneath the wall of their prison, and the gallows erected on which they were to suffer, when it was remembered that the judge in passing sentence had forgotten to add the—as it afterwards appeared—important words, “and be buried within the precincts of the jail;”—“The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.” A motion in arrest of judgment was moved; the judges deliberated; and the result was the acquittal of the prisoners. They were, however, subsequently tried for the robbery, and have been since transported. Another circumstance renders the case memorable: Casey, whose horror of death was so excessive, that one of the jailors assured us there would have been no chance of bringing him to execution except in irons and by main force, had determined on making an effort to escape. He had nothing to assist him but a slight file, conveyed to him by his wife, it is conjectured in an oaten cake, notwithstanding the vigilance of a most scrupulous jailor, and particularly watchful and adroit turnkeys. Before he was locked up in his cell, he contrived to file the iron fastening nearly through, and had no difficulty in forcing open the entrance. Hartnett was confined in the cell next but one; his first object was

to release his fellow-prisoner, and next to wrench out one of the iron window-bars. In this he succeeded, but the aperture was so small that it is almost incredible how he could have forced himself through it; he did so, however, after two or three hours of almost superhuman effort, fainting thrice during the struggle. At length he was in the first yard, comparatively free; he had still three very high walls to climb, and as Hartnett found it impossible to follow him, he had to trust entirely to his own exertions. He surmounted two of the prison-walls, and in reaching the third actually stepped over the grave that had been dug for him: the third wall was topped by loose brickwork and a *chevaux-de-frise*; on reaching the summit, part of this gave way, and he fell to the ground. At the moment, the jail clock struck five, and he knew that his escape must be ascertained in a few minutes more, as at that hour the turnkeys would open the wards. He, therefore, concealed himself under a heap of filth in the yard, where he was, after about half an hour's search, discovered, and conveyed back to his cell. The turnkey who first laid hands upon him assured us that no disappointed fiend could have looked more ferocious; and that he would certainly have killed any one who approached him, if a weapon of any kind had been within his reach.

The expression of his countenance, although not that of a ruffian, was strongly characteristic of energy and determination. His chest was remarkably broad, and his arm so muscular as to

feel almost like iron; his neck was short and thick, his head black and round, his eyes were peculiarly bright and sparkling, and his air was bold and fearless,—while his less assured companion, an ill-looking fellow, hung back. Casey was of short stature; and on the governor remarking that he was a small man to have so much strength, we whispered something to the effect, that “all great men were small men.” His ear was, to our surprise, quick enough to catch the words, and he laughed with as much evident enjoyment as if he had been a player acting his part before a satisfied audience.

As in nearly all the jails throughout Ireland, there is, in those of Cork, otherwise so admirably managed, a grievous want of classification; atrocious criminals and petty offenders are mixed together in a manner sadly prejudicial. At Clonmel, in particular, the evil is especially great; the prisoners were placed before us in files; among them we saw an elderly and respectable-looking man striving to hide his face with his hat, and stepping back to elude observation. We found he had been confined for “drunkenness,” and that the person next to whom he stood was about to take his trial for sheep-stealing, and had previously been in custody on suspicion of murder. This most injurious system is, however, rapidly giving way, and we must do the governors of the several prisons we inspected the justice to say, that they are making unceasing efforts for its entire removal.

The most remarkable and, to a stranger, the



most interesting of the public institutions of Cork, is the lunatic asylum of the county and city. The latest return—dated March, 1840—gives the amount of patients at 406: 200 males, and 206 females. Among the unhappy inmates of this establishment, is one to whose delirium seven fellow-creatures were sacrificed, and in a manner so singular as to appear incredible. Captain Steward was master of the “Mary Russell,” a merchant brig engaged in the West India trade; and the frightful act, for which he was subsequently tried and acquitted, on the ground of insanity, was perpetrated during the homeward voyage, on the 22nd June, 1828. His crew consisted of six men and three apprentice boys, and on board there were three passengers; the three passengers and four of his seamen he murdered, cruelly maiming the other two men; the boys narrowly escaping with their lives. Under the delusion that they were arranging a mutiny, he induced them to allow themselves to be tied; to which they consented in order to allay his imaginary fears; while in this helpless state, he killed them with a crowbar.

Steward is a small and slight man, now apparently under fifty years of age. He was dressed in a sailor’s garb, remarkably neat and clean. He conversed with us freely upon ordinary topics, and referred to the time when he was in jail, without however alluding to the crime for which he had been imprisoned. There is, to our minds, no expression in his countenance that indicates insanity; and, certainly, it

is by no means characteristic of ferocity. His visage is thin, long, and pallid; his hair sandy; his mouth narrow, close and inflexible; his eyes small, grey, restless, and very acute, more like the eyes of a rat than of a human being. We understand that he frequently speaks of the murders he had committed, and always as necessary for the preservation of his own life from the plots of his mutinous crew. We confess that his absence was a relief; for it was impossible to avoid recalling to remembrance the appalling deed which had made so many parents childless, or to look upon the wretched man without feelings akin to loathing.

The national customs that prevail among the people of Cork are common to other parts of Ireland, with one exception; and although it is partially found elsewhere—in the Isle of Man for instance—it is certainly confined to the southern districts of Ireland.

For some weeks preceding Christmas, crowds of village boys may be seen peering into the hedges, in search of the “tiny wren;” and when one is discovered, the whole assemble and give eager chase to, until they have killed, the little bird. In the hunt the utmost excitement prevails; shouting, screeching, and rushing; all sorts of missiles are flung at the puny mark; and, not unfrequently, they light upon the head of some less innocent being. From bush to bush, from hedge to hedge, is the wren pursued until bagged, with as much pride and pleasure as the cock of the woods by the more ambitious sports-

man. The stranger is utterly at a loss to conceive the cause of this "hubbub," or the motive for so much energy in pursuit of "such small game." On the anniversary of St. Stephen (the 26th of December) the enigma is explained. Attached to a huge holly-bush, elevated on a pole, the bodies of several little wrens are borne about. This bush is an object of admiration in proportion to the number of dependent birds, and is carried through the streets in procession, by a troop of boys, among whom may be usually found "children of a larger growth," shouting and roaring as they proceed along, and every now and then stopping before some popular house—such as that of Mr. Olden, the "distinguished inventor" of EVKEROGENION (a liquid soap) and half-a-dozen other delightful and useful things, to which he has given similar classical names—and their singing "the wren boys' " song.

To the words we have listened a score of times, and although we have found them often varied according to the wit or poetical capabilities of a leader of the party, and have frequently heard them drawled out to an apparently interminable length, the following specimen will probably satisfy our readers as to the merit of the composition:—

The wran, the wran, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day was cot in the furze;
Although he is little, his family's grate—
Put yer hand in yer pocket and give us a trate.
Sing holly, sing ivy—sing ivy, sing holly,
A drop just to drink it would drown melancholy.

And if you dhraw it ov the best,
I hope in heaven yer sowl will rest;
But if you dhraw it ov the small,
It won't agree wid de wran boys at all.

Of course contributions are levied in many quarters, and the evening is, or rather was, occupied in drinking out the sum total of the day's collection.

This is, we believe, the only Christmas gambol remaining in Ireland of the many, that in the middle ages were so numerous and so dangerous as to call for the interposition of the law, and the strong arm of magisterial authority. As to the origin of the whimsical but absurd and cruel custom, we have no data. A legend, however, is still current among the peasantry which may serve in some degree to elucidate it.

In a grand assembly of all the birds of the air, it was determined that the sovereignty of the feathered tribe should be conferred upon the one who would fly highest. The favourite in the betting-book was, of course, the eagle, who at once, and in full confidence of victory, commenced his flight towards the sun; when he had vastly distanced all competitors, he proclaimed with a mighty voice his monarchy over all things that had wings. Suddenly, however, the wren, who had secreted himself under the feathers of the eagle's crest, popped from his hiding-place, flew a few inches upwards, and chirped out as loudly as he could, "Birds, look up and behold your king."

There is also a tradition, that in "ould ancient

times," when the native Irish were about to catch their Danish enemies asleep, a wren perched upon the drum, and woke the slumbering sentinels just in time to save the whole army; in consequence of which, the little bird was proclaimed a traitor, outlawed, and his life declared forfeit wherever he was thenceforward encountered.

Another old custom prevails also to some extent. May eve, the last day of April, is called "Nettlemas night:" boys parade the streets with large bunches of nettles, stinging their playmates, and occasionally bestowing a sly touch upon strangers who come in their way. Young and merry maidens, too, not unfrequently avail themselves of the privilege to "sting" their lovers; and the laughter in the street is often echoed in the drawing-room. These are the only customs peculiar to Cork, if we except that of "the Christmas candle." A tallow candle is formed, without question to commemorate "the Trinity;" it is lit at three ends on Christmas eve, and burned until midnight. (See Plate No. 2.) It is then extinguished, and carefully preserved during the year as a protection against the visits of all evil spirits—except whiskey.

Promenades in the immediate neighbourhood of Cork are few; the oldest is the Mardyke, a walk between rows of aged but ungracefully lopped trees, which shade a gravelled path, at the side of a muddy and half-stagnant "canal." The new cemetery, however, demands some notice. It was formerly a botanic garden attached to the Cork Institution; but in 1826 was sold to

the very Rev. Theobald Mathew, who converted it to its present use. It is, therefore, perhaps unrivalled in the kingdom, being full of the rarest trees from all parts of the world; its walls are covered with climbing roses and other shrubs; and from the nature of its soil and aspect, everything is growing in luxuriant profusion. The hand of science has laid out its gravelled paths, and the art of the sculptor has been employed to ornament it—occasionally with remarkably good taste and effect, but not unfrequently so as greatly to mar its beauty. As a specimen of the bad taste occasionally, though we must admit rarely, to be found here, the clothing of an angel in a fashionable cravat and coat is an instance, copied from the “iron railing of a monument.” (See Plate No. 2.) We regret to add that the cemetery is completely overgrown with weeds—gigantic nettles and docks have been permitted absolutely to cover the graves, reminding the visitor far too forcibly of the lines on “the slug-gard,”

“ I went to his garden and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grew higher and higher.”

In such a situation, and under such circumstances, this is to be lamented; although Mr. Mathew himself is unable to attend to the proprieties of this naturally beautiful cemetery, the care of it should be confided to some one whose time and attention might be worthily employed in improving it and keeping it in order.

The prosperity of Cork is maintained exclu-

sively by its export trade;—this principally consists of live stock, salted provisions, corn, whiskey, tanned leather, and butter. For butter it has long been celebrated: so early as 1744, the export was 97,852 cwt.; in the year 1836, it exceeded 270,000 firkins. The population of the city by the last census was 107,016; of the county—the largest and most populous of Ireland—703,716.

Cork is the great “outlet” for emigrants from the south of Ireland, and the Australian Emigration Society have an agent there. Their plans appear to be conducted very judiciously; and although it can never be aught but a melancholy sight to see the most useful and valuable of its home produce exported to enrich distant lands, when there are so many thousand acres, unproductive, in all directions around them, the evil is greatly lessened by prudent and sensible arrangements, in transmitting them to the scene of their future labours. We are not, at present, about to consider the anomalies and contradictions of Ireland—her natural advantages and destitute population—her land wanting labour, and her people wanting employment—or, as it was epigrammatically expressed by “a patriot” at Bannow, “lands wanting hands, and hands wanting lands;” but there is no disputing the fact, that, under existing circumstances, emigration to some extent is a necessary evil.

We stood, in the month of June, on the quay of Cork to see some emigrants embark in one of the steamers for Falmouth, on their way to Aus-

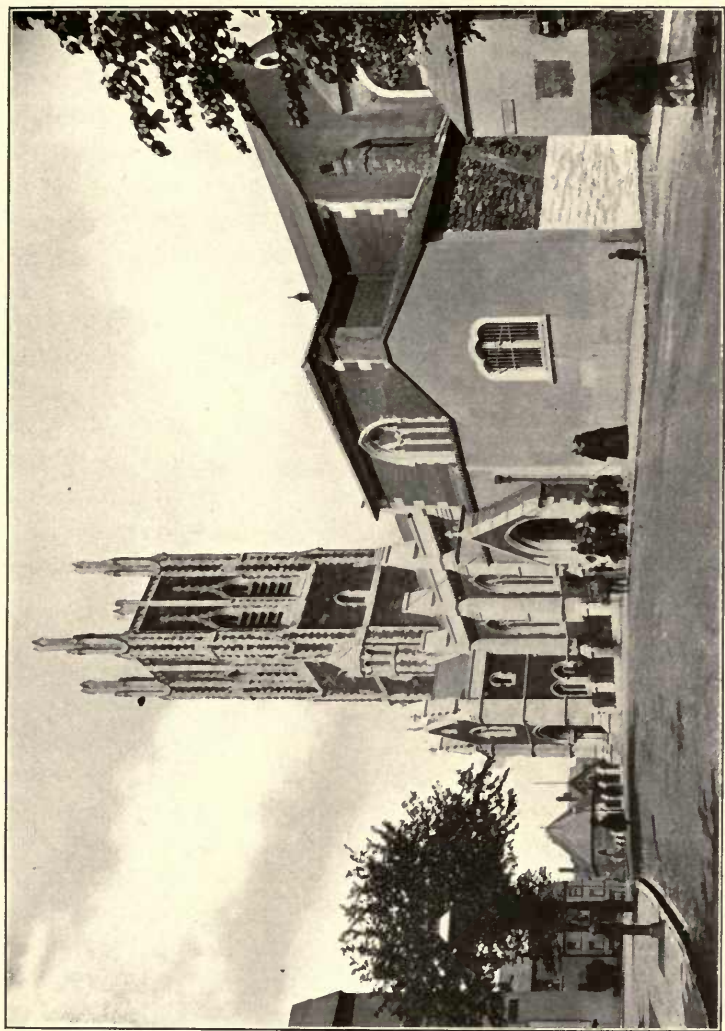
tralia. The band of exiles amounted to two hundred, and an immense crowd had assembled to bid them a long and last adieu. The scene was very touching; it was impossible to witness it without heart-pain and tears. Mothers hung upon the necks of their athletic sons; young girls clung to elder sisters; fathers—old white-headed men—fell upon their knees, with arms uplifted to heaven, imploring the protecting care of the Almighty on their departing children. “Och,” exclaimed one aged woman, “all’s gone from me in the wide world when you’re gone! Sure you was all I had left!—of seven sons—but you! Oh Dennis, Dennis, never forget your mother—your mother!—don’t, avourneen—your poor ould mother, Dennis!” And Dennis, a young man—though the sun was shining on his grey hair—supported “his mother” in his arms until she fainted; and then he lifted her into a small car that had conveyed his baggage to the vessel, and kissing a weeping young woman who leaned against the horse, he said, “I’ll send home for you both, Peggy, in the rise of next year; and ye’ll be a child to her from this out, till then, and *then*, avourneen, you’ll be my own.” When we looked again the young man was gone, and “Peggy” had wound her arms round the old woman, while another girl held a broken cup of water to her lips. Amid the din, the noise, the turmoil, the people pressing and rolling in vast masses towards the place of embarkation, like the waves of the troubled sea, there were many such sad episodes. Men, old men too, embracing each

other and crying like children. Several passed bearing most carefully little relics of their homes—the branch of a favourite hawthorn tree, whose sweet blossoms and green leaves were already withered, or a bunch of meadow-sweet. Many had a long switch of the “witch hazel,”—to encircle the ground whereon they were to sleep in a foreign land, so as, according to the universal superstition, to prevent the approach of any venomous reptile or poisonous insect. One girl we saw with a gay little goldfinch in a cage—she and her sister were town-bred, and told us they had learned “lace-work” from the good ladies at the convent, “that look’d so beautiful on the banks of the Cork river;” and then they burst out weeping again, and clung together as if to assure each other that, sad as it was to leave their country, they would be together in exile.

On the deck of the steamer there was less confusion than might have been expected. The hour of departure was at hand—the police had torn asunder several who at the last would not be separated—and as many as could find room were leaning over the side speechless, yet eloquent in gesture, expressing their adieus to their friends and relatives on shore. In the midst of the agitation, a fair-haired boy and girl were sitting tranquilly, yet sadly, watching over a very fine white Angora cat that was carefully packed in a basket. “We are going out to papa and mamma with nurse,” they said, in an unmitigated brogue; “but we are very sorry to leave dear Ireland for all that.” Their father had, we imagine, been a

prosperous settler. "Oh, Ireland, mavourneen—oh, my own dear counthry—and is it myself that's for laving you afther giving ye the sweat of my brow and the love of my heart for forty years!" said a strong man, whose features were convulsed with emotion, while he grasped his children tightly to his bosom. "And remember your promise, Mogue, remember your promise; not to let my bones rest in the strange counthry, Mogue," said his wife; "but to send me home when I'm dead to my own people in Kilcrea—that's my consolation."

It is impossible to describe the final parting. Shrieks and prayers, blessings and lamentations, mingled in "one great cry" from those on the quay and those on shipboard, until a band stationed in the forecastle struck up "Patrick's day." "Bate the brains out of the big drum, or ye'll not stifle the women's cries," said one of the sailors to the drummer. We left the vessel and her crowd of clean, well-dressed, and perfectly sober emigrants with deep regret, that, while there are in Ireland so many miles of unreclaimed land, such a freight should be conveyed from her shores. The communicating plank was withdrawn; the steamer moved forward majestically on its way. Some, overcome with emotion, fell down on the deck; others waved hats, handkerchiefs, and hands to their friends; the band played louder; and the crowds on shore rushed forward simultaneously, determined to see the last of those they loved. We heard a feeble voice exclaim,





“Dennis, Dennis, don’t forget your mother—your poor ould mother!”

The evening that succeeded this agitating morning was calm and balmy. We desired to examine the scene of the morning’s turmoil, and drove along the quay; it was lonely and deserted save by a few stragglers. We continued our drive until the signs of immediate traffic were widely scattered. We passed through the village of Douglas, once famous for its sail-cloth manufactory, and proceeded onward until the Cork river widened into a mimic sea, called Lough Mahon. We drove slowly, enjoying the rare and exquisitely varied landscape, until our attention was attracted by a woman standing by the water’s brink, whose eyes were looking towards the sea-path where it leads to the broad Atlantic. There was something firm and statue-like in her figure, and her face had an earnest, intense expression, that accorded with her high Spanish features and dark hair; a large shawl enveloped her head and draped her shoulders; her legs and feet were bare. We drove on about half a mile further, and when we returned she was there still on the same spot, with the same fixed and earnest gaze over the waters. This excited our curiosity, and the information we received was a very striking and gratifying illustration of the devotedness of woman’s love.

“I have known her,” said an old fisherman, “for four-and-twenty years—almost ever since she was born, and I must say—‘Ay! there ye

stand, Grace Connell, and a better woman never looked with a tearful eye, or a batin heart, along the waters.' And what do you think her distress is now? an 'troth—like all tender people—the throuble is seldom altogether away from her; the *could* only look to themselves, the *kind* have a pulse for all the world. Grace Connell doesn't to say belong to Cork, but her father came here soon after she was born, a widow-man with only her; he settled down in Cove, and it wasn't long till he married again. And Grace's stepmother was kinder, I believe, than most of her like; anyhow when she died—which she did after being a wife about two years—Grace, and she little more than a slip of a child, took wonderfully to the baby the stepmother left, and every one wondered how one so young could manage an infant so well. Grace would mend her father's nets and things, keep all clean and comfortable, and yet find time to be with her little sister in summer shade and winter sunshine; finding out what best she'd like, what best would do her good, and learning her all she knew—not much, to be sure—but *her* all. Nell grew up the contrary to Grace in all things, a giddy goose of a puss of a girl, yet the purtiest ever seen in Cove; and the hand of God was heavy over them, for while they were both young the father died. But Grace Connell kept herself and her sister well, for she's wonderful handy and industrious; and as was natural, in Ireland anyhow, Grace got a sweetheart, a fine handsome steady boy as you'd meet in a day's walk, and a clever hand at

his trade. Now if Grace was steady, John Casey was steadier ten times over, and every one said they were just made for each other. And they took on at the 'courting' different to most, because they agreed to wait till John was out of his time before they got married. Weeks and months passed, and Nell grew up beautiful, a wild half-sailor sort of a girl, who could furl a sail or scull a boat, and sing *say* songs, and, all the while, was as shy and as proud as Barry Oge himself. Grace sometimes had a misgiving in her own mind that John was not as fond of her as he used to be; but then he had a quiet English sort of dry way with him, that led her off the notion again. One Sunday evening in particular, they, that is Grace and Nelly and John, were down nearly opposite where you saw Grace standing. Grace was sitting on the strand, and John by her side. While Nell was amusing herself climbing among the cliffs, and singing like a wild bird, two or three times they warned her not to be so venturesome, but she'd only laugh at them and be the more fearless; and soon Grace saw that John was watching Nell instead of listening to her, and a heavy cloud came over her, and both remained silent.

"All of a sudden, as Nell was reaching over the edge to pull some sea-pinks, she fell in: the rocks were sharp just there, and the water deep—and when Grace got to the spot, Nell was floating out with the tide, and the water red with her blood. John was a fine swimmer, and with a word, which even then Grace *felt*, he jumped

in and brought her to shore in his arms in a few minutes; but before the sun set that had shone upon those three, Grace saw *by him*, in his madness as he hung over her still senseless sister, that it was Nell he loved now—as he *once* said he had loved Grace. ‘I didn’t wonder at it,’ said Grace Connell to my wife, who was her mother’s own first cousin—‘I didn’t wonder at his changing, for that night, when I caught sight of myself in the glass afther looking at that fair young creature as she lay like a bruised water-lily on our little bed, I thought how much there was in the differ; and sure I couldn’t be angry that she twined round poor John’s heart, when I knew how she had twined round mine. Didn’t we both help to rear her, as I may say? and the only dread in life I shall have, I know, when I get over the disappointment, will be, that she won’t love John as long and as steadily as I have done.’ My wife,” added the old man, “is anything but tender-hearted, yet she cried like a child to hear Grace talk that way; so steady in herself, and all the time a breaking heart painted in every feature of her face. The next day she gave back all promises to John; and what made her stronger in her resolution than anything else, was finding that Nelly had a childish fancy for him unbenownst to herself. It was no wonder that she should, for John certainly was as handsome a boy as ever crossed a chapel-green; but he must have been as blind as a star-fish to prefer her to Grace. It was a quare thing—I always think it as wonderful a thing as ever I *heerd* tell of—

that creature watching and tending the restless tiresome girl, nursing her, and improving her as well as she knew how—and for what? to make her a fit wife for the man she had looked upon as her husband for more than five years, and loving him all the time. My wife spoke to her once about it: ‘Let me alone,’ she says, ‘every one knows what’s right if they ask their own heart; and loving them both, sure I’ve nothing left me in the world to seek for or pray for, but just the happiness of them two. Well, after a good deal of talking about it, it was laid out a year and a half ago that John was to go off to Australia, and when he had got settled a bit, send home for Nelly, and that she was to go out with his own sister; and they were to be married there. It was a wonderful thing to see how Grace bore it, and how she slaved to keep up everything for Nelly; and when the letter came at last from John, for Nell and his sister to go out in the next ship, I never shall forget the face of poor Grace, all flushed as it was, coming to my wife and the letter open in her hand—and she read every word of it; how everything had prospered that he took in hand, and how John prayed *her* to go out with Nell, and called her ‘sister,’ and how Grace almost choked at the word, and —‘No,’ says she, ‘never! I will do all I can to make them happy to the end of my days, as I have done; but to stay there with *them*—God forgive me,’ she says, ‘I could *not* do that.’ Now,” continued the old man, “what I look to is this: from the time Grace got that letter, until

this blessed morning, all her thought was what she could make out to send that sister away in the best manner. I am sure, as I am of the light of heaven, that since she was born she never did think of herself—no; you saw her; every bit of finery, every stitch that could serve her sister, has she deprived herself of—for what? to make that sister better in the eyes of him who ought to have been her husband. To see them two girls as I saw them this morning, Nelly dressed like any lady, and those that had time whispering of her beauty—and poor Grace—as she is now, with nothing but the downright love of every heart that knows her to keep her from being alone in the world; to see her with her fine spirit and high-up thoughts that are as pure as God's breath in the heavens—to see her dressed like a beggar, without even shoes on her feet, stripped, as one may say, for the sake of them that wracked her happiness. And then the parting—how she kept up her own sister's and his sister's hearts to the last minute; and how she followed the steamer farther than any of the people; and stood, when it left her sight, in that spot, looking out for hours, as if to see, poor girl, what she will never see again. 'Let me alone,' she says to me, and I rasoning with her, 'let me alone; afther to-day I'll be as I always was.' Ah, then, it would be a heavy lead and a long line that would get to the bottom of her heart's love," added the old fisherman; "and if any of us could have the satisfaction of hearing her complain—but no, not she, not a murmur—only all cheerful, patient,

loving, sweetness; yet I'm afraid that all this time there's *a canker in her own heart*. And there's my son, who would *kiss the print of her bare foot in a dirty road*—she won't look at him," said the old man pettishly; "but I don't care whether she does or not, Grace Connell shall never want a FATHER."

To the city of Cork belongs the honour of forwarding and establishing—if it did not originate—one of the most extraordinary moral revolutions which the history of the world records; we speak of the "Temperance Movement," at the head of which is the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew, a Capuchin friar, and superior of the order. The subject is one of such vital importance, and such immense results have already arisen from it, that we shall offer no apology for entering into it at some length.

For centuries past, drunkenness was the shame and the bane of Ireland; an Irishman had become proverbial for intoxication, and that without reference to his rank in society; from the highest to the lowest—from

"The peer
Who killed himself for love—with wine—last year,"

to the peasant who "goes to a tent," where

"He spends half-a-crown,
Then meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,"

the portraiture was invariably the same; and to picture an Irishman truly, either by words or on canvas, or to represent him accurately on the

stage, it was considered indispensable that he should be drunk.

A manifest improvement had of late years taken place among the higher classes; we are ourselves old enough to recollect when a host would have been scouted as mean and inhospitable, who had suffered one of his guests to leave his table sober. Ingenious devices were invented for compelling intoxication; glasses and bottles so formed that they could not stand, and must be emptied before they could be laid upon the table—the object being to pass the wine rapidly round—were in frequent use. We dined once with a large party where the tea-kettle—from which the tumblers were supplied—had been filled with heated whiskey; the partakers of the “cheer” being too “far gone” to perceive they were strengthening their punch instead of making it weaker. If a guest were able to mount his horse without assistance, in the “good old times,” he was presented with a “deoch an durrass”⁶ glass, which he was forced, seldom against his will, to “drink at the door.” This glass usually held a quart: it was terminated by a globe, which of itself contained a “drop” sufficient to complete the business of the night. The degradation was looked upon as a distinction; an Irishman drunk was an Irishman “all in his glory;” and a “strong head” was considered an enviable possession. Many years ago we were acquainted with a gentleman at Ross-Carbery, whose daily “stint” was five-and-twenty tumblers of whiskey punch, of the ordinary strength; and we knew

another, whose frequent boast it was, that in a long life he had drunk enough to float a seventy-four gun ship.

Among the gentry, however, this most pernicious practice has been latterly not only in disuse, but treated as disreputable and disgraceful; and gentlemen after dinner have ceased to be disgusting in the drawing-room. Yet the middling and humbler classes had undergone little or no change. The vigilance of the excise, and a large reduction of the tax on spirits, had indeed destroyed the illicit trade in whiskey, and made the private still a rarity; but it was so cheap that any man, comparatively unpractised, might drink himself into a state of insanity for fourpence. The extent of the evil almost exceeds belief; in the towns and villages every other house was "licensed to sell spirits," or sold them without a license. Fairs, wakes, and funerals, were scenes of frightful excess: in the former, men seldom met without a "fight," and the ensuing assizes always furnished a terrible illustration of the consequences; at the latter, the "merriment" excited by drink was unnatural and revolting; and very often a year's produce of the small farmer was consumed in a night. These degrading characteristics of "old Ireland" we shall have to describe hereafter. In brief, wherever twenty persons assembled within reach of spirits, nineteen of them were certain to be drunk. It is unnecessary to add, that nearly all the outrages that were committed were the results of intoxication; or rather, that drink was the preparation

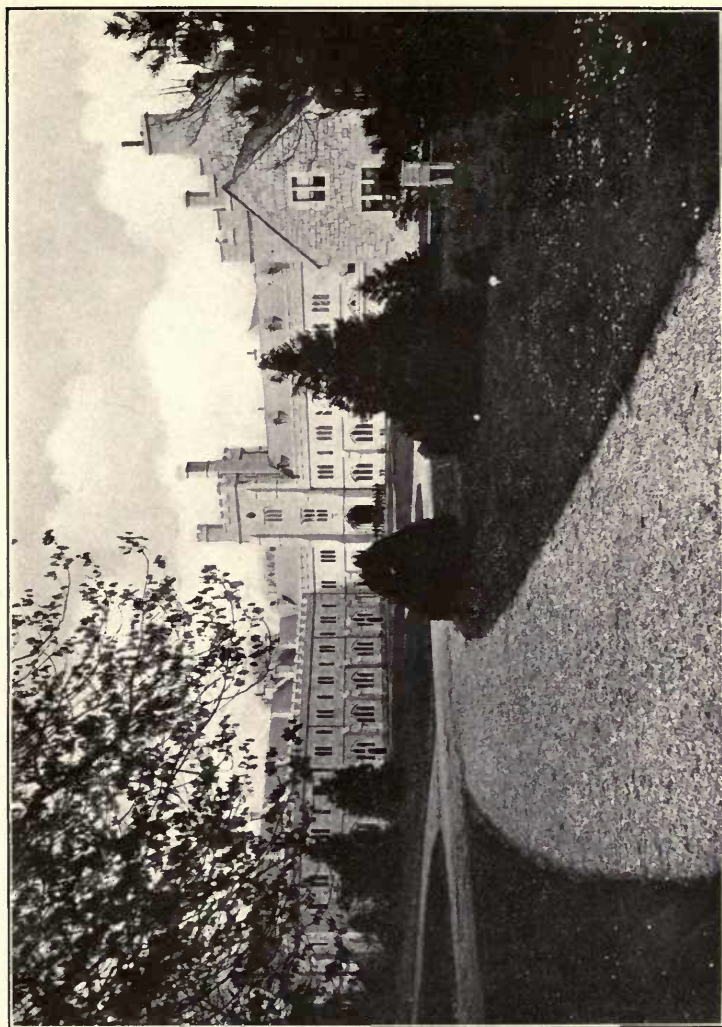
for every atrocity. We are prepared with abundant proofs (the various authorities we consulted were agreed upon the fact), that in every instance in which murder was either perpetrated or attempted, the murderer had previously fitted himself, or been fitted, for the work, by draughts of whiskey; leaving him just sense and strength enough to execute the act contemplated. We do not go too far in saying, that all the mischievous tendencies of the lower Irish may be traced to their habitual intoxication; while it originated and kept up their poverty and wretchedness—withering and destroying all it could reach.

As with the aristocracy, so with the people; drunkenness was inculcated as a merit, and almost as a duty. A large proportion of the songs popular among the peasantry were in praise of whiskey, and very few of them were without some reference to it. One of them blesses the Pope and the Council of Trent, who

“Laid fast upon mate, and not upon drink.”

It was “mate, drink, and clothing;” “father and mother, and sister and brother;” “my outside coat—I’ll have no other;” “mavourneen, my joy and my jewel;” “vein of my heart;” “life-endearing, humour-lending, mirth-increasing;” “a cordial for all ages, that each evil assuages:”—in short, whiskey was the panacea recommended in song for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

While, therefore, the rich had their incitements to drink supplied to them in delicately-turned rhymes—



“To wreath the bowl with flowers of soul;”

the humble were lured to intoxication by the rude lays of their village poets—

“A glass of whiskey to make us frisky.”

We cannot soon forget the figure of a fine stalwart fellow we once saw staggering homeward from Limerick, whirling his shillelah, and every now and then sending a shout—a “whoop hurra” over the mountains, as he finished his song of a single verse, and so described the class to which he belonged:—

“The never a day have I for drink
But Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—
Och! the dickens a day have I for drink
But Saturday, Sunday, Monday—
Whoop hurra—
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday!”

All attempts to check the progress of intemperance were fruitless; it had long been customary, indeed, to take oaths to abstain from drink for a season—but, if kept, they produced no permanent good; and the tricks and shifts to evade them were generally successful. We recollect a man swearing he would not drink for a month—he soaked bread in spirits and ate it; another, who swore he would not touch liquor while he stood “on earth,” got drunk amid the branches of a tree; another who vowed not to touch a drop “in doors or out,” strode across his threshold, placing one leg inside and the other

outside—and so, persuading himself he did not break his oath, drank until he fell; another who bound himself not to “touch liquor in the parish,” brought a sod of turf from a distance, and placed his foot upon it when he resolved to drink. We knew one who was kept sober thus: he was always willing to take an oath against whiskey for six weeks, but no longer; his master invariably watched the day on which “his time” expired, and compelled him to repeat his oath; which he would readily do after swallowing two glasses. To make the Irish abstain, even to a moderate extent, was, therefore, considered a hopeless task; and he would have been a visionary indeed, who foretold a time when a drunken Irishman would be a far greater rarity than a sober one.

The frightful nature and extent of the evil had long been fully understood, and exertions had been made to lessen it. On the 20th of August, 1829, the Rev. George Carr, a clergyman of the Established Church, a near and dear connexion of our own, established the first Temperance Society of Ireland in the town of New Ross. He had read some American newspapers which contained encouraging accounts of the progress the principle was making in the New World—we quote his own words—and saw at once “that there was no country where it was so much needed as Ireland; not only as removing the national stain of drunkenness, but, by its operations, raising a platform on which all parties could meet without compromise of, or interference with, their

respective principles, either political or religious." Having been called upon to attend a meeting of the Bible Society, at a Quakers' meeting-house, he took occasion to request that his auditors would remain in order to hear what he had to say on the subject of temperance. They heard him, were satisfied with his arguments, adopted his plans, and the work was at once commenced.⁷ For several years, however, but little way was made: the advocates of temperance were exposed to contempt and laughter as idle dreamers; a coffee tent, which they erected at fairs, was an object of ridicule; and although they had not abandoned hope, their efforts were comparatively fruitless, and the most sanguine among them indulged in no idea of large success.

Shortly afterwards a temperance society was formed in Cork; the example of New Ross having, by the way, been followed in many other towns. Among its leading members were the Rev. Nicholas Dunscombe, Mr. William Martin, a Quaker, and two tradesmen, Mr. Olden, a slater, and Mr. Connell, a tailor; they conceived the idea of consigning the important task into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Mathew, then highly popular in the city, and so liberal in his opinions as to be respected by all classes. He met these gentlemen, seriously pondered over their plans and the probabilities of succeeding, and ultimately, though not immediately, joined them—"hand and heart." The road had thus been to some extent opened for him; and it is unquestionable that the gradual although limited improve-

ment which had taken place in the character of the peasantry had greatly facilitated his progress. Notions of thrift, an appreciation of comforts easy of attainment, and a conviction that a skilful application of industry might double the produce of the poor man's "bit of land," had been taught them by causes to which we have already referred, and had made them willing rather than averse listeners. The comparative dearth of topics for agitation, too, had left their minds at leisure to receive lessons, to which, a few years ago, they would have paid no attention.

On the 10th of April, 1838, "the Cork Total Abstinence Society" was formed. It is certain that Mr. Mathew never for a moment anticipated the wonderful results that were to follow its establishment, and probably was as much astonished as any person in the kingdom, when he found not only thousands but millions entering into a compact with him "to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks"—*and keeping it*. His Cork society was joined by members from very distant parts—from the mountains of Kerry, from the wild sea-cliffs of Clare, from the banks of the Shannon, and from places still further off; until at length he formed the resolution of dedicating his whole time, and devoting his entire energies, to attain the great object he now knew to be within his reach. He has travelled through nearly every district of Ireland; held meetings in nearly every town; and on the 10th October, 1840, his list of members contained upwards of

two millions five hundred and thirty thousand names.

Previously to our latest visit to Ireland, we had entertained, in common with many others, strong doubts—first, as to the actual extent of the reformation; next, as to the likelihood of its durability; and next, as to whether some latent danger might not lurk under a change so sudden, so unaccountable by any ordinary rules, and so opposed to the character and constitution of the Irish people. As in our case these doubts have been entirely dispelled, it is our duty to labour to remove them from the minds of those of our readers by whom they may still be entertained.

In reference to the extent to which sobriety has spread, it will be almost sufficient to state, that during our recent stay in Ireland, from the 10th of June to the 6th of September, 1840, we saw but six persons intoxicated; and that for the first thirty days we had not encountered one. In the course of that month we had travelled from Cork to Killarney—round the coast; returning by the inland route; not along mail-coach roads, but on a “jaunting car,” through byways as well as highways; visiting small villages and populous towns; driving through fairs; attending wakes and funerals (returning from one of which, between Glengariff and Kenmare, at nightfall, we met at least a hundred substantial farmers, mounted); in short, wherever crowds were assembled, and we considered it likely we might gather information as to the state of the

country and the character of its people. We repeat, we did not meet a single individual who appeared to have tasted spirits; and we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that two years ago, in the same places and during the same time, we should have encountered many thousand drunken men. From first to last, we employed, perhaps, fifty car-drivers: we never found one to accept a drink; the boatmen at Killarney, proverbial for drunkenness, insubordination, and recklessness of life, declined the whiskey we had taken with us for the bugle-player, who was not "pledged," and after hours of hard labour, dipped a can into the lake and refreshed themselves from its waters. It was amusing as well as gratifying to hear their new reading of the address to the famous echo: "Paddy Blake, plase yer honour, the gintleman promises ye some coffee whin ye get home;" and on the Blackwater, a muddy river, as its name denotes, our boat's crew put into shore, midway between Youghal and Lismore, to visit a clear spring, with the whereabouts of which they were familiar. The whiskey-shops are closed or converted into coffee-houses; the distilleries have, for the most part, ceased to work; and the breweries are barely able to maintain a trade sufficient to prevent entire stoppage.⁸ Of the extent of the change, therefore, we have had ample experience; and it is borne out by the assurances of so many who live in towns as well as in the country, that we can have no hesitation in describing sobriety to be almost universal throughout Ireland.

For its continuance we look, not only with earnest hope, but with entire confidence. We are not sanguine enough to expect that the whole of the millions will endure to the end; but that a very large proportion of them will persevere there cannot be a rational doubt. Intoxication now-a-days, instead of being a glory, is a reproach; the people look upon a drunken man, not with sympathy or even tolerance, but with absolute disgust, and point him out to their children as the Spartans did their helots—as a lesson, not to be forgotten, against vice. This, alone, affords a certain degree of security against any large return to evil habits.⁹ But we trust, mainly, to the comforts, small luxuries, and guarantees against periodical visitations of want, that will be obtained by the people, whose earnings were formerly squandered at “shebeen shops.” One or two facts out of the many at our command may illustrate this view of the case better than argument. In 1838, while on a visit to a relative in Limerick, for the purpose of fishing on the all-glorious Shannon, our friend had engaged the services of a boatman; and, in order that he might make a decent appearance before the “strangers,” sent him, the night previous to our first excursion, a suit of clothes. The next morning he was, as usual, in rags. “Come, Terence,” said our friend, “make haste and dress yourself, or we shall lose our tide.” “Be dad, sir, the woman’s gone out and tuck the key o’ the small box wid her; never mind de clothes to-day, Master John.” Master John threw the

man a shilling, and saying, "That will pay for a new lock," took up a boat rowel, and was about to enter the cottage—shrewdly guessing at the truth however—to break open the box. An explanation took place; the man had pawned the gift, and on inquiry we learned had spent in whiskey every farthing of the sum obtained. We entered his cabin; his wife was stretched, still insensible, on the wet floor; his children were crying on a mass of damp straw in a corner; nothing like food was to be seen; the man, naturally one of the finest-looking fellows we had ever met, at least six feet high, and with remarkably handsome features, was half-stupefied from the effects of the night's debauch; a more deplorable illustration of the effects of drunkenness we could not have obtained in Ireland. He was earning sufficient to procure every comfort; his skill as an angler was so great and so generally estimated, that he was always sure of employment; yet his cottage was a picture of entire wretchedness, and gave evidence only of utter depravity. On our entreating our friend to procure another boatman, his answer was, that they were all alike, this one having the merit of being, drunk or sober, a degree more civil, safe, and skilful than the rest. A few days afterwards, on going as usual to our boat, we found him absent; he was in jail, having in a fit of drunkenness cruelly beaten his wife, who, drunk also, had bitten his hand so as terribly to maim it. After much hesitation we procured his release, having first seen him take, in the prison-yard, a solemn oath not

to touch whiskey for three months. Next morning, the fellow was so drunk that we could not take him with us. A more hopeless case it was scarcely possible to imagine. We have not seen him since. But we learn that, twelve months ago, he "took the pledge," that he is altogether reformed, and his wife with him; that they and their children are well clad, amply fed, and their cottage clean, comfortable, and sufficiently furnished; that the man visits the savings bank as often as he used to do the pawn-office; and that a finer or more healthy looking fellow never steered a "cot" among the perilous breakers of the rapid Shannon. Of their relapse into want, misery, and degradation, there cannot be much danger.

We entered one day a cottage in a suburb of Cork: a woman was knitting stockings at the door; it was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them:—"My husband is a wheelwright, and always earned his guinea a week; he was a good workman, and neither a bad man nor a bad husband, but the love for the drink was strong in him; and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one-pound-one on a Saturday night; and it broke my heart to see the poor childer too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised! he took the pledge; and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings

upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! didn't I give thanks on my bended knees that night! Still, I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I was used to, saying to myself, maybe the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks passed; and, glory be to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his hard earnings: so I felt there was no fear of him; and the ninth week when he came home to me, I had this table bought and these six chairs; one for myself, four for the children, and one for himself. And I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes, and shoes and stockings, and upon his own chair I put a bran-new suit; and upon his plate I put the bill and resate for them all—just the eight sixteen shillings they cost, that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always before went for drink. And he cried, good lady and good gentleman, he cried like a baby—but 'twas with thanks to God; and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the County Cork; or a happier wife than myself; or dacenter or better fed children than our own four?" It is most unlikely that such a family will again sink into poverty and wretchedness. We might add largely to these cases, not only from what we have heard, but what we have seen.¹⁰

But there are some—there may be many—

who, while they offer willing evidence to the great good achieved by the Temperance movement, alarm themselves and others by "the baseless fabric of a vision," and imagine that danger to the State lurks under the shadow of the great tree that has grown so rapidly out of the small seed. Few apprehensions can be more opposed to reason, and none to fact. Thoughtless or unprincipled agitators may create prejudice against the system by assuming, that out of its materials—its "three millions"—sedition may be wrought; but the comparative failure of all their recent projects supplies the best answer to assertions they know to be utterly groundless.¹¹ The easy in circumstances, and the comparatively independent, are not the tools that wrong-minded men work with; the leaders in sedition, the prompters and counsellors to outrage, never contemplated proceeding to action until they had made their followers unconscious of what they were doing. It is, as we have stated, incontrovertible that nine-tenths of the crimes committed in Ireland have been traced to drunkenness—it has thronged the prisons, filled the lunatic asylums, and was the great source of the revenue of the coroner. Our readers may be assured that the Temperance movement has not only no connection with any secret or disaffected societies, but that it strikes at the root of all illegal combinations, and is the strongest and safest supporter of law and justice. In reference to no other country of the world, indeed, would the suspicion arise, that what is so good in itself was

projected for a bad purpose, and tended to evil; it is equally unwise, unjust, and cruel, to suppose that the Irish are the only exceptions to so universal a rule; and have become sober that they may be more dangerous to society, and more fatal enemies to its established institutions.¹²

We hope our testimony may be accepted—for our opinions, both religious and political, are certainly not of a nature to bias us unduly—when we state that we never knew Ireland so contented, so tranquil, or so likely to become prosperous, as we found it during the autumn of the year 1840.

During our stay in Cork, we were naturally anxious to meet Mr. Mathew: for immediately after our arrival in that city, we had noted the wonderful and merciful changes his exertions, chiefly, had wrought. He resides in a bye-street, running off from one of the old quays. Here we saw him administer “the pledge.” The neophyte receives it kneeling, and repeats, after the priest, the following words:—

“I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except used medicinally, and by order of a medical man, and to discountenance the cause and practice of intemperance.”

Mr. Mathew then marks on his forehead the sign of the cross, and says, “God give you strength to keep your resolution.”

Nothing can be more primitive or simple. A medal and a card are then delivered to the member.¹³ It would puzzle the most prejudiced or suspicious to point out a single word or object

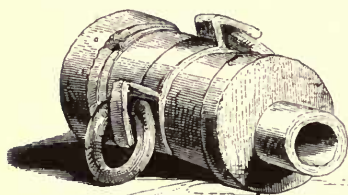
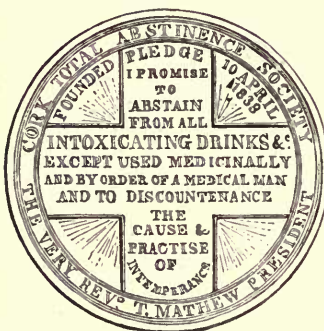
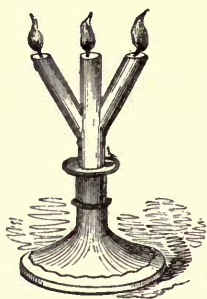


PLATE NUMBER TWO

engraved on either, against which objection might be taken. As the safest mode of satisfying our readers on this head, we have thought it desirable to procure an engraving of the medal. (See Plate No. 2.) The card is a copy of the medal, with the addition of two prints, one of "Temperance," picturing a happy cottage home, surmounted by a bee-hive; the other, of "Intemperance," describing a wretched hovel and its miserable inmates; above it is a lighted candle, into the flame of which a poor moth rushes, and a bottle, round which a serpent coils. It contains also a passage from the Acts, "He reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."

There is, consequently, nothing of "superstition" associated with the perpetual reminder of the "pledge;" although, beyond doubt, superstitious ideas are mixed up with it—a large proportion of those who have taken it conceiving that a breach of their promise would entail some fearful visitation. They go farther than this: many of the pledged believe that Mr. Mathew possesses the power to heal diseases, and preserve his followers from all spiritual and physical dangers—an error which Mr. Mathew does not labour to remove, although he is, certainly, not charged with having striven to introduce or extend it.¹⁴ We cannot but lament the existence of this evil; yet all who know the Irish peasantry know that an attempt to direct or control them by mere appeals to reason must be utterly vain. It should also be borne in mind, that it is by no

means a new thing with them to connect superstitious notions with their clergy.

We may, perhaps, interest our readers by giving them some details of our visit to Mr. Mathew. The room in which members are received is large, and furnished with a desk and wooden benches. When we entered it, "the President" was not there, but there were men and women of all ages, waiting to take the pledge: among them was a sturdy mountaineer from Kerry—a fine athletic fellow who had led his "faction" for a quarter of a century, whose head was scarred in at least a dozen places, and who had been renowned throughout the country for his prowess at every fair within twenty miles of his home. He had long been a member of this society, and had brought a few of his "friends" to follow his example. He described to us, with natural and forcible eloquence, the effect of temperance in producing peace between man and man in his own immediate neighbourhood—in terminating the brutal fights between two notorious and numerous factions, the Cooleens and the Lawlors, whose names had figured in every criminal calendar for a century back. "No matter what was doing, it was left undone," he said, "if any one of either party chose to call up the rest. They'd leave the hay half-cut, or the oats to be shelled by the four winds of heaven; and, taking the hay-fork, the reaping-hook, and the scythe in their hands, they'd rush out to massacre each other. Tubs of potheen would be drunk hot from the mountain stills; and then, whooping

and hallooing like wild Indians, they'd mingle in the unnatural war of Irishman against Irishman. I've known them fight so on the sea-shore, that the sea has come in and drowned those that had fallen drunk in the fray. How is it now? At the last fair at Tralee, there wasn't a stick lifted. There was peace between the factions, and the Cooleens and the Lawlors met, for the first time in the memory of man, without laving a dead boy to be carried home to the widow's cabin."

We must detain our readers while we relate another incident which touched us deeply. A lean, pale, haggard-looking man—so striking a contrast to the Kerry farmer as to be absolutely startling—advanced to the table at which sate the patient and good-tempered secretary to the society, and asked him if his Reverence would be in shortly. A pretty, delicate-looking young woman, very scantily clad, but perfectly clean, was looking over his shoulder as he asked the question. "I think I have seen you before, my good man," said the secretary, "and it's not many weeks ago."

"It was more his brother than he, sir—it was indeed," answered the haggard man's wife, curtsying, and advancing a little before her husband.

He interrupted her—"Don't try to screen me, Nelly, good girl, don't—God knows, Nelly, I don't deserve it from you. See the way I beat her last night, gentlemen, on both arms, like a brute as I was—"

"It wasn't you, dear," said the young woman, drawing her thin shawl more closely over her

bruised limbs: "It was the strength of the spirits did it, and not himself—he's as quiet a man as there's in the city o' Cork when he's sober—and as fine a workman—and he wouldn't hurt a hair of my head—barring he was in liquor——"

The poor creature's affectionate appeal on behalf of her erring husband was interrupted by the secretary again demanding if he had not taken the pledge before.

"I did, sir—Stand back, Nelly, and don't try to screen me!—I came here and took it from Father Mac Leod—and, God forgive me, I broke it too. I broke it last night, or rather all day yesterday, and——"

"Never heed telling any more about it, James dear," said his wife, eagerly; "never heed telling any more about it. A man may be overtaken once, and yet make a fine Christian afther all. You wouldn't be sending him from the priest's knee, sir, because he broke it *once*,—when, as I said before, it was his brother was in it, and not he, only for company."

"I had no heart to come this morning—only for her," said the husband; "she remembered his Reverence preaching about there being more joy in heaven over one like me, than over ninety and nine good men. Oh! if she would only let me tell the wickedness of my past life, and the sin and shame that has followed me——"

"It was the drink, James, it was the drink," reiterated the wife earnestly; "don't be distressing yourself, for it was nothing but the drink. Sure, when sober, there isn't a more loving hus-

band or a tenderer father on Ireland's ground—and now you'll be true to the pledge, and it's happy we'll be and prosperous—for the mather told me this blessed morning, that if he could depend on you for soberness, you'd earn your twenty-five shillings a week, and have the credit to be a Monday man; and ye will, James—ye will—for my sake—and for the sake of the children at home.”

“Ay,” he interrupted, “and for the sake of the broken-hearted mother that bore me,—and for the sake of little Mary that I crippled, in the drink. Oh, when the sweet look of that baby is on me—her sweet, patient look—I think the gates of heaven can never open for such a sinner!”

While he made this confession, his arms hung powerless by his sides; and his pallid face lengthened into an expression of helpless, hopeless, irreclaimable misery. The wife turned away and burst into tears. Several evinced the quick sympathies of Irish natures, for they shuddered, and murmured, “The Lord be betwixt us and harm, and look down upon them both!” The woman was the first to recover consciousness; impelled by a sudden burst of feeling, she threw her bruised arms round her husband's neck, recalling him to himself by all the tender phrases of Irish affection. We can never forget the agonized earnestness with which the unhappy man took the pledge; the beautiful picture of his gentle and endearing wife as she stood beside him; or the solemn response that followed from a

score of voices, "Oh, then, God strengthen ye to keep it!"

No one who sees the Rev. Mr. Mathew will hesitate to believe that he has been stimulated by pure benevolence to the work he has undertaken. The expression of his countenance is peculiarly mild and gracious: his manner is persuasive, gentle, simple and easy, and humble without a shadow of affectation, and his voice is low and musical,—“such as moves men.” A man more naturally fitted to obtain influence over a people easily led and proverbially swayed by the affections, we have never encountered. No man has borne his honours more meekly; encountered opposition with greater gentleness and forbearance; or disarmed hostility by weapons better suited to a Christian. His age is somewhat above fifty, but he looks younger: his frame is strong, evidently calculated to endure great fatigue, and his aspect is that of established health—a serviceable illustration of the practical value of his system. He is somewhat above the middle size; his features are handsome as well as expressive. Our brief interview with him confirmed the favourable impression of his character we had obtained from a knowledge of the benefits derived from his labours; and we left him with fervent thanks to God that a man so qualified to sway a multitude, had so wisely, so nobly, and so virtuously applied his power and directed the energies of his marvellously active mind—feeling how dangerous he might have proved if they had been exerted for evil, and not for good.

We have thus discharged our duty in submitting to our readers the opinions we have formed of the Temperance movement in Ireland. They are the result of careful inquiry and close examination. Our object is to exert our judgment, unbiassed by prejudice, so as to discover truth and report truly. We can have no design to answer but that of encouraging those who are striving to benefit Ireland, in the safest and most effectual way; and of obtaining for its people that confidence to which they are daily becoming more and more entitled. We are very far from purposing to forward the interest of a party; and shall deeply lament if we offend any other party by the earnestness with which we have advocated the cause. Alas! that the Evil Genius of Ireland has not been stayed from entering even this sacred ground! We have witnessed the prodigious effects of temperance in improving the character and bettering the condition of the Irish peasantry; but we see, in the prospect, advantages to which those already obtained are but as dust in the balance, and which those who have recently visited Ireland, to examine it unprejudiced, will not consider as over-sanguine in anticipating:—bigotry losing its hold; the undue or baneful influence of one mind over another mind ceasing; habits of thrift and forethought becoming constitutional; industry receiving its full recompense; cultivation passing over the bogs and up the mountains; the law recognised as a guardian and protector; the rights of property fully understood and acknowledged; the rich

trusting the poor, and the poor confiding in the rich; absenteeism no longer a weighty evil; and capital circulating freely and securely, so as to render the great natural resources of Ireland available to the commercial, the agricultural, and the manufacturing interests of the United Kingdom.

The immediate outlets of Cork possess considerable interest, and their natural beauties are, perhaps, not exceeded by those of any city of the kingdom. The river Lee, above and below the bridges, the alternate hill and dale, the high state of cultivation, the number of fine seats and pretty cottages, and an abundance of trees and evergreens—are objects that meet the eye in every direction around Cork, and seem to justify the appellation bestowed upon it by the natives, and assented to by all visitors, of—“The beautiful City!” On one side is Sunday’s Well, a steep ascent from the height of which there is a magnificent view of the river and of the landscape for many miles around it. “Sunday’s Well” derives its name from one of those sacred fountains—which abound in every part of Ireland, and which we shall have to describe hereafter—where devotees assemble, at particular periods, under the belief that the water is blessed and cures all disorders. On the same side of the river are the Upper and Lower Glanmire Roads—not long since solitary walks, but now a busy and populous district. The “Lower” conducts to the wharfs and timber-yards, and skirts the river; the “Up-

per," to the barracks, an extensive and commodious structure; and both roads terminate in scenery of great beauty. But the most attractive of the outlets from Cork is that which leads to Passage, and which it will be our business to describe when we conduct the reader to Cove; we give precedence, however, to one in reference to which the first inquiry of the English traveller is usually directed.

Few places in Ireland are more familiar to English ears than Blarney; the notoriety is attributable, first, to the marvellous qualities of its famous "stone," and next, to the extensive popularity of the song,—

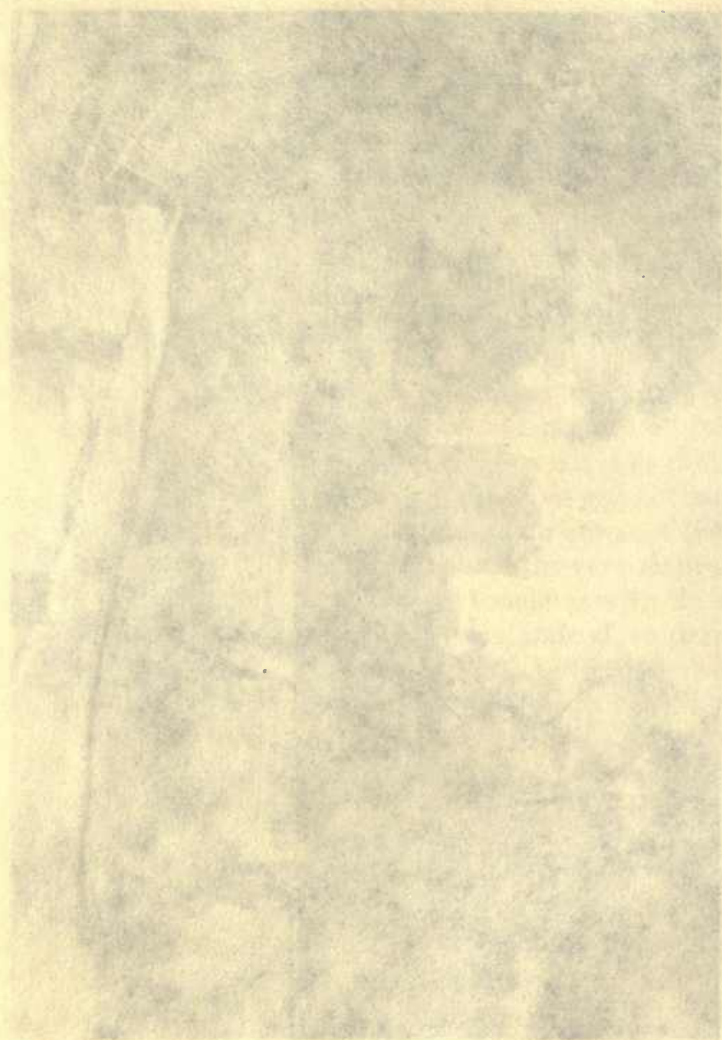
"The groves of Blarney, they are so charming."

When or how the stone obtained its singular reputation, it is difficult to determine; the exact position among the ruins of the castle is also a matter of doubt; the peasant-guides humour the visitor according to his capacity for climbing, and direct, either to the summit or the base, the attention of him who desires to "greet it with a holy kiss." He who has been dipped in the Shannon is presumed to have obtained, in abundance, the gift of that "civil courage" which makes an Irishman at ease and unconstrained in all places and under all circumstances; and he who has kissed the Blarney stone is assumed to be endowed with a fluent and persuasive tongue, although it may be associated with insincerity; the term "Blarney" being generally used to characterize words that are meant neither to be "honest nor

true." It is conjectured that the comparatively modern application of the term "Blarney" first had existence when the possessor, Lord Clancarty, was a prisoner to Sir George Carew, by whom he was subjected to several examinations touching his loyalty, which he was required to prove by surrendering his strong castle to the soldiers of the Queen; this act he always endeavoured to evade by some plausible excuse, but as invariably professing his willingness to do so. The particulars are fully detailed in the "*Pacata Hibernia*."

It is certain that to no particular stone of the ancient structure is the marvellous quality exclusively attributed; but in order to make it as difficult as possible to attain the enviable gift, it had long been the custom to point out a stone, a few feet below the battlements, which the very daring only would run the hazard of touching with their lips. The attempt to do so was, indeed, so dangerous, that a few years ago Mr. Jeffreys had it removed from the wall and placed on the highest point of the building; where the visitor may now greet it with little risk. It is about two feet square, and contains the date 1703, with a portion of the arms of the Jeffreys family, but the date, at once, negatives its claim to be considered the true marvel of Blarney.¹⁵ A few days before our visit a madman made his way to the top of the castle, and after dancing round it for some hours, his escape from death being almost miraculous, he flung this stone from the tower; it was broken in the fall, and now, as the guide stated to





us, the "three halves" must receive three distinct kisses to be in any degree effective.

The age of the song, however, has been satisfactorily ascertained; it was written in the year 1798 or 1799, by Richard Alfred Millikin, an attorney of Cork. The author little anticipated the celebrity his lines were destined to acquire; they were composed to ridicule the nonsense verses of the village poets, who, with a limited knowledge of the English language, and a smattering of classical names, were in the habit of indulging their still more ignorant auditors, by stringing together sounds that had no sense, but conveyed a notion of the prodigious learning of the singer.

The ancient melody, to which Millikin wrote "The Groves of Blarney," differs from the air to which Moore's song of "The Last Rose of Summer," with which so many are familiar, is adapted.

Millikin's song has been injurious to Ireland; it has raised many a laugh at Ireland's expense, and contributed largely to aid the artist and the actor, of gone-by times, in exhibiting the Irishman as little better than a buffoon—very amusing, no doubt, but exciting any feeling rather than that of respect.

It is impossible to contemplate the romantic ruins of Blarney Castle without a feeling more akin to melancholy than to pleasure; they bear, so perfectly, the aspect of strength utterly subdued, and remind one, so forcibly, that the "glory" of Ireland belongs to days departed. The castle stands—

•

“ as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind.”

The stronghold of Blarney was erected about the middle of the fifteenth century by Cormac Mac Carthy, surnamed “ Laider,” or the Strong; whose ancestors had been chieftains in Munster from a period long antecedent to the English invasion, and whose descendants, as Lords of Muskerry and Clancarty, retained no inconsiderable portion of their power and estates until the year 1689, when their immense possessions were confiscated, and the last earl became an exile, like the monarch whose cause he had supported. The castle, village, mills, fairs, and customs of Blarney, with the land and park thereunto belonging, containing 1,400 acres, were “ set up by cant ” in the year 1702, purchased by Sir Richard Pyne, Lord Chief Justice, for £3,000, and by him disposed of, the following year, to General Sir James Jeffreys, in whose family the property continues. Although the walls of this castle are still strong, many of the outworks have long since been levelled with the earth; the plough has passed over their foundations, and “ the stones of which they were built have been used in repairing the turn-pike-roads.”

The fate of the once formidable clan of the Mac Carthy is similar to that of nearly all the ancient families of Ireland: the descendants, in the direct line, may be often found working, as day-labourers, around the ruins of castles where their forefathers had ruled; and as, in many in-

stances, a period of little more than a century and a half has passed between their grandeur and their degradation, it can excite no marvel if, at times, they indulge the idea, that what was swept from them by the strong tide of conquest, the eddy of events may bring back to them again. We have ourselves seen the legitimate heir of one of the ancient rulers and owners of West Carbery pause, as he delved the soil, lean on his spade, and point to the mountains and the valleys, stretching far as the eye could reach, and speak, as if they were still his own, of the wide district of which his great-grandsire was the chief. The touching story which Mr. Crofton Croker tells of the representative of the Mac Carthy (Muskerry) may find its parallel in nearly every barony of Ireland. The existing proprietor of a portion of these forfeited estates observed, one evening, in his demesne, an aged man stretched at the foot of an old tree, "sobbing as though his heart would break." On expressing sympathy, and inquiring the cause of such excessive sorrow, he received this answer—"I am a Mac Carthy, once the possessor of that castle and of these broad lands; this tree I planted, and I have returned to water it with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have been an exile and an outlaw since the revolution. To-night, for the last time, I bid farewell to the place of my birth and the home of my ancestors."

"Forfeited estates" in Ireland are to be encountered as frequently as old Irish names; in some instances they were transferred wholesale

to the followers of the triumphant Cromwell or the victorious William; in other cases they were partitioned and scattered among them. The county histories are full of such expressive sentences as this: "he joined the Irish and forfeited this estate." The knights of Queen Elizabeth: "successful soldiers of the Commonwealth;" or the partisans, English and Dutch, of William III., divided the properties of the ancient or "mere Irish;" and, perhaps, in the whole country, there are scarcely a dozen of the descendants of families, antecedent to the Anglo-Norman invasion, who hold an acre of the land that once belonged to their ancestors. We shall be often called upon to illustrate Irish history and Irish character, by tracing the circumstances which led to such changes. Time has, no doubt, contributed largely to reconcile the sufferers to their fate; the memory of it is, every day, becoming more and more faint; but enough still exists to be wrought upon, for evil, by those who would misdirect the energies of the Irish peasantry.¹⁶

The last Lord Clancarty raised a troop for James II., and "with them committed many ravages." A poor butcher of Mallow, who had refused his men a horse, without payment, was severely ill-treated by them; and making complaint to the judges of assize, obtained satisfaction. As soon as the judges were gone, however, the earl marched with a party of his troopers to the butcher's house, and telling him they were come to pay him for his horse—as ordered—tossed the

unfortunate man in a blanket and bruised him till he died. His family were presented by King William, by way of atonement, with a grant of part of the earl's estate; which the descendants of the butcher continue to enjoy, we believe, to the present day; the property being styled "the lands of the Butcher of Conscience." After the confiscation of Lord Clancarty's vast estates, he was exiled, but a pension of £300 a year was granted to him during his life. He subsequently purchased a little island at the mouth of the Elbe, where "he made considerable profits by shipwrecks," but without any stain upon his character, as he gave up all waifs and strays to their owners, if demanded within a year, and continued to render the distressed all the assistance in his power—saving the lives of many.

His son Robert, "commonly called Lord Muskerrey," who was a captain in the British navy, having laid claim to his patrimony, it was found to be "divided into so many hands that the suit seemed of too dangerous a nature to be suffered to go on." Parliament interfered, and put a stop to the proceedings. There is a family tradition, that when Lord Clancarty went into exile, pending measures to regain his estates, which he was subsequently compelled to abandon for lack of means, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough lent him a Bible, saying he would therein find matter to console him for all his troubles. The book, however, remained unopened until his return to England; when the duchess reclaimed the volume, and showed her astonished and mortified relative

that she had placed among the leaves notes more than sufficient to have met the expenses necessary for carrying on the proceedings for the recovery of his property, then placed far beyond his reach.

The small village of Blarney is about four miles north-west of Cork; a few years ago it was remarkably clean, neat, and thriving; its prosperity having resulted from the establishment of several linen and cotton factories, the whole of which have been swept away, and the hamlet is now, like the castle, an assemblage of ruins. In the vicinity, however, there is yet a woollen-manufactory and a paper-mill, both in full work. The scenery in the neighbourhood is agreeable, but the grounds that immediately surround the castle are of exceeding beauty. Nature has done much more for them than art; although there is evidence that the hand of taste had busied itself in the duty of improvement. "The sweet Rock-close" is a small dell, in which evergreens grow luxuriantly, completely shaded with magnificent trees. At its termination, are the "Witches' Stairs;" a series of rugged stone steps which lead down through a passage in the rock to a delicious spot of green sward forming the bank of a clear rivulet—and where some singular masses appear to have been "the work of Druid hands of old."

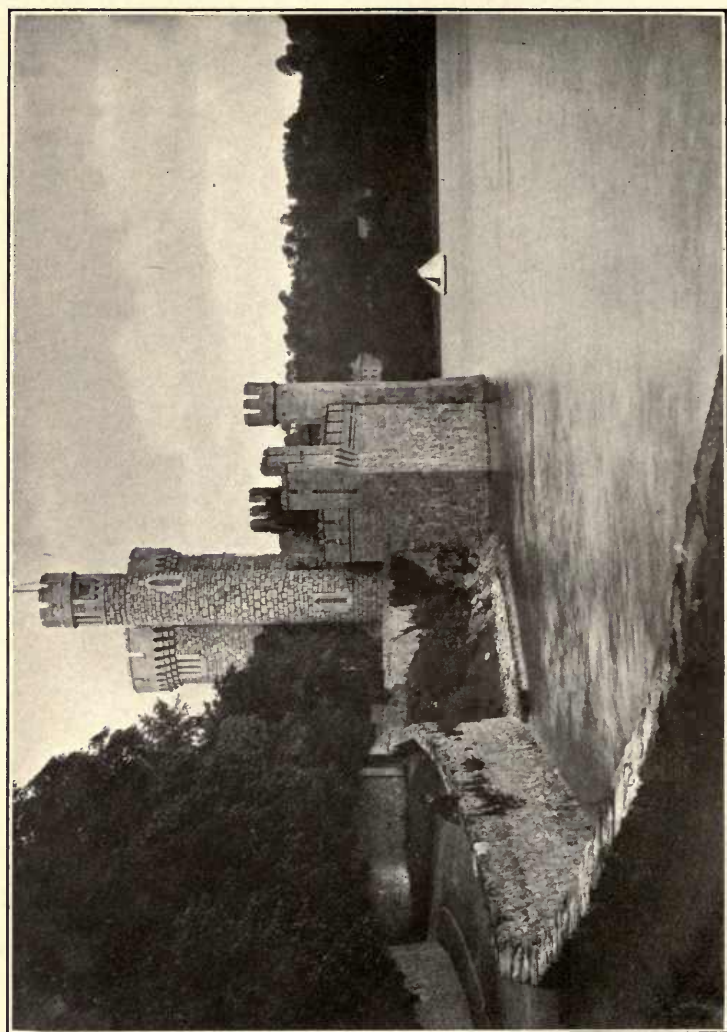
We visited "The sweet Rock-close"—it well deserves the epithet—during a sunny day in June; and never can we forget the fragrant shade afforded by the luxuriant evergreens which seem rooted in the limestone rock; the little river

Comane is guarded by a natural terrace, fringed by noble trees; several of the spaces between are grottos—natural also; some with seats, where many a love tale has been told, and will be, doubtless, as long as Cork lads and lasses indulge in pic-nic fêtes, while the blackbird whistles, and the wood-pigeon cooes in the twisted foliage above their heads: it is indeed a spot of exceeding wildness and singular beauty; at some particular points you catch a glimpse of the castle, the river, and the mysterious entrance to the “Witches’ Stairs.” Still, notwithstanding the variety of these objects, and a cave, moreover, where some beautiful princess of old went through—like the lady in Comus—a long enchantment, the character of the Rock-close is one of deep shadow; occasionally, a sunbeam struggles through the gloom, and points out a bed of the richest moss, or a “grey stone” winged with waving fern; and it is a place wherein to meditate upon the mystery that such a scene should ever have been abandoned by its possessor, who now takes little more interest in his beautiful domain than to crowd its rich meadows with as fine cattle as we ever remember to have seen in any country. We wandered from the shades of the Rock-close across the green and richly-wooded pastures which lead to the lake—a fine expanse of water about a quarter of a mile from the castle. The scenery here is rather English than Irish, but every step is hallowed by a legend: it is implicitly believed that the last Earl of Clancarty who inhabited the castle, committed the keeping of his

plate to the deepest waters, and that it will never be recovered until a Mac Carthy be again lord of Blarney. Enchanted cows on midsummer nights dispute the pasture with those of the present possessor, and many an earthly bull has been worsted in the contest. As to fairies—their rings are upon the grass from early summer to the last week in harvest.

We confess our attention was somewhat withdrawn from the varied and interesting conversation of our urbane and considerate companion, by the multitudes of lilies that floated on the waters of the lake, rendering it near the shore a mass of living gold. We never saw the flower in such abundance or perfection; one, which we gathered, contained within its calyx a small green lizard, that came creeping forth, its fixed and jet-like eyes staring us out of countenance, until we transferred it to another home, which it quietly entered. A most delightful day did we spend amongst those ruins of art and beauties of nature. We sat beneath the shadow of the old ward-tower to partake of some refreshment, and the children of a dairy farm, close to the castle, brought us a plate, piled with potatoes and enveloped in a warm white cloth.

Those who visit Blarney castle would be repaid for their trouble, by extending their drive through a sequestered glen, in which the Awmar-tin descends into the valley; the road wanders through this beautiful pass almost as wildly as the river, and at its extremity the Rev. Matthew Horgan, with true antiquarian *gusto*, is erecting



a *round-tower* close to his chapel, with a view to be even with his ancestors, and—puzzle posterity. The neighbourhood has many circular raths, and some square entrenchments, with the usual subterranean cells.

To the beauty and numerous attractions of the Cork river, we have already called the attention of our readers. From the quay—on which the St. George Company have their office¹⁷—the whole distance to the harbour's mouth, the scene is one of continual variety and interest; the shores on both sides are richly wooded, and crowded with fine or pretty villas. Proceeding from Cork, the object that first strikes the tourist, is the castle of Black Rock—a modern structure, but which, from its position, standing on the extremity of a small peninsula, commands especial notice. Some assert that William Penn embarked from this spot for the New World, while others point out, as the place, the old mansion of Dundanion (now a ruin in the grounds of Sir Thomas Deane). Passing through Lough Mahon—part of the river, but because of its peculiar character styled a “lough” or lake—the village of Passage, distant five miles from Cork, is reached. Here all large vessels discharge their cargoes, the channel not being of sufficient depth to allow of their approach nearer to the city. An excellent quay has recently been built to facilitate the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers. In excavating for its foundation, an iron cannon, or part of one, was discovered, which certainly belongs to an early period in the history of English

artillery—if it be of English manufacture. (See Plate No. 2.) If of Irish make, it is far more difficult to conjecture the age, for we know that leathern cannon hooped with iron were used by the Anglo-Irish, so late as the reign of Charles I.; and we have seen a whimsical record of one of these engines, which, instead of shooting its ball forward, exploded at the breech, leaving the ball unmoved. In our opinion, the piece of ordnance found is only the chamber of the gun, to which an iron tube was attached for the passage of the ball; and judging by comparison with one in the curious and interesting collection of cannon at Quex Park, the seat of Mr. Powell, in the Isle of Thanet, which had been dug up at Tilbury Fort, the one discovered at Passage may be referred to the time of Henry VII.; and the warlike demonstrations then made by the citizens of Cork in favour of Perkin Warbeck, may be brought forward to support the conjecture, and account for the locality in which it was found.

About a mile farther on is the village of Monks-town; it was formerly confined in the gorge of a deep and richly-wooded glen, but has gradually extended along the shore, where a row of excellent houses sprung up; and a handsome church, an hotel with baths, and some pretty villas, have been more recently built. The castle of Monks-town, though now a complete ruin, was in repair, and used as a barrack, during the last war. It was built in the year 1636, and, according to popular tradition, at the cost of a groat. To explain the enigma, the following story is told:—

Anastatia Goold, who had become the wife of John Archdeken, determined while her husband was abroad, serving in the army of Philip of Spain, to give him evidence of her thrift on his return, by surprising him with a noble residence which he might call his own. Her plan was, to supply the workmen with provisions and other articles they required, for which she charged the ordinary price; but as she had made her purchases wholesale, upon balancing her accounts it appeared that the retail profit had paid all the expenses of the structure, except four-pence! This model of domestic economy reposes with her husband in the neighbouring burial-ground of the ruined church of Temple-en-Bryn. He died in 1660, and a long inscription in Latin upon the family vault records his piety, hospitality, and other good qualities.¹⁸

Between the two villages, Passage and Monkstown, a delightful road along the shore has been lately formed, a little above high-water mark, by cutting away the rock which descended abruptly to the river. The depth of water here is very great; and it is pointed out to the stranger's notice as a place where several ships have foundered, particularly one commanded by Captain Cole, in 1758. The formation of this road has, however, much injured a singular freak of nature called the "Giant's Stairs," some of which it has entirely displaced. Fifteen or sixteen huge knobs of rock, each many tons in weight, rose from the water's edge one above the other up the face of a very steep rocky ascent, with nearly the

regularity of a flight of steps; and it required no effort of fancy to perceive the resemblance, especially when this extraordinary cliff chanced to be viewed in profile. Sufficient still remains to satisfy a stranger's curiosity, notwithstanding the dismemberment; but they can be no longer appealed to by the credulous boatmen as the undoubted stairs which the Giant O'Mahony made for himself, and used every night at twelve o'clock when he descended to his bathing-place.

Before reaching Cove, the steamer passes Haulbowlin Island; and between the town of Cove and the harbour's mouth are Rocky and Spike Islands—to which we have already made reference. Nearer the harbour's mouth, on the west side, is a creek called Crosshaven, remarkable from the tradition that it once sheltered the gallant admiral, Sir Francis Drake, when pursued into the harbour by a Spanish squadron. The spot where he anchored is still called "Drake's Pool." The Spaniards, after remaining some days in the "bay of Cork" (as its harbour was then, and for some years subsequently, called), sending boats up the Cork river in vain pursuit, and exploring in other directions, stood out to sea again, completely unable to account for the mysterious disappearance of the vessels they had chased so closely and so keenly, and which they, after due consideration of all the circumstances, gravely concluded, could only have been snatched from their grasp and have disappeared in so astonishing a manner by the power of magic.

To Spike Island considerable national importance was, and some literary interest is, attached, from the circumstance that the engineer officer who superintended the formation of the unfinished fortification upon it, called Fort Westmoreland, which was commenced in 1791, was General—then Colonel—Vallancey. Here it was that the learned and philosophic soldier commenced the study of the Irish language, instructed by one of the stone-masons under his orders; and it is certainly remarkable that any Englishman should have so completely identified his name with Irish literary and antiquarian research. However fanciful and visionary the theories of Vallancey may be considered, no one can deny that his inquiries and learning have brought to light many—very many, verbal and other coincidences too extraordinary not to afford subjects for deep reflection to an inquiring mind.

The town of Cove, as we have stated, faces the entrance to Cork harbour, from which, however, it is distant about five miles. It is built on the side of a steep hill, and rises from the water's edge, terrace above terrace; the more elevated parts commanding a magnificent bird's-eye view of the extensive anchorage. The town has therefore natural advantages of a rare order, so manifest are they, indeed, as almost to justify the prophecy of an English traveller, that in time it would supplant the prosperous city; "for here," he adds, "the merchant may discharge his cargo in the sight of his own storehouses." Cove has

a southern aspect, and the climate is consequently mild during all seasons; from the nature of the site on which it stands, Cove is almost always clean—a fall of rain carrying its impurities into the Atlantic. On all sides the shore is covered with villas—the trees, usually stunted on the coast, grow gracefully and majestically: the islands, and fortified headlands, are so many imposing objects within view; and the gay yachts, which a tourist described a century ago as “little vessels, that for painting and gilding exceed those of the king at Greenwich,” give animation and variety to the exciting scene.

“The Yacht Club” of Cork is said to be the oldest association of the kind in the United Kingdom, and it probably is so. With its “rules and orders,” printed in 1765, under the name of those of the “Cork Water Club,” is given a list of the *old* members of 1720; and reference is made to its “ancient rules and constitution;” one of the early regulations provided that no long-tailed wigs, large sleeves or ruffles, should be worn by any member. In 1830 it received the prefix of “Royal,” and in 1831 the French government conceded to it the privilege of free access to all the ports of France. The club has of late years successfully laboured to improve the construction, appointments, and management of vessels of all descriptions, and the commonest craft of the harbour may now vie with those belonging to any English port; the skill and hardihood of the Cove boatmen and mariners are proverbial; and if the kingdom shall again require sailors to main-

tain the supremacy of the British flag, and give emphasis to the almost forgotten line "Britannia rules the waves," the Cove of Cork will supply, at least, its quota.

Previous to the war between England and her American colonies, Cove consisted of little more than the mud cabins of a few fishermen. Dr. Smith, whose county history was published in 1750, describes it as "a village built under a steep hill, inhabited by seamen and revenue officers." And in 1752 John Wesley records that "there was nothing to be bought there—neither flesh, nor fish, nor butter, nor cheese," and adds that he was obliged to be "well contented" with some eggs and bread. The present population of Cove exceeds 7,000, and its character is that of a thriving and improving town.

During the early part of the last century, numerous are the anecdotes related of the daring exploits of hostile privateers and pirates, performed actually within Cork harbour, and in full view of the town of Cove—if town it could then be called—and its population. In one instance the Custom-house officers were made prisoners and carried off "to larn them to spake French," as was jocularly remarked. In another, after the enemy had taken on board supplies of water and fresh provisions, they cut out such merchant-vessels as they considered to be worth the trouble of carrying off. Soon after this occurrence insulting notices were posted in the city of Cork boasting of the achievement, and inviting the cit-

izens generally, some of them by name, to an entertainment, on a particular day, which was appointed, as an acknowledgment of the ready sale their goods had met with; and, strange as it may seem, the entertainment took place. These and similar outrages, conceived in the most wanton spirit, and executed in the most reckless manner, were, almost without exception, the acts of Irishmen intimately acquainted with the localities, who had entered into foreign services. Some of such enterprises were executed under letters of marque (of which we have seen one) from the Pretender; and many very romantic stories are told of the semi-warlike, semi-friendly intercourse, carried on between the residents upon the southern coast of Ireland and "the wild geese," as the Irish metaphorically termed their expatriated relatives and friends.

So late as 1780, Cove had scarcely advanced beyond the dignity of a fishing hamlet. Soon afterwards, however, the value of Cork harbour having been appreciated, its Cove gradually rose into importance; houses were built, fortifications for defence constructed, government stores established, and it became the naval station of an Admiral's flag. Bustle, activity, and a thriving trade, followed. It was no unusual sight to behold from "Spy-hill," as the highest point of Cove was called, three hundred sail of merchant vessels assembled, waiting for convoy; nor was it a rare occurrence to hear the booming of distant cannon from some daring privateer that like a shark had watched the harbour's mouth, until

it was brought an honourable prize into port. Cove was then all gaiety: the steady officers, the light-hearted and thoughtless "middies," and the "jolly Jack tars," paraded up and down at all hours. The pennant floated in the breeze, redolent with dust, pitch, whiskey, and music; the fiddle and bagpipes resounded in a district named, for what reason we know not, "the holy ground," unless that it was sacred to every species of marine frolic and dissipation—a spot, by the way, from just above which Mr. Creswick's view is taken. Many are the odd stories told in illustration of the proverbial recklessness of the sailor; and if the traditions of "the holy ground" could be collected, rich indeed would be the exhibition of mingled nautical humour and Irish wit. With "dove-like Peace," the glory of Cove departed. Notwithstanding the arguments and remonstrances of its inhabitants, Cove was reduced from an admiral's command to a mere naval station for the supply of water and provisions. Now-a-days, the appearance of a ship-of-war is an event of rare occurrence, and the arrival of a cruiser squadron an era of so much importance as to be celebrated in song.¹⁹ But the natural beauty of the situation of Cove, the salubrity of its sea-breezes, its vicinity to Cork (the distance being about ten miles), and the facility of the communication by means of steamboats, have averted the anticipated ruin of the place: and now instead of the gallant seamen or giddy seaboy full of health and animal spirits, we too often encounter the poor maiden upon

whose cheek a hectic flush speaks of an early tomb; or some youth, whose feeble step and emaciated person are evidences too strong to be doubted that consumption will triumph, and that his removal to a genial climate had been too long deferred. The mild air and warm southern aspect of Cove, added to the advantages of sea-bathing, strongly recommend it to invalids, by whom, from all parts of Ireland, it is now visited.²⁰ Among those whose deaths give a melancholy interest to the place, may be mentioned Tobin, the author of the "Honey-Moon," who died, within sight of land, on his passage to the West Indies, where he was proceeding for the recovery of his health. The Rev. Charles Wolfe, the author of the well-known lines upon the death of Sir John Moore, also died at Cove, of consumption, in the spring of 1823.

It is singular that the literary fame of both Tobin and Wolfe was posthumous; the world knew nothing of them, or of their genius until their hearts were indifferent to praise, and their ears deaf to the voice of the charmer. How beautifully, and in what an affecting manner, did Sir Humphrey Davy picture the melancholy glory of posthumous fame in the prologue which he wrote for poor Tobin's comedy of the Honey-Moon! The ashes of Tobin and Wolfe rest in the burial-ground of the old and ruined church of Clonmel, about a mile to the rear of Cove.

On the east side of Cork harbour, and about three miles from the shore, is the small town of Cloyne—a bishop's see, founded in the sixth cen-

tury, by St. Colman. The cathedral is a low cruciform structure. The last bishop of Cloyne was Brinkley, the profound mathematician and eminent astronomer, who was consecrated in 1826, and died in 1835, when the see merged into that of Cork and Ross. This distinguished prelate rose from a pauper school in Suffolk to the highest scientific rank of his age, and his memory will long be cherished at Cloyne as one of the many eminent men of which that city-village can boast. Among others, may be mentioned Bishop Woodward—remembered as the controversial opponent of the facetious Father O’Leary—who closed an argument respecting purgatory by observing, that his lordship might “go farther and fare worse.” Cloyne was also the residence of the illustrious Bishop Berkeley, to whom Pope ascribes

“Every virtue under heaven;”

and to see whom, it is said, the poet contemplated a visit to Ireland. At Cloyne there is one of those singular round towers, which for so long a period have excited the curiosity of antiquaries—whose various theories we shall have to describe and comment upon in the course of our work. Its conical stone roof was destroyed by lightning in the year 1749. The neighbourhood of Cloyne abounds with natural caves in the limestone rock; one of which, in the episcopal grounds, is described by Bishop Bennett, in a letter to Dr. Parr,²¹ as of “unknown length and depth, branching to a great distance under the

earth, and sanctified by a thousand wild traditions." At Castle Mary, a fine seat, not far from Cloyne, may be seen one of those ponderous masses of stone supported by smaller stones, which are popularly termed Druids' altars, or "cromleachs;" and close to it is a smaller one. The incumbent or altar-stone of the great cromleach measures fifteen feet in length, and is about eight feet wide and three and a half thick. The position of both is inclined; from which it is conjectured the name "Cromleach," the bending stone, is derived; although many antiquaries contend for the derivation from Crom, the Jupiter Tonans of the ancient Irish. Similar rude monuments are found in all parts of Ireland, and necessarily lead to an inquiry as to their origin and purpose. We shall avail ourselves of a future opportunity for considering the matter at some length. The most remarkable seat in the vicinity of Cloyne is Rostellan, the mansion of the Marquis of Thomond; it is modern, but occupies the site of an ancient castle of the Fitzgeralds, seneschals of Imokilly. In 1648, the notorious Lord Inchiquin—famous or infamous, according to the party views of the historian—obtained a grant of the estate; which grant was farther confirmed to him in the eighteenth year of Charles II.

Before we proceed further upon our journey, and describe the northern division of the county—nearly the whole of which is bounded by the county of Limerick—it will be well to picture the vehicles, in one or other of which the tourist



will have to travel. We shall first, however, advise him to lay in a stock of good-humour, for petty annoyances will frequently occur, and it is a coin that passes current everywhere, but is of especial value in Ireland; and a plentiful supply of water-proof clothing, for sunny June is no more to be trusted than showery April. Some one has said that the only day on which you can be certain to escape a wetting is the 30th of February—a day that never comes; and it is recorded of Mr. Fox, we believe, that whenever he received a visitor from Ireland, after his own brief tour in the country, his invariable question was, “By the way, is that shower over yet?” This is, undoubtedly, a sad drawback upon pleasure; the humidity of the atmosphere is a continual affliction to those who are not used to it; and is very insufficiently compensated for by the fact that the grass in Ireland is ever green. Yet the evil is one that can be always guarded against.

Machines for travelling in Ireland are, some of them at least, peculiar to the country. The stage-coaches are precisely similar to those in England, and travel at as rapid a rate. They, of course, run upon all the great roads, and are constructed with due regard to safety and convenience. The public cars of M. Bianconi have, however, to a large extent, displaced the regular coaches, and are to be encountered in every district in the south of Ireland. In form they resemble the common outside jaunting-car, but are calculated to hold twelve, fourteen, or sixteen persons; they are well horsed, have cautious and

experienced drivers, are generally driven with three horses, and usually travel at the rate of seven Irish miles an hour; the fares averaging about twopence per mile. They are open cars; but a huge apron of leather affords considerable protection against rain; and they may be described as, in all respects, very comfortable and convenient vehicles. It would be difficult for a stranger to conceive the immense influence which this establishment has had upon the character and condition of the country; its introduction, indeed, has been only second to that of steam in promoting the improvement of Ireland, by facilitating intercourse between remote districts, and enabling the farmer to transact his own business at a small expense and with little sacrifice of time.²² We shall describe the establishment of this enterprising gentleman when we visit Clonmel—its headquarters. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact, that his stud consists of 1,300 horses—a larger number than her Majesty possesses in Ireland—that his cars travel, daily, 3,500 miles, and visit no fewer than 128 cities and towns.²³

Post-chaises are now very seldom used: they are to be had in the larger towns, and are generally cleanly and well arranged; very different from what they were when the caricature pictured them as thatched with straw, from the bottom of which the traveller's legs protruded. Yet this was scarcely an exaggeration. An elderly gentleman informed us that he once made a journey in one of them; it came on to rain; the driver drew

up suddenly and addressed his fare—" Ah then, sir, hadn't ye better get out and stand behind the carriage? it'll be only a shower." The plan was adopted, for the wet was pouring through the broken windows and down the dilapidated roof; and the device was the only mode of escaping a thorough drenching.

The cars are of three kinds; "the covered car" (see Plate No. 2), "the inside jaunting-car," and the "outside jaunting-car;" the latter being the one most generally in use, and the only one employed in posting. The two former, indeed, can seldom be procured except in large towns. The covered car is a comparatively recent introduction, its sole recommendation being that it is weather-proof, for it effectually prevents a view of the country, except through the two little peep-hole windows in front, or by tying back the oil-skin curtains behind. Our longer journeys were, notwithstanding, made in this machine; it preserved us from many a wetting, and we endeavoured to remedy the evil of confinement by stopping at every promising spot, and either getting out or making the driver turn his vehicle round, so that, from the back, we might command the prospect we desired.²⁴ This class of cars has of late multiplied greatly in all the large towns; they are, in Ireland, what the hackney-coaches and cabriolets are in England.

The inside jaunting-car is not often to be hired; it is usually private property, and is, perhaps, the most comfortable, as well as elegant, of the vehicles of the country.

The outside jaunting-car is that to which especial reference is made when speaking of the "Irish" car. It is exceedingly light, presses very little upon the horse, and is safe as well as convenient; so easy is it to get on and off, that both are frequently done while the machine is in motion. It is always driven with a single horse; the driver occupies a small seat in front, and the travellers sit back to back,²⁵ the space between them being occupied by "the well"—a sort of boot for luggage; but when there is only one passenger the driver usually places himself on the opposite seat "to balance the car," the motion of which would be awkward if one side was much heavier than the other. The foot-"board" is generally of iron, and is made to move on hinges, so it may be turned up to protect the cushions during rain. This foot-board projects considerably beyond the wheels, and would seem to be dangerous; but in cases of collision with other vehicles, a matter of no very rare occurrence, the feet are raised, and injury is sustained only by the machine. The private cars of this description are, of course, neatly and carefully made, and have a character of much elegance; but those which are hired are, in general, badly built, dirty, and uncomfortable; yet in nine places out of ten the traveller has no chance of obtaining a vehicle of any other description, and will often find, even in a populous town, that if "the car" be out, he must wait until its return. He will never have any difficulty in procuring a horse, and as to drivers, any "boy" will answer for the

nonce; but cars are seldom more numerous than "head inns," that is to say, one generally suffices for a town. In New Ross, we were detained two hours before we could proceed on our road to Wexford. A car, therefore, is usually hired for a journey, changing horses on the route. The charge for posting is sixpence a mile for two persons, and eightpence a mile if the travellers exceed two. This is a rule all over the country, except in the county of Wicklow, where the rate is eightpence a mile—the consequence has been, that the greater number of tourists hire a machine in Dublin, and are not customers at the inns on the road. The injurious change has been introduced by the keeper of the hotel at Bray, who, we understood, has compelled the other postmasters to act with him, much against their inclinations; for the demand is not a just one; the prices being equal to those in England, where the tax upon hired vehicles is large, and where all the other articles connected with it will cost at least double.

The car, or rather cars, used by the peasantry, requires some notice. Flat boards are placed across it, and upon these straw is laid, and often a feather-bed. These vehicles are now, however, nearly obsolete; we met but few of them during our latest journey; their unfitness having been understood, they have given way before modern improvement.

In Ireland there are few turnpikes, the repairs of the roads usually falling upon the county, money for the purpose being annually voted by

the grand juries. The roads are for the most part good; and, of late years, a better system of surveying, so largely introduced into the country, has led to the formation of "new lines" to nearly every place of importance. The old plan, therefore, of carrying a road "as the bird flies," up and down the steepest hills, through morasses, and along the brinks of frightful precipices, has been entirely abandoned; and at present, the carriage will, generally, require springs no stronger than those which are used in England.²⁶ The lover of the picturesque, indeed, will not unfrequently prefer the rugged pathway of former times, and think himself amply repaid for greater toil and fatigue by the prospect opened to him from the mountain tops, or the refreshment he derives from following the course of the river that rushes through the valley. He will, however, sometimes have to leave the car, and walk through a morass, over a broken bridge, or along dangerous ravines, which time has deprived of the wall that once guarded it.

The miles are now generally measured as English miles, and, in posting, charged for accordingly. At present this causes some confusion; the natives being as yet unable to comprehend how it is that familiar places have removed farther from each other. We asked of one of them the distance from Cork to Kinsale: "Troth, sir," he answered, "it's hard to say; not long ago 'twas twelve miles; but they've been flinging stones at each other (fixing milestones), and Kinsale is druv a good step farther from Cork;

it's English roads they've made of them; wisha bad luck to them—it's everything Irish they're taking from us—except the poverty and the sod."

Persons who have never travelled in Ireland can have but a very inadequate idea of the wit and humour of the Irish car-drivers. They are for the most part a thoughtless and reckless set of men, living upon chances, always "taking the world aisy"—that is to say, having no care for the morrow, and seldom being owners of a more extensive wardrobe than the nondescript mixture they carry about their persons. They are the opposites in all respects of the English postilions—the latter do their duty, but seldom familiarize their "fares" to the sound of their voices; in nine cases out of ten the traveller never exchanges a word with his post-boy; a touch of the hat acknowledges the gratuity when "the stage" is ended, and the driver, having consigned his charge to his successor, departs usually in ignorance whether his chaise has contained man, woman, or child. He neither knows, nor cares for, aught of their concerns, except that he is to advance so many miles upon such a road, according to the instructions of his employer. The Irish driver, on the contrary, will ascertain, during your progress, where you come from, where you are going, and, very often, what you are going about. He has a hundred ways of wiling himself into your confidence, and is sure to put in a word or two upon every available opportunity; yet in such a manner as to render it impossible for you to subject him to the charge

of impertinence. Indeed it is a striking peculiarity of the lower classes of the Irish that they can be familiar without being presuming; tender advice without appearing intrusive; and even command your movements without seeming to interfere, in the least, with your own free-will. This quality the car-driver enjoys to perfection. We engaged one at Clogheen. "Ah then is it to Cahir ye're going, sir?—and it's from Lismore ye're coming, I'll go bail." "You've made a good guess." "Maybe it's to my lord's I'll be driving ye?" "Not so lucky this time." "To Mr. Grubb's did ye say, sir?" "No." "Well then it's to Mr. Fennell's yer honour'll be telling me to drive ye?" "Yes." "Is it to Mr. Joe Fennell's, or Mr. Jonas Fennell's, or Mr. Fennell's of the cottage?" And then came a long history of all of the name who dwell in or near one of the prettiest and cleanest towns of Ireland;—"the quakers, yer honour, all owing to the quakers," quoth our driver, as he gave his steed the whip to "go in style" up the long avenue.

A few characteristic anecdotes of the genus may amuse our readers. Some one tells a story of a fellow who, on grumbling at the shilling gratuity at his journey's end, said in a sly under tone, "Faith it's not putting me off with this ye'd be, if ye knew but all." The traveller's curiosity was excited. "What do you mean?" "Oh faix! that 'ud be telling." Another shilling was tendered. "And now," asked the gentleman, "what do you mean by saying if you knew

but all?" "*That I druv yer honour the last three miles widout a linch-pin!*" We had ourselves once a touching application for the string of our cloak "to tie up a small bit of the harness that was broke into smithereens from the weight of the hill." "Will I pay the pike or drive at it, plase yer honour?" was the exclamation of a driver to his passenger, as he suddenly drew up a few yards from the turnpike-gate. One of the richest characters of the class, we encountered on the road from Ross to Wexford; he told us how he got his first situation.—"The masther had two beautiful English horses, and he wanted a careful man to drive them; he was a mighty pleasant gintleman, and loved a 'joke. Well, there was as many as fifteen afther the place, and the first that wint up to him, 'Now, my man,' says he, 'tell me,' says he, 'how near the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage?' So the boy considered, and he says, says he, 'Within a foot, plase yer honour, and no harm.'—'Very well,' says he, 'go down, and I'll give ye yer answer by-and-by.' So the next came up, and said he'd be bound to carry 'em within half a foot; and the next said five inches; and another—a dandyfied chap intirely—was so mighty nice, that he would drive it within 'three inches and a half, he'd go bail.' Well, at last my turn came, and when his honour axed me how nigh I would drive his carriage to a precipice, I said, says I, 'Plase yer honour, *I'd keep as far off it as I could.*'—'Very well, Misther Byrne,' says he, 'you're my coachman,' says he. Och,

the roar there was in the kitchen whin I wint down and tould the joke!" When Mr. V——, the assistant Poor Law Commissioner, first visited Cork, the coach by which he arrived set him down next door to the Imperial Hotel—his place of destination. Not being aware of this fact, he ordered a car, and gave his direction to the driver. The fellow conducted him round the town, and through various streets and lanes, and after an hour's driving placed him at the hotel entrance, demanding and receiving a sum of five shillings, which his victim considered a reasonable charge. A few minutes afterwards he discovered the trick that had been played upon him.

The car-drivers who ply in the streets look as if they duly regarded their own ease, and that business was, with them, a secondary consideration. You sometimes find them standing on the pavement, their handkerchiefs floating negligently around their necks, and their long loose coats flapping about their legs—or lounging on the bar or box of their car or jingle, touching their hats with a leering civility—or elevating what serves for a whip if they think a fare is approaching. To see them thus you would imagine them heedless of their interests; but ask a question of one touching time or distance, and the whole body start immediately into life and activity. "Ah thin sure it isn't he that can *tell* yer honour the distance; but I'll tell ye what he can do—*double* it." "I'm first on the stand, and see what a beautiful *baste* I have." "*Thin!*" "Oh bedad she's not thin—faix it was

myself was obligated to put her on a regiment to get her into racing order; she was so over and above fat." "Ah sure it isn't going to trust yerself on an outside car ye are, and the rain gothering itself in oceans above yer head; just come a *piece* of the way in this, yer honour. Sure it's easy enough to get out if ye don't like it." "Don't be *beguiling* the strange lady and gentleman wid yer goster, Micky; sure ye know that garron won't lave the stand, barrin ye give him yer oath, before a witness, it's home to the stable he's going." "Bedad! I'd scorn to ax the likes of ye into my beautiful jingle—barrin it was the best in Cork, which it is. Sure it's *only* my fare I'll ax—laving any other little thrifle to yer honour—on account of the wife and children." This "leaving to your honour," is, by the way, always a most expensive mode of payment.

The car-drivers in Cork and Dublin seem also to have an especial eye on the goings and comings of the inhabitants. We stopped one morning to knock at a gentleman's door; a lazy-looking "jingle boy" was lounging against the area rails. "Oh bedad!" he said, shifting his position, "if it is Mr. so and so ye'r wantin', he's off these two hours to Cove, and a fine shaking he'll get on Lary Clooney's car, if he gets no worse; sorra a spring on these twelve months—barring a tow-rope."

In England and in France the postilions bully you out of your money—in Ireland they coax or laugh it out of your pockets. "Well, I'm

not going to deny but it's all I have a right to, but I'd like another little shilling, to show the people that yer honour was satisfied, and had a regard for the counthry."—"I've waited yer honour's leisure this ever so long," said one fellow, "till ye'd have time to make me the little present *ye war thinking of*." We took a short excursion one morning, somewhat early, and the horse on descending a hill commenced kicking in such an extraordinary manner, that instead of becoming alarmed we laughed heartily at the oddity and obstinacy of the animal, which, aided by the apologies and explanations of the driver, were inconceivably ludicrous:—"Look now, ma'am, it's the quietest baste in Ireland," [kick, kick,] "but it's a small taste frolicsome, out of play," [kick, kick, kick] [Aside to the horse.] "I'll give it ye, ye baste, whin I get ye home, to be exposing me this way." [Aloud.] "It's the blood ye see, sir, the rale quality blood that's in it,—sure his mother won the plate at the Curragh o' Kildare, and it's only too quiet this craythure is," [kick.] [Aside.] "Ah, ye venomous sarpint, ye'r at it again." "Except when it goes out too early of a mornin'—it understands the fashions, and I never get much good of him before tin or half-past tin any way." The poor animal who "understood the fashions," looked as if he had not tasted oats for a month, and yet he was the most determined kicker on a hill's side we ever encountered. In the end, to get home the descendant of noble blood, the driver was actually obliged to turn the car round, and back

it for nearly half a mile, to the bottom of the hill. On our return the man was amply paid; he turned over and over the money in his hand, glancing his eye up and around with an expression of cunning we cannot easily forget. "Are you not satisfied?" was our natural inquiry. "Oh yes, quite satisfied, and I'm sure yer honours war satisfied too—only the lady laughed so hard at the baste's tricks, that I thought yer honour would give me another little sixpence."

Such are the fellows who drive, according to their own showing, "for the convaynience of the quality." Sly, inquisitive, good-natured, ready-witted, noisy; and, when whiskey was in the ascendant, sometimes insolent, yet mingling their very insolence with a ripe humour that usually disarmed anger—the Irish car-driver is altogether different from a "jarvy" of any other country. It is impossible for us to forget our landing at Kingstown:—the tribe which congregate outside the rail-road wall, offering to take you and your luggage for "next to nothing, or nothing at all, if it be plazing to you;" endeavouring to divert attention from the fizzing train, by every possible and impossible means;—waving their whips in the air—clinging to the outer walls like so many cats—chattering, swearing, shouting, lying—without the smallest visitings of conscience.

"Faith, sir, it isn't because the coach road is shorter and pleasanter, and gone in half the time of the train yer honour, that I spake—only because of the lady and yerself, sir. Oh, then it'll

be a woeful thing afther escaping the dangers of the *say*, to see that sweet lady blown up sky high, or crushed into *smithereens* under that baste of a dirty ingine. Sure it is the lady's life, and the honour of ould Ireland I'm thinkin' of, sir. I'd be sorry to see her mangled the way you know, Tim, the poor woman an' her dear innocent babby was kilt intirely yesterday morning!" This was said to ourselves two years ago; while the speaker, having drawn his car as close as possible to the barrier, stood on his driving seat leaning one hand on the wall that very properly protects the rail-road, and flourishing his whip in the air. "Paytronise the counthry, sir," exclaimed another. "Paythriotism for ever, and no rail-roads! to the dickens with them." "And those who go by them," added an ill-looking fellow, twisting his shoulders, and casting a most malicious scowl from a countenance set in a black frame of dingy whiskers. "Hould your tongue, ye sinner!" exclaimed another, with an ironical, half-serious expression of face; "it's down upon your hard-hearted knees you ought to go, to pray for the poor deluded strangers in a furrin land, as this is to them, that don't know better than to trust their innocent limbs into ould Nick's punch-powl. Ye'll never see Dublin my darlints—and more's the pity—for it's a beautiful city. Ye'll be spilt like a drop of *skim* milk, and smashed like a mealy potato!—before ye reach the station—the only *station* in the country I never cared to spind much time at." "Here's a beautiful car—a handsome car—an illigant

car; room for four, and two in the well," bawled forth another. "And nothin' to pay—nothin' to pay—Jack Dawson only wants them—for the pleasure of their company." And the last human sound we distinguished while the train was in the act of starting, was a yell of execration at the engine.

The driver of the common cart, the "Paddys" met with in every public road and by-lane, are altogether of an opposite nature. Some (the juveniles) in broad-leaved straw hats and loose²⁷ flannel jackets, seldom encumbered with shoes, lounging or rollicking, or mounted on the lean backs of their horses; others, old roadsters, in long heavy grey or blue frieze coats; hats worn into every hue and shape by long service, either dangling their legs from the off shaft of the car; or stretched along it, if it be empty, in a state closely approximating to sleep.

If you are in a particular hurry, and want to pass a fellow of this description on the road, there are ten chances to one he will let you go by, at last, without allowing you to ascertain whether his keeping so perseveringly on the right, when he ought to have been on the left—or on the left, when he ought to have been on the right—was the effect of ignorance, or a determination not so much to annoy as to be amused at your expense. The probability is, that when you are fairly out of sight he laughs merrily, and exclaims, "Well, I got a good rize out of 'em, any how; how particular they war about the side, as if it mattered a traneeen which was right, or which was wrong,

so they got on." "Here's a brother," exclaims the driver of your city jingle, perceiving a string of cars in the midst of the road; he shouts to them to get out of the way; two or three on the line, catching hold of their horses' heads, turn abruptly to the left; one or two others twist off to the right—while the advance guard, apparently, neither see nor hear the admonition of the perplexed charioteer. "To the dickens with you!" he exclaims;—"we thought you wanted us out of your way," is the ready reply. "Will ye go on?" "Bedad, we've never stopt all day." "Will you draw to the left?" "Why didn't ye tell us that before? Which *is* the left?" asks a ragged wag, keeping his horse and car positively across the road, and making the inquiry in a humble voice, while his eyes dance with mischief—"Will ye be plazed to tell us the differ, sir? how do poor ignorant boys like us know?"

We overtook a line of this nature one morning near Cork; cheerful, lazy-looking fellows, returning to the country with empty cars, and lolling in them with evident delight. They were bent on tormenting; for no sooner did one get out of the way than another got into it. Our machine was covered, so that they could not see who was inside. The driver managed to pass two, and one of the men immediately halloed to his companions—"Boys, boys, I say, show yer manners—*there's a lady in the car.*" This was enough; they proved in a moment that they *did* know right from wrong, and touched their

hats as we passed—their native politeness conquering their desire for fun.

Nothing can be more distinct than the air and manner, not only of the men, but of the very horses employed in agricultural labour in England, and in Ireland. The English peasant is well-clad, erect, and intent on his business; there is nothing particularly cheerful or intelligent in his appearance, though there is much of good nature about him; and his warm jacket, his worsted stockings, his strong shoes, his substantial whip, which he rather supports than holds, tell of his comforts; he walks firmly and at a good pace by the side of his charge, and keeps, cautiously, on the right side of the road. The very horse has an attempt at an aristocratic curve in his muscular neck, and is perfectly aware that the sooner his journey is performed, so much the sooner will his cold nose dip into its bag of warm oats.

The Englishman pauses as he passes along, and after “who-aing” to his horse, looks over the hedge to ascertain the state of the crops, be it oat, wheat, or barley—he has an interest in all, because he partakes of all. The Irishman casts many a look at the potato fields, *but at no other*, and he breathes a deep and earnest prayer “that the Lord will stand the poor man’s friend, and not send them another hard summer.” We used to blame them severely for their loiterings, and we still deeply lament that they are not taught the value of time by being *paid in proportion* to its employment. About eight years ago, driv-

ing through one of the poorest districts in Ireland, we overtook a man who was literally creeping along by the side of his little car, which was filled with sea ore. "You do not seem in haste with your work," we observed, in a somewhat reproachful tone.

"In haste with my work!" he answered. "God bless you! it's little you or the likes of you knows the sort of encouragement I get to be in 'haste with my work.' You pass us by with warm blood in yer veins, and the *strength of the counthry in yer bones*; and God keep it to ye. Ye pass us by on yer easy cars, drawn by well-fed horses, and drov' by light hearts, and ye see a poor man like myself by the road side, whose steps are heavy with throuble, and who knows that whether he makes haste or not, all he can earn will hardly keep him an' his from black starvation. We have no encouragement in these parts to be in 'haste with our work.' This load is not for my own garden—I have none now. What good is it for a poor man to work quick? sure he only doubles his labour, and gets no more pay; or what good is it for him," he added bitterly, "what good is it for him to be put slavin' on the world at all, at all! except," he continued, and he raised his hat as he uttered the words, "that it's the will of the Almighty—and that's enough—praise be to His name!"

We would entreat the traveller to pause and inquire *why* the contrast is so great between the activity of a naturally slow people and the tardiness of a naturally quick people—and reflect a

little before he adds the brand of indolence to the many brands that have been inflicted on the Irish character. An Irishman wants neither energy nor activity when cause is shown him *why* he should be energetic and active; his great want is perseverance. We have often thought that good landlords could conquer even the semblance of loitering amongst their labourers, if they paid by the work done rather than the day, apportioning it so that the peasant, without, overtaxing his strength, by being industrious could earn a penny or twopence more daily, by steady endurance: but upon this topic we shall have to dilate hereafter.

In country towns there are no public stands for cars of any kind: they can be hired, as we have intimated, at the principal inn, or, as it is generally called, the "first hotel." Sometimes individuals manage to "start a car," or "set up a jingle," and in such cases drive it themselves; those persons are usually well-informed in legends and localities, and always well pleased to obtain a listener. The most amusing of the class we ever knew, was a tall, lanky fellow, whose real name was Mogue Furlong, but who was better known in his own particular district as "Mogue the Rattler." Mogue was in the confidence of many a youth and maiden, for, as he said, the jaunting-car was the most convenient thing for "coortin'" that ever was invinted. "Ye see," said the Rattler, "I know at once when people are married or single; if they're *keeping company*, they tell me to balance the car

by sitting on the other side—for the sake of the horse, to be sure!—if they're married, bedad! they let me keep my own sate, and balance it themselves!"

A proud man was Mogue when the liberality of a gentleman—whose hand, while he had life, never closed upon his purse—enabled him to set up a car for, as he said, "the convanience of the neighbours, and his own profit." Mogue was a patriot, and had his car painted a bright green; and as he desired the country at large to be informed of his wealth, he had an inscription on the back of his vehicle, "Mogue Furlong his car for the public and his friends laves home twice a week wind and weather permitting.—P.S. let on hire when not goin'." Mogue sported a very loose, ill-fitting coat, a huge whip, with a lash long enough, as he said, "to keep the childre and the pigs from under the horse's feet," and his "*new*" beaver was an "*ould*" hat belonging to the coachman at the big house, a tributary offering to the Rattler's new "*vocation*;" as, however, the coachman's head was large and Mogue's small, he was obliged to stuff it with a wisp of hay or straw, or some such material, to render it "*a beautiful fit*," and he generally managed by such means to keep it off his eyes; he was a very tall, powerful man, but gentle and good-tempered, as powerful men usually are. During the summer he had abundant occupation in driving "*the Bathers*," (he lived in a sea-side village) to the sea. No matter how many crowded into his car; "*the more the merrier*"



was Mogue's constant observation, ("three of a side and two in the well,") and he aided not a little to make them merry, for he was the very soul of sly and quiet humour. In those days the "Flirting Cushions," that well-stuffed and most lounging appendage to a modern outside car, was not known; and we have seen three or four children laughing in "the well," while mammas, grown-up sisters, and nurses crowded the sides. Twice a-week Mogue repaired, "wind and weather permitting," to the county town, and certainly no one envied his occupation: every thing that the inventive faculties of a whole parish—in which were ten or a dozen rustic beauties—every thing from a pennyworth of mixed hair-pins up to a bonnet, from a "quarten of tea" to a side of pork, was Mogue expected to convey for next to nothing—or pure love. "Ah thin, Mogue honey, don't forget the crooked comb; what'll I do if you do, and the dance to be to-morrow evening?—here's the money." "And for the carriage, Nelly?" "Oh, I'll owe ye for that." "Ah, thin, Mither Mogue, don't forget the bit of a slate for the boy, this time, anyhow. Sure he's losing the figures for want of it intirely." "Mr. Mogue, sir," whispers a tall gawky lad, looking fitter to go to school than think of "such things"—"here's the *size of her finger*, ye see; try it on yer own little one, will ye, for fear ye'd lose the measure?" "Ah thin, don't bother us with such nonsense, ye grate bosthoon," was Mogue's reply. "Sure the kay of the door served your father's turn, and it

may yours's." "The dickens a kay to the door at all, at all," answered the youth; "but the priest is grown particular about a ring, and ye need't dread the money, for here's *the half of it*; and don't be hinderin' us, Mogue, like a darlin' man, and it so nigh Lent. I'll pay ye honest, and if ye don't take my word, the little girl herself's outside—and will go bail—and you never misdoubted the word of one belonging to her."

Christmas, however, was Mogue's time of importance; he had to please all the ladies then, and not a few of the rich farmers' wives—in the choice of pudding plums, jar raisins, sweet and bitter almonds, beef suet, Christmas candles, kitchen candles, citrons, with a host of *et ceteras*. He had to convey presents of turkeys and eggs from the dwellers in the country to those in the town; and presents of town cheer from those in town to friends in the country.

The fifth Christmas after Mogue became a man of substance had come round. It was a fine clear evening when he repaired to the dwelling of his friend, the old gentleman, who had set him up in the first instance as a car-driver; in three days more this old gentleman would have spent sixty Christmas days in the house where five generations had preceded him; and Mogue Furlong came, once again, to take orders for the Christmas fare. He had heard rumours that the 'squire's circumstances were changed for the worse, and in accordance with that beautiful Irish feeling which renders the Irish doubly respectful to the relics of good old times, when

"in trouble," Mogue on being sent for to the parlour bowed much lower, and much more civil than usual; but his heart smote him when the gentleman's daughter placed in his hands a far shorter list than heretofore of the fare that was required.

"There's only Mary and I now," observed the 'squire; "The boys are all away, and we do not want much, do we, Mary?" Mary smiled and turned away; Mogue saw she did so to hide her tears.

"Well," exclaimed the grocer's wife, "I must say, Mogue Furlong, yer the hardest to plaze of any man I ever see. Why, they're the same currants you let me put up for Mrs. Horrigan." "They'll do very well for Mrs. Horrigan; but there's a dale in the differ between buying for her and Miss Mary of the big house." "And is this *all they've* ordered?" said the woman, snatching the list out of the car-driver's hand. "Well, if ever I see such a mane, poor order from a gentleman's house." "Ye may keep yer currants, Mrs. White, ma'am," he said, having repossessed himself of the order. "Ye may keep yer currants as change for yer *impedence*, in daring to look at my papers; and see what ye'll do without *my* custom. See that now, Mrs. White, that's the price of your curiosity, ma'am!" and Mogue walked off in fierce anger to another grocer's, despite the efforts of Mrs. White to obtain a reconciliation.

"Well," she exclaimed, "who would ever *drame* of his firing up that way; and indeed it's

myself is sorry to hear what I heard about the family, they war good people——”

“And good customers,” added one of the shop loungers.

“I’m not going to deny *that*,” replied Mrs. White; “but they always had the worth of their money.”

“Small blame to them; ye did not *ax* them to have more, Mrs. White;” observed a caustic blacksmith.

“I shall let them know Mogue’s impudence, and get him broke,” she said, tossing one scale into another as they swung from the beam, and wiping the remnants of the “soft sugar” into the drawer with her hand. “I shall certainly let them know Mogue’s impudence.”

Mogue Furlong heard that day much, which made his heart ache; meeting the servant of his patron’s attorney strolling down the street, he asked him “if his master had said any thing about he knew who?”

“No;” the only thing he had heard was, that if the old gentleman could be kept out of the way and free from arrest for a few months, there was no doubt his affairs would come round; “but,” added the man, “I did hear my master say to Mr. Lacey, just when I stopt to poke the fire, ‘that he was too fond of staying in the old walls.’”

This troubled the honest car-driver a good deal; but he had much to think of, and though he made excellent haste—that is, excellent haste when the delays of Irish shopping are taken into

consideration—the Dublin mail had arrived, and the evening closed into night before he was ready to depart.

Mogue had packed his commissions on the car with exceeding care, and had just admonished the mare, for the fifth time, that it was his desire she should forthwith proceed on her way, when two men advanced, and signified their design to travel to his own sea-side village that very night. Mogue immediately set about re-arranging his packages, and balanced his passengers according to the usual mode, one at each side; they were evidently strangers to the neighbourhood, and, as Mogue opined, any thing but “the rale gentry, for they never left a farthing with the beggars.” Before they had proceeded half a mile, they commenced questioning the car-driver; and he was nothing loth to reply to their interrogatories according to the most approved Irish fashion—by himself becoming a questioner. He observed, however, that they were remarkably guarded in their replies; but suddenly, contrary to his usual practice, Mogue himself became communicative, and found that his information was received with avidity. They asked a few leading questions touching the habits of his patron, the old 'squire, of whom the car-driver spoke in any thing but a kind or respectful manner; and so they jogged on together until they came to a certain cross-road, where Mogue's mare wanted to get the reins between her teeth and go one way, while her master was even more obstinate in his resolve that she should go another. At

last, by the dint of blows and abuse, he succeeded in compelling her to take the mountain road; though she every moment signified her determination to have her own way, if possible, by backing into the ditch, or turning her head towards the place she had left.

"One would think your horse ought to know the road home," said one of the men.

"Know it!" repeated Mogue, "why it's she that does; only, poor thing, it's her nature ye see (go on, do, or I'll make ye, ye baste)—her foal that's at my brother's, a piece down that boreen—I brought her from it this morning, leaving my other horse there, just for a change of grass, which is very wholesome this time of year."

In this little account Mogue Furlong perpetrated three falsehoods; "the mare" never had a foal, he, himself, never had a brother, and as to his having a second horse——!

Leaving Mogue to pursue his journey, we must relate what occurred at the 'squire's.

"I wonder," said Mary to her father, "what can possibly have delayed Mogue Furlong; it is now half-past ten; they say in the kitchen they never remember him to have been so late since the last heavy fall of snow."

The old gentleman, who had been walking up and down the room, with a restless step, paused. "I wish he was come, my dear—I wish he was;" and then he sighed heavily, and resumed his walk.

"If you plaze, Miss," said the cook, poking in her head, while she held the knob of the door

in the folds of her apron, "we've no kitchen candles, and the groom says he darn't go to the stable 'till Mogue comes home, on account of the lanthorn that he took to get mended; and it's what I wanted to know, what is to be done about the suet, for 'till Mogue comes——"

"Let me hear no more of Mogue," interrupted the 'squire in anger—the quick, sudden anger, not of an evil temper, but of a mind ill at ease—"let me hear no more of him—I suppose the fellow is drunk. I shall have no letters to-night. Come, Mary, it is time to go to bed."

Mary could not rest; but if the gentle girl had been inclined to retire to her own room, the heavy tramp of her father's footstep overhead would have banished repose; the apartment had once been handsomely furnished; now all looked chill and lonely, and the snuff of a candle that was dying in the socket only rendered more intense the darkness that cloaked the distant parts. Suddenly the bough of an aged oak, which grew almost against the window, became violently agitated, and at the same instant she saw a man look into the room. Her first impulse was to scream, but she checked herself and rushed to the door. "Miss Mary—Miss Mary—stop—stop—sure it's Mogue, avourneen, Miss, machree." And the voice was very distinctly heard through the crack in a board which had replaced a broken pane. Mary opened the window. "There's a dim light in the masher's room, and that's his step all the world over," said Mogue, after shaking the sleet of a De-

cember night off his rugged coat; "I've had a troublesome time of it, but it's all safe now!" he continued, "at least for the present. Bedad, I've netted 'em as nate as ever a rabbit was netted in its own burrow; and yet I'd rather the master would quit for a while, for there's more of the same varmint where them came from—and if you'll only trust me, I'd get the gig ready in a jiffy, and drive his honour to London, or the world's end—and it's a long lane that has no turning. I came on the sly, for there's no knowing who's who. Do, Miss Mary, just show the masther the rights of it, and tell him that Mogue Furlong the car-driver has a grateful heart in his bosom. Sure what would I be now—only a spalpeen like the rest of the boys—only for him. Tell him I'll go to Death's door for him on the jaunting-car and bring him back. Sure it's his own car; and the mare, bad cess to her, had almost sould the pass on me—but for the management. Go, alana, for every minute is *gould* to us now."

Mary would not go until she knew what she had to tell; which simply was that Mogue had ascertained his fellow-travellers to be sheriff's officers armed with the law either to take the old 'squire or put execution into the house, as he said, to "blow it up;" that being certain of this by their offering him a bribe to let them "step in with him" when discharging his cargo, and also finding that they were ignorant of the road, he took them "fair and aisy" to a cousin of his own where he persuaded them to alight—the

night was so cold, just to get a drop to keep the life in them. Having succeeded so far, there was little difficulty, when their object and occupation was known, in prevailing on "the boys," then in the shebeen house, to forcibly bind them hand and foot and keep them there for as many hours as Mogue should command them so to do.

"The never such divarshion was in my cousin's house," said the car-man, "since as good as five years ago, when the same boys made James Logan the gauger dance the sailor's hornpipe on a hot griddle. They war making 'em drink the downfall of the law on the flat of their backs, when I left 'em, and feeding 'em with a spoon like fighting cocks. Faix, I was glad to see the poor fellows so full of innocent mirth of a Christemas eye!"

The 'squire took the hint, and left for a time the old walls; but only to return to them for the rest of his days with a small *real*, instead of a large *nominal* income. The sheriff's officers talked of actions for false imprisonment, but they did not put the threat into execution; and the grateful car-man has now really two horses, and is the most welcome of all guests in the old 'squire's hall.

We have described the principal objects of attraction on the southern bank of the river; those to the north are, however, of equal interest and beauty, and among the most conspicuous is the pretty village of Glanmire, with its small but clear and graceful river—thickly wooded—one

of the latest tributaries which the Lee receives.

On the north side of the great island on which Cove stands, and on the direct road from Cork to Youghall, are the small towns of Middleton and Castlemartyr; the former from its facilities for water-carriage enjoys considerable trade; the latter has the advantage of a resident proprietor—the Earl of Shannon, whose seat is in the immediate neighbourhood. Youghall has long occupied a prominent station in Irish history.²⁸ It is situated at the mouth of the romantic river Blackwater; but the fine and picturesque harbour has the disadvantage of a bar, by which it is rendered often dangerous, and which effectually prevents competition with its safer neighbour of Cork. The town is at the base of a steep hill; and, as with most of the smaller Irish towns, consists principally of one long street. The tower stands near the entrance to the harbour; tradition states it to have been a light-house in ancient times; and it is more than probable that to this object M. Boullaye le Gouz (whose tour in Ireland, in 1644, has been lately republished) refers as “formerly part of a convent of nuns of which there remains a tower called the Nunnery, upon which they used to light torches to enable vessels to come into harbour during the night.” About the same period Sir William Penn mentions his having received a letter from the governor of Youghall, desiring him to take notice that when the town wanted to communicate with his squadron, “the signal should be a fire on the top of the abbey tower, near the

point on the west side of the harbour's mouth." Close to this tower is a piece of land in which it is said Sir Walter Raleigh planted the first potatoes that were grown in Ireland; the honour, however, is disputed by the garden which adjoins the college house in which he lived.

There is little doubt that the first potatoes grown in the British empire were planted at Youghall—probably in 1586—by Sir Walter Raleigh, who was closely connected with the town, of which he was mayor in 1588.²⁹ It is stated by Dr. Smith, upon the authority of a tradition not unlikely to be well founded, that "the person who planted them, imagining that the apple which grows on the stalk was the part to be used, gathered them; but not liking their taste, neglected their roots, till the ground being dug afterwards to sow some other grain, the potatoes were discovered therein, and, to the great surprise of the planter, vastly increased. From these few," adds the doctor, "this country was furnished with seed." For a long period, however, the potato was cultivated in gardens as a rarity, and did not become general food. Ben Jonson, in his play of "Every Man out of his Humour," refers to them as a luxury,³⁰ "larks, sparrows, and potato pies,"—and during the reign of James I., they were sold at 2s. a pound. Falstaff, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," is made to say, "Let the sky rain potatoes, and hail kissing comfits;"—the "kissing comfits" being made principally of potatoes; and in Troilus and Cressida, the poet speaks of "Luxury with her

potato finger." In many other of the older dramatists allusions to the potato may be found.³¹

It is uncertain when the potato became an article of general food in Ireland; and it is more than probable that, as in England, they had long been considered "conserves, toothsome and daintie," before they were in common use. Mr. Mc Skimin, the author of a valuable "History of Carrickfergus," is the possessor of a manuscript written between 1670 and 1679, in which potatoes are stated to have been sold so high as 1s. 8d. a bushel; and he states "very old people had informed him that in their district (the north of Ireland) few potatoes were formerly used after harvest, except a small quantity preserved as a treat for their Halloween supper, which were eaten with butter." But Mr. Crofton Croker has produced, in his "Popular Songs of Ireland," abundant proofs that, in the south, potatoes were ordinary food before the period to which Mr. Mc Skimin refers; and that previous to the Revolution of 1688 they were extensively cultivated and commonly eaten.

It is unnecessary to state, that for above a century and a half, the potato has been almost the only food of the peasantry of Ireland. They raise corn, indeed—wheat, barley, and oats, in abundance—but it is for export; and although the assertion may startle many, we have no hesitation in saying there are hundreds in the less civilized districts of the country who have never tasted bread. Whether the Irish have to bless or ban the name of Sir Walter Raleigh is a mat-

ter still in dispute—some siding with Cobbett in execrating “the lazy root,” “the accursed root,” as, if not the originator, the sustainer of Irish poverty and wretchedness; others contending that the introduction of the potato is an ample set-off against the wars and confiscations of Elizabeth, her counsellors, and her armies. It is universally admitted that a finer or hardier race of peasantry cannot be found in the world; and although it is considered that their strength fails them at a comparatively early age, it is impossible to deny the nutritive qualities of a food upon which so many millions have thriven and increased. But there can be as little doubt that the ease with which the means of existence are procured has been the cause of evil. A very limited portion of land, a few days of labour, and a small amount of manure, will create a stock upon which a family may exist for twelve months: too generally, indeed, the periods between exhausting the old stock and digging the new are seasons of great want, if not of absolute famine; but if the season is propitious the peasant digs day after day the produce of his plot of ground, and, before the winter sets in, places the residue in a pit to which he has access when his wants demand a supply. Nearly every soil will produce potatoes; they may be seen growing almost from a barren rock, on the side of a mountain, and in the bog where the foot would sink many inches in the soil. Every cottage has its garden—its acre or half acre of land, attached; and as the culture requires but a very

small portion of the peasant's time and still less of his attention, his labour is to be disposed of, or his time may be squandered in idleness. He can live, at all events—if his crop do not fail; and he can pay his rent if his pig, fed like himself out of his garden, do not die. To decency of clothing, and to any of the luxuries that make life something more than mere animal existence, he is too often a stranger. Contentment may be the “parent of delight,” but it is not the nurse of civilization; and he who has no wants beyond those of the appetites he shares in common with the “brutes that perish,” is not likely to advance his social and moral condition. On the whole, it is perhaps to be lamented that the use of “Ireland's root” has been so universal in the country, and that the people have been so well contented with it that they have made no exertion to mix the potato with varied food.

But matters are, as we have stated, improving in Ireland; already, in a large proportion of the cabins, the potato has the accompaniment of meat and bread; the butcher and the baker are receiving the custom that was, not long since, given exclusively to the whiskey shops. We refer, in a great degree, to our recollections, when we describe the lower classes of the Irish as existing, almost universally, on the potato: we have known many families who very rarely tasted flesh or fish, and whose only luxury was “a grain of salt” with their daily meals; we do not speak of families in poverty, but of those who laboured hard and continually—the produce of whose la-

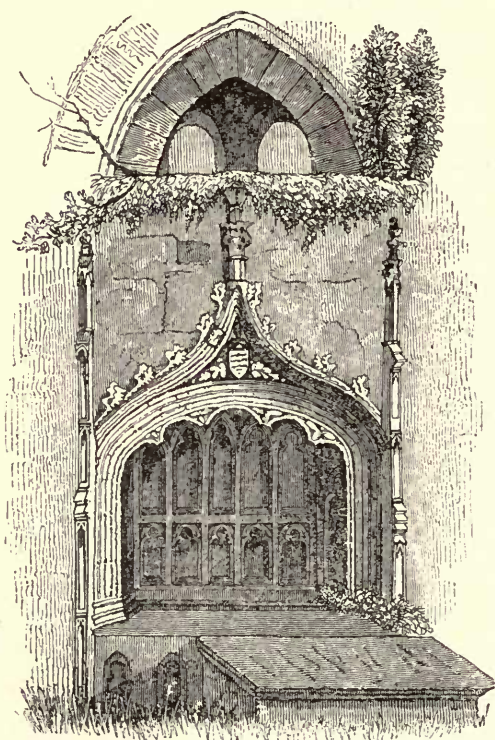
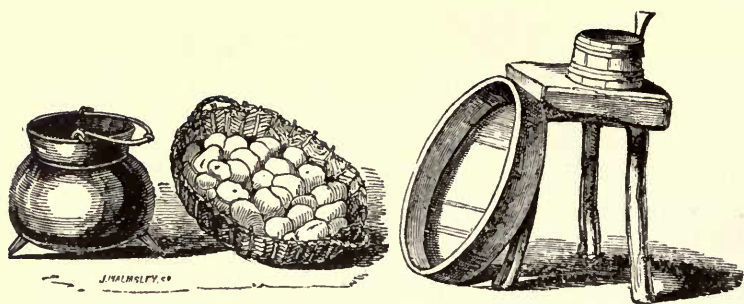


PLATE NUMBER THREE

bour barely sufficed to preserve them from utter want. Generally, however, they contrived to have a salt herring with their dinners; this was placed in a bowl or dish, water was poured upon it, and the potato, dipped into it, obtained a relish. We shall have other occasions for describing the economy of the Irish cottage; at present, we confine ourselves to illustrate this branch of it. The peasant usually has three meals—one at eight in the morning; at noon; and at seven or eight in the evening, when his work is done. The potatoes are boiled in an iron pot—such as that represented in the print—they are strained in “the basket”—pictured also (See Plate No. 3); from which they are thrown upon the table, seldom without a cloth, and around it the family sit on stools and bosses (the boss is a low seat made of straw); the usual drink is buttermilk, when it can be had: which drink goes round in a small “piggin,” a sort of miniature of the English pail. This, the three-legged stool and the “borrane,” are delineated in the engraving. (See Plate No. 3.) The borrane is formed of a scraped sheepskin, drawn round a hoop; and is used instead of a sieve for winnowing corn, filling sacks with grain, holding wool when carded and ready for the spinning-wheel, or the feathers—plucked three times in the year from an unfortunate gander and his wives, and sometimes as a lordly dish—though of inexpensive workmanship—to hold the potatoes which constitute the family fare.

The spade used by the labourers in Leinster is a kind of *hybrid* between the broad English spade

and the “loy” used in Connaught, and well suited to the purpose of digging soils which are not encumbered with stones; it is sufficiently broad to turn over a considerable portion of earth, and yet long enough to penetrate twelve inches; and being contracted to the breadth of about six inches at bottom, it has enough of the wedge principle in its construction to enter into the land without difficulty. The long, narrow spade, originally designed for digging land full of obstructions, is the favourite implement in Connaught; and also, but somewhat wider in its formation, in the southern portions of Munster. Much improvement, however, has been effected in its construction almost everywhere. A long handle to the spade and the shovel is universally used in field labours; a native workman, from want of early familiarity with the peculiar sleight required in the use of the short-handled spade, which implement the Englishman finds so much more effective, fails very soon when he tries to labour with it; his back becomes intolerably affected by the necessary stooping; he throws it away as soon as he can, resumes his naturally upright position, and is ready to back the long lever against the short one—without understanding the mathematical principle very distinctly—for a day’s wages. Experience shows us that the practised Englishman with his spade will dig up a larger area of land in any given time than an Irishman, or fill a cart with earth or coals, by means of his short-handled shovel, in a much less period; yet the Irish labourer—unless he comes

to work in England—cannot be prevailed upon to make any continued effort in the use of the latter implement.

Sir Walter Raleigh's connexion with Ireland, and more especially with Youghall, may be stated briefly. He went over to Ireland as a mere soldier of fortune, in 1579, the captain of a levy of troops sent from England to support the Lord Deputy, Grey de Wilton, in subduing the rebellious Earl of Desmond.³² Raleigh's skill and intrepidity attracted notice, and his promotion was rapid: he was rewarded with a grant of land, part of the forfeited estates of the earl in the counties of Cork and Waterford; the grant being confirmed to him by letters patent, dated the 16th Oct. 1586. About this period, and for some years afterwards, he resided at Youghall, and occasionally at Lismore, where he founded a free-school; and frequently visited the poet Spenser—at Kilcoleman Castle—whose friendship with the "shepherd of the ocean" Spenser commemorated in immortal lines.³³ A quiet life was, however, unsuited to the temperament of Raleigh; and in 1602 he disposed of his Irish property to the famous Sir Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork—the deed of sale is dated the 7th December, 1602. But there is more than suspicion that Sir Richard took advantage of circumstances, to induce Raleigh to part with his estate, which now forms the bulk of the Duke of Devonshire's property in Ireland, for a sum very far below its value, even at the period—about £1,500; although it seems that Sir Walter subsequently received

other sums from Lord Cork—upon what ground does not satisfactorily appear. In a letter written by the Earl of Cork to Mr. Carew Raleigh, Sir Walter's son, dated January 16, 1631, his lordship defends himself against the charge of having overreached in the bargain; alleging that he had paid Sir Walter the full value of what he owed him for his estate, which he purchased at a time when it was utterly waste and yielded him no profit; and affirming that Sir Walter had expressed himself satisfied in the presence of many witnesses, saying, "If he (Sir Richard Boyle) had not bought my Irish land it would have fallen to the crown, and then one Scot or other would have begged it." Sir Walter Raleigh sailed from Cork harbour on his last and fatal voyage, on the 6th of August, 1617. The descendants of the Earl of Cork still enjoy the greater portion of the estates that once belonged to "the renowned knight."³⁴ The history of the earl, if his "True Remembrances" can be credited, is one of the most singular upon record: he was bred to the law; but finding that "his employment would not raise a fortune," he became an adventurer in Ireland, during the confusion incident to the Desmond rebellion, landing in Dublin, according to his own statement, on the 23d of June, 1583, "with £27 3s. in money, and two tokens which his mother had given him," a limited supply of clothes, and "a rapier and a dagger." He obtained a large share of the spoil divided among all who thought it worth the asking, and lived to see three of his sons ennobled—the Lords Dungarvan

(afterwards Earl of Burlington), Broghill (afterwards Earl of Orrery), and Kinalmeaky. After his father's death, Francis Boyle was ennobled by Charles II. as Viscount Shannon; and Robert Boyle, the philosopher, now distinguished by the epithet "illustrious," refused a peerage. The sisters of these noblemen married the Earl of Barrymore, Lord Digby, Lord Goring, Viscount Ranelagh, Sir Adam Loftus, and the Earl of Warwick: all distinguished characters in their time.

The house in which Raleigh lived is still standing close to the church and the ancient wall of the town. It is, at present, in the occupation of Colonel Fount, who carefully preserves from injury all the objects that are associated with the memory of the accomplished and unfortunate knight.³⁵ It has, however, undergone modern "improvements"—the character of which was happily described by an aged gardener with whom we conversed: "Ah, sir! this was an ould ancient place—once." The house is said to have been originally the residence of the wardens of the collegiate church; but was probably altered to its present character—which closely appertains to that of the ordinary English manor-house of the sixteenth century—either by Sir George Carew or by Sir Richard Boyle, both of whom resided there. The walls are of considerable thickness, and the whole of the interior is wainscotted with Irish oak; the panels in the principal room are black as ebony; and it contains a chimney-piece, of oak also, reaching from the floor to the ceiling,

of very elaborate workmanship; but the bad taste of former proprietors has defaced the other chambers of the suite by a coating of green paint. In the garden there is a group of four aged yew-trees, which tradition states to have been planted by Raleigh; and where it requires no stretch of fancy, at least, to believe that he has many a time sat, read, and talked, or lolled in the summer time, dreaming of that El Dorado, in the vain search for which he sacrificed his fortune and ultimately his life. Their tops are closely matted.

In this spot, beyond question, has been often read portions of the Fairy Queen, long before the world became familiar with the divine conception—

“ At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept.”

For here, certainly, the immortal bard held commune with his “deare friend” and brother poet, whom he described as “the summer nightingale”—

“Himselfe as skilful in that art as any.”

Here, too, doubtless, were composed some of those exquisite works which must have been the produce of ease and quiet, and have preserved the name of Raleigh for the honour of posterity. He is conspicuous in history as “the noble and valourous knight”—a man of astonishing energy, who combined almost every variety of talent; whose acquirements in science were marvellous; whose heroic courage and indomitable perseverance are almost without parallel; whose

enterprise was unchecked by difficulties and unchilled by failure; and who, while excelling in feats of arms and strength of council, surpassed also in those arts which are the more exclusive produce of retirement and peace—history, oratory, philosophy, politics, and poetry. It is impossible to visit this spot, in which his comparatively few days of tranquillity were spent, without a sigh for his unhappy fate. Historians have recorded some striking anecdotes of his bravery and gallantry while in Ireland.³⁶

The Collegiate Church of Youghall is one of the most interesting churches in the kingdom. Part of it is still used for service; but a large portion is a ruin; and, we fear, one of those which neglect is consigning to utter destruction.³⁷ The east window is considered especially beautiful; although its effect is considerably impaired by being partially built up. It is divided into two distinct compartments, each consisting of two slight mullions, surmounted by open circular tracery, and terminating in a trefoil ornament. These compartments become one window by the outside line of their arches uniting in a common point over the double massive mullion, thus made the centre, and the intervening space is filled up by a Catherine wheel. The nave is now used as the parish church; it has six pointed arches, supported by pilasters, with two transepts and two side aisles. In the south transept “the great Earl” of Cork is buried, beneath a monument that was erected by him during his lifetime; he is represented in armour in a recumbent posture;

on each side is a female figure kneeling (his two wives), and underneath are figures of his nine children, with the dates of their several births. The church is full of curious and remarkable monuments; among which those of the Boyles and the Fitzgeralds are the most conspicuous. We have copied one (See Plate No. 3)—a sepulchral niche in the north wall, carved, and richly adorned with trefoil ornaments, and containing the following inscription:

Hic Jacet
Thomas
Fleming.

Adjoining the church, and indeed forming a part of the structure, is a large square tower, now used as a belfry, but evidently a work originally built for defence. It is scarcely necessary to observe that Youghall, having been one of the strongholds of the Geraldines, was the scene of many struggles for power; from time to time it was attacked, defended, and taken, the inhabitants being driven out, in accordance with the policy of the victors. On the 29th of May, 1650, Oliver Cromwell embarked at Youghall for England, after his extraordinary conquest of Ireland.

Notwithstanding its proximity to Cork, Youghall enjoys a flourishing trade: a narrow bridge of great length crosses the Blackwater, and unites the town with the county of Waterford.

Having detained our readers so long at Youghall, we must conduct them somewhat more rap-

idly through the various towns in the north of the county of Cork. These are Fermoy and Mallow, on the river Blackwater—the exceeding beauty of this river we shall endeavour to describe in treating of the county of Waterford—Castletown-Roche, Buttevant, Doneraile, Kilworth, Glanworth, Newmarket, and Kanturk; still further north Mitchelstown, on the borders of the county of Tipperary, and Charleville, on the borders of the county of Limerick.³⁸ Fermoy, an obscure and insignificant village when Smith wrote his history of Cork, nearly a hundred years since, became an important town early in the present century in consequence of the exertions of Mr. Anderson, who had extensive barrack and mail-coach contracts with Government: his speculations were ultimately unsuccessful; and with the prosperity of its founder that of Fermoy in some measure declined. Its extensive barracks, however, and its vicinity to the Cove of Cork, make Fermoy an important military station. Mallow has been styled the Bath of Ireland; it is a pretty and agreeable town; its Spa has long been celebrated; and it is much frequented by invalid visitors. On the banks of the Blackwater, and midway between the towns of Mallow and Fermoy, is the ruin of the ancient abbey of Bridgetown, which contains several monuments of the once powerful family of Roche. About a mile distant from the abbey is Castletown-Roche. The Roches were barons of parliament so early as the reign of Edward II.; and, though “fallen upon evil days,” the name is

still honourably conspicuous in the counties of Cork and Limerick.

By the Commonwealth supremacy, Maurice, Viscount Roche and Fermoy, was attainted and outlawed; his estates, being of course forfeited, were parcelled among the soldiery of Oliver Cromwell, whose offer of "a composition" the loyal exile had refused. Subsequently, he obtained a regiment in Flanders, and suffered poverty in order that he might be enabled to share his pay with his king, Charles II. Eventually, Lord Roche was obliged to dispose of his commission on account of his debts; and, at the Restoration, was naturally cheered by the prospect of regaining, with his honours, the property of which he had been deprived. Charles did not find it convenient, however, to recollect the liberal friend of his adversity; and Lord Roche would have perished of want but for the charity of the Duke of Ormond. The ingratitude of Charles II. to his Irish adherents, and the descendants of those who had died fighting against the usurper, is among the darkest blots of his reign. Many of them had—as in the case of Lord Roche—endured not only privations but want, to support his cause; and when he had the means of rewarding them—and of restoring to them their forfeited lands—he treated them with indifference or levity.³⁹ The melancholy conclusion of the history of Lord Roche's forfeiture we may illustrate by two anecdotes, for the truth of which we can vouch.—A Lady Roche was perfectly remembered by two or three old persons,

who have described her to us as begging charity through the streets of Cork in a tattered and faded court-dress. She was then upwards of seventy; and was probably the lady whom Archbishop Boulter recommended, by his letter of the 22d June, 1731, to the Duke of Dorset, as deserving a pension. Of the degraded state of the last Lord Roche, we have been told that a gentleman travelling on horseback, in the early part of the present century, in the county of Tipperary, fell into the company of another gentleman, with whom he trotted for some miles along the road. Upon reaching the end of an avenue, the latter (a Mr. Croker) invited his fellow-traveller to his house, as it appeared probable that a storm, which had been gathering on the mountains, would burst in the course of a few minutes. The invitation was accepted; they rode up the avenue together, and to save time went direct to the stables. A tall, awkward fellow, half menial half sportsman in appearance, took their horses when they dismounted, and was addressed, more than once, by Mr. Croker, as "my Lord." On reaching the house Mr. Croker's guest inquired the reason, and was told that the stable-boy was an actual lord—Lord Roche, who hung about the place, where he made himself very useful among the dogs and horses, and that he lived with the servants in the kitchen, but that his pride of birth would not allow him to receive any wages.

Castletown-Roche is associated with the early history of Edmund Burke. At this place he spent a considerable time; so much, it is said, as

five years, "acquiring all that the village school-master could teach."

Buttevant, described by Borlace, "an old nest of abbots, priests, and friars," though formerly a place of note, dwindled into a mere village with the decay of its noble abbey. The name is said to have been derived from the war-cry—*Boutez-en-avant*—used by David de Barry, one of the early English invaders, in his battles with the Irish: Buttevant was anciently called Botham; and by the Irish—a name which Spenser has recorded—*Kilnemullagh*: it was surrounded by a stone wall with gateways, and was governed by a corporation. And, scattered among wretched hovels, may be detected many traces of its former consequence.

Buttevant Abbey must have been a pile of considerable magnitude and grandeur. Close to the entrance is a large heap of skulls and bones, said to be the relics of those who fell at the battle of Knockninoss, in 1647, between the army of the Parliament commanded by Lord Inchiquin, and the Irish forces under Lord Taaffe. In this encounter was slain the famous Sir Alexander McDonnell, whose sobriquet of "*Colkitto*" has been embalmed in the verse of Milton—

— "Why it is harder, sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto or *Macdonnell*, or *Galasp*!"

He commanded the forces sent by the Marquis of Antrim to assist Montrose in Scotland, and after his return from that service was made lieutenant-general of the province of Munster, and glo-

riously fell with nearly all his gallant regiment of Scots Highlanders, who maintained their ground with the most desperate resolution against the Parliamentary troops.⁴⁰

Buttevant and its neighbourhood—its hills, its valleys, and its rivers—have been rendered classic by the pen of the immortal poet; for Spenser not only resided at Kilcoleman—but here he composed his “Fairy Queen,” and made the surrounding objects themes of his undying song. Spenser first visited Ireland in the year 1580, as secretary to the Lord Deputy, Lord Grey de Wilton; and discharged the duties of the office—obtained for him by the interest of his noble and gentle patron Sir Philip Sidney—with ability and integrity. In 1582, he returned to England. And in 1586, he obtained a grant—dated the 27th June of that year—of 3,028 acres of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond, at the rent of £17 13s. 6d. He received it on the same conditions as the other “undertakers”—conditions which implied a residence on the property thus acquired, the policy of the Queen being to people the province of Munster with English families. Spenser took up his residence at the castle of Kilcoleman. Four years of happy tranquillity here passed away, bearing for the world the glorious fruit of the first three books of the Fairy Queen. These he conveyed to London, in company with his friend Sir Walter Raleigh, and there published them. On his return to Ireland he married, as he tells us, a country lass of mean birth, whose name was Elizabeth. During the

six years that succeeded he wrote the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the *Fairy Queen*, and printed an able and statesman-like view of the condition of Ireland. A dreadful calamity now awaited him—the fatal corroboration of his opinions respecting the country. The Tyrone rebellion broke out (in 1598), his estate was plundered; Kilcoleman was burned by the Irish; in the flames his youngest child perished; and he was driven into England with his wife and remaining children—a poor and wretched exile. This affliction he never recovered! dying a year after, in an obscure lodging in London, in extreme indigence, if not in want.

Of Spenser's domestic life at Kilcoleman we know little more than what he has recorded. The fire that destroyed his child no doubt consumed many valuable papers, and possibly the concluding books of the *Fairy Queen*; ⁴¹ although more than mere rumour exists for believing that the "lost books" have been preserved, and that the manuscript was in the possession of a Captain Garrett Nagle within the last forty years.

In the neighbourhood of Kilcoleman there are several objects to which Spenser has especially referred; and we are justified in concluding that the country around him excited his imagination, influenced his muse, and gave being to many of his most sublime or beautiful descriptions of scenery. "Mole that mountain hore,"

"And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilome taught to weep;"
—the river and the mountain still endure, but

the poet's estate has long since passed into the hands of those who have neither his name nor lineage. The Awbeg or Mulla joins the Blackwater or Awmore, at Bridgetown; into the Blackwater also runs the rapid Funcheon or Faunchin; and a brook called Brachbawn, by Spenser styled the Molanna, which in the seventh book of the *Fairy Queen* he thus beautifully pictures:—

“ For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oaks high mounted grows;
That as a girlond seems to deck the locks
Of some fair bride, brought forth with pompous
shows,
Out of her bower that many flowers strows;
So, through the flowery dales she tumbles down,
Through many woods and shady coverts flows
(That on each side her silver channel crown),
Till to the plain she come, whose valleys she doth
drown.”

To the river Faunchin, also, the poet makes reference in the same canto:—

“ So now her waves pass through a pleasant plain
Till with the Faunchin she herself do wed,
And both combined themselves in one fair river spread.”

To the Mulla, his own river, he often refers. We are compelled to acknowledge, however, that the poet looked upon his residence at Kilcoleman as little better than an irksome banishment: the troubled and unsettled state of Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth was unfavourable to the ease and repose which he ardently desired; and it is not surprising that he should have handed

down to us unequivocal proofs of his distaste of the people among whom he lived, by whom he was regarded as the receiver of property robbed from its true owners, with whom he had no sentiments in common, and whom he no doubt considered enemies eager for his destruction.

Charleville is a poor town. It was so named by the Earl of Orrery, the Lord President of Munster, as a compliment to Charles II., being before called, to use his Lordship's expression, "by the heathenish name of Rathgogan." Here Lord Orrery resided and held his court, and many curious traditions are current respecting him, especially that which relates to the prophecy of Exham, the quaker associate of William Penn, who, it is asserted, foretold the destruction of the Earl's residence by the Duke of Berwick in 1690.

The small town of Newmarket is remarkable as the birthplace of Curran, in 1750. We have been told that the Rev. Nathaniel Boyse, to whom he was subsequently indebted for means to forward him in life, detected the embryo genius in some smart replies made by him, when lectured by the clergyman for playing at marbles in the churchyard.

Mitchelstown is the property of the Earl of Kingston, whose magnificent seat, a modern castellated mansion, is in the immediate neighbourhood. It was erected by Mr. Pain, an architect of Cork, recently deceased; to whose skill, judgment, and experience, the city, and indeed the country at large, is very considerably indebted.⁴²

In the Barony of Duhallow, and in the imme-

diatc neighbourhood of Kanturk, there lived, some years ago, a man whose power to subdue and control the vices of the horse was so extraordinary, that the account of it would be incredible, if the facts were not borne out by the testimony of many living witnesses. His name was Sullivan. His business was that of a farrier. The Rev. Horatio Townsend, the author of "A Statistical Survey of the County of Cork," describes him as "an awkward, ignorant rustic of the lowest class." He was known throughout the county by the sobriquet of "the Whisperer"—the vulgar notion being that he whispered his commands into the ear of the animal he tamed. When sent for to exercise his skill, he usually ordered the horse to be taken into the stable, and after carefully closing the door, remained with the animal about ten minutes. At the end of that time he led it forth, generally placed his child upon its back, and made him ride it about the stable-yard. No matter how untractable had been the animal committed to his charge, its spirit was completely broken; horses which the boldest riders were unable to mount, the bravest smiths would not attempt to shoe, and which had been rendered completely valueless by vice, were restored to their owners as gentle and tractable as lambs. The effect was almost always lasting; but if the animal returned to its evil habits, a word, or a look from its controller, were alone necessary; it knew and recognized the mysterious influence that had been exercised over it; and trembled, as the horse is said to do when it encounters some preter-

natural object. Mr. Townsend relates an instance of an experiment upon a "troop-horse," so vicious as to be altogether worthless, and in reference to which regimental discipline had totally failed; and the writer bears evidence to "the complete success of the art," from actual observation. "I noted," he adds, "that the animal appeared terrified whenever Sullivan either spoke to or looked at him." We have heard similar facts related by several gentlemen of unquestionable veracity; one, R. O'Callaghan Newenham, Esq., of Cork, who has delineated and published the picturesque *Antiquities of Ireland*, informed us he had once a horse so vicious and untameable, that, although an exceedingly fine and handsome animal, he had offered it for sale for four or five pounds. It had never been broke in; no groom was able to mount it, and to get it shod was impossible; having accidentally heard of Sullivan's skill, he sent for him, and having agreed to pay him his usual fee of two guineas, in the event of success, the "man and beast" were locked up in a stable. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour the latter was led out by the former; the nature of the animal was completely changed. Sullivan not only placed his little boy on its back, but actually under its feet; made the horse lie down and rise up at command; enter the stable and come forth at his bidding; and made it manifest that for the future it might be consigned, without danger, to the care of the most timid lad of his manège. Mr. Newenham kept the horse in use for a year,

rode it constantly himself, never found it in the least degree unruly, and eventually disposed of it for fifty pounds. He stated to us, that when the animal was led out of the stable it was in a high state of perspiration—as if it had been driven rapidly for an hour—that it was quivering in every muscle, and seemed to have undergone some intense agony. Yet, neither in this instance nor in any other was there detected the slightest evidence that the animal had been subjected to corporeal pain; although the minutest scrutiny was of course frequently instituted. The means by which Sullivan obtained this extraordinary power is still a secret, and likely to continue so; for he died without divulging it: his son, indeed, pursued his father's profession, but with little or no success; he was either ignorant of the mode of proceeding, or unable to adopt it; and he is now, we believe, also dead. Sullivan might have made a fortune if he could have been induced to exercise his art elsewhere; but nothing could tempt him to quit the miserable hovel in which he resided, to abandon the low society in which was his enjoyment, or to give up whiskey, the use of which abridged his life.

Passing through the small and unimportant town of Millstreet, we return to Cork for the purpose of conducting the tourist to the county of Kerry—first, by the inland road, which runs through Macroon; and next, by the longer, but more interesting route, along the coast, to Bantry and Glengariff.

The river Lee, the Luvius of Ptolemy, from the mouth to its source, in the romantic lake of Gougane Barra—a distance of fifty-five miles from the city of Cork—is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. It is less rapid than most of the Irish rivers, and its banks are frequently wooded. The Lee is interesting, however, not alone from its natural advantages; it has associations with the history of the past—numerous castles, now in ruins, look down upon it, and many monasteries and abbeys skirt its sides. Among the most striking are the castle of Carrig-a-droid and the abbey of Kilcrea. Carrig-a-droid Castle is built on a rock in the Lee. Although this pass of the river must have been one of importance, the building is comparatively modern. In 1641, however, it was a strong fortress, and had the credit of baffling the arms of Oliver Cromwell. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross had garrisoned it with an army for Charles I.; Cromwell dispatched Lord Broghill with orders to attack and scatter the Irish in this quarter; and in the rout that followed—upon which the muse of Davenant has complimented his lordship—the bishop was taken prisoner. A free pardon was offered to him if he would procure the surrender of the castle, which he appeared willing to do; he was conducted, to the walls, where, instead of calling upon the Irish to admit their enemies, he boldly adjured them to hold out while one stone remained upon another; then, turning to his astonished guard, he yielded to his fate, “whereupon he was immediately



hanged." Yet the castle was soon afterwards taken by a very weak stratagem. The English drew towards it the trunks of trees, by yoking oxen to them, which the garrison perceiving, mistook for cannon, and "presently began to parley, and surrendered upon articles."

Tradition states the castle to have been erected by a Mac Carthy, "to please the Lady O'Carroll," who desired a residence on this singularly wild and beautiful spot. A legend, however, attributes its origin to a circumstance still more romantic. A poor peasant, lame and hump-backed, fell in love with the fair daughter of his chieftain, and pined in despair at the hopeless nature of his attachment. Wandering by the river-side, he suddenly heard the click click of the Leprehawn's hammer,⁴³ seized the tiny brogue-maker, and compelled him to reveal the secret of the whereabouts of his treasure store. The little being not only endowed him with riches, but changed his awkward and ungainly form to one of manly grace; and the lovely Maiga was readily wooed, and easily won, by a stranger rich enough to build for her a noble mansion, and to place the wealth of earth at her feet.

The friary and castle of Kilcrea, both built by Cormac, Lord of Muskerry, the one for the protection of the other, stand on the banks of the small river Bride, a mile to the south of the mail-coach road between Cork and Macroon, and about twelve miles west of Cork. They are highly interesting and picturesque. The approach to both is over a long and narrow bridge,

which appears to be as old as the venerable structures to which it leads. The castle is described by Smith as "a strong building, having an excellent staircase of a dark marble from bottom to top, about seventy feet high. The barbicans, platforms, and ditch, still remain. On the east side is a large field called the Bawn, the only appendage formerly to great men's castles, which places were used for dancing, goaling, and such diversions; and where they also kept their cattle by night, to prevent their being carried off by wolves or their more rapacious neighbours." Much of this character it still retains, and the hand of time has been less busy with it than with others of its class. We rejoiced to find that its present owner keeps the gate carefully closed, to prevent the entrance of unscrupulous intruders, who, in defiance of the Pooka by whom it is haunted, were in the habit of delving under the foundations in search of "crocks of gould" said to have been buried there in "ould times." The floor of the upper chamber, once the state room of the chieftain, is now overgrown with grass; and a pic-nic party were regaling there when we visited this relic of feudal strength and grandeur.

In the friary, or, as it is usually, but erroneously called, "the abbey," are interred the bodies of a host of the Mac Carthys, and among them that of its founder, who died of wounds received in battle, in 1494. A considerable portion of the edifice still remains. It is divided into two principal parts—the convent and the church

—and retains the character of considerable magnificence as well as of great extent. As in all the ancient churches, human bones are piled in every nook and cranny, thrust into corners, or gathered in heaps directly at the entrance—a sight far more revolting than affecting. The tower of the church is still in a good state of preservation, and may be ascended, to the top, with a little difficulty. Rows of ancient elm-trees lead to the venerable ruin. The guide—a respectable elderly woman, whose shed (for, outside, it looked nothing more) was nestled down by the road-side, close to the entrance gate—was, as usual, very anxious to ascertain the motive of our visit to Kilcrea:—had we come to make drawings?—a great many ladies and gentlemen came to “make drawins.” She would get us “a chair, and a table too, for the matter of that, if we wanted them.” We told her we only desired to look about us; and entering a little gate, proceeded down the fine avenue. The wall of “mortal remains” we have noticed, we said, ought to be buried; she shook her coifed head very gravely, and answered, “It would be no use—they wouldn’t remain under ground!” ‘Had she ever tried the experiment?’—“No—not she indeed—she knew better than that.” The poor woman’s demeanour was kind and good-natured; keeping a little in the rear, ready with a reply, and sometimes an apt and striking observation when it was least expected. The south, or altar end of the transept is lit by a large pointed window, the mullions of which, like those

of every other window of this building, have been destroyed or taken away. It is most painful to those who venerate architectural remains, to see them trodden under foot as they were here; and as they invariably are in all such places; ⁴⁴ we expressed this sentiment so warmly to each other as to win, at once, the heart, and, consequently, the confidence of our guide.

“Why thin, good luck to you, sir, for that; and it’s that way of thinking Pat Sweeny’s mare was, when she refused to carry the load of stones the villain rooted out of the arch, ma’am, to build a pig-sty, the irreverent *nagre!*” ‘And the mare would not draw the stones?’ “Bad cess to the step—only as fast as he filled the car, up with her heels and canted them every one out on the same spot; there they are to this day.” ‘Did you see her do it?’ “Is it see her do it? and I care-taker here! Oh no! Pat would have been long sorry to let me catch him in it—let alone at such murderin’ work as that—any way, it was before I was born.” If we had shown symptoms of disbelieving the sagacity of “Pat Sweeny’s mare,” we should have sealed, at once, the old lady’s lips; which we had no inclination to do. The Irish, in general, have very high veneration for whatever they consider holy; and a sneer or a smile of unbelief at a favourite legend is a sore check to their enthusiasm. We are always careful not to hurt their feelings by coldness or inattention to their communications; it is, after all, but a very small courtesy which is amply repaid by the gift of all their information, and the warm

blessings of their kind hearts. "You may think that wonderful," she said; "but I know what's more so. A carpenter, who lived at a place called Ballincollig, got so hard a heart, through being always with the soldiers, that at last he thought there'd be no harm in cutting down one of the 'ancient ould' elm-trees in the avenue to make deal boards of; and ye see when a man sets about what's not right, he does it in the night time. So he comes here with his sharp hatchet and a bottle of whiskey in his pocket, to take his pick out of the trees. It was a fine moonlight night, and the stars dancin' double in the waters of 'the Bride,' when he walked leisurely round and round the trees, and then at last fixed on one—the finest in it, which is ever and always the rogue's choice. Well, without more ado, he pulled off his jacket and set to work."

"But you must have heard him; you live so close to the avenue?" was our natural remark.

"It wasn't me that was care-taker then," she answered; "but we never mind the noises of the place at night. Why there's no end to the treasure-seekers' digging about the ould walls; and we have no call to them; for if they're warned off one place, they go to another. Well, he began; but as thrue as that the sun in heaven is shining down its bames upon this blessed spot, so thrue it is that where he struck the tree it spouted blood—pure blood up in his heathenish face."

"Well I hope that was a warning to him?"

"Bedad it was! The mark of the blood was on his face for many a day, and the pure waters

of the Bride wouldn't take it out. I heer'd he went to furrin parts, on a pilgrimage, before he was able to show a clane skin with any poor Christian in Ballincollig.

"There's many of the quality," continued our guide, becoming communicative in proportion to our attention, "who seek afther the toomb of one Arthur O'Leary—I dare say you might hear tell of him?"

"Oh yes!" was our reply; "Arthur O'Leary the outlaw."

"Ay!—so they called him," she said, "but I heer'd my father say, who often saw him when he crossed the back of that noble baste that cost him his young life! I often heer'd him say it was hard times for the ould resindenters when new men were put over their heads, and laws made to crush those that were born on the land.—It was my father said it," added our guide, in a quieter tone, thinking perhaps she had spoken more freely than wisely; "it was my father said it, and people are changed now."

We expressed our belief that they were changed for the better; for that no man now would dare to insult the poorest peasant in Ireland, as that high-born gentleman—wild and reckless though he was—had been insulted!

"God bless ye! God bless ye!" muttered the guide. "That's his toomb, and there's the description of himself. I've known that toomb taken in 'a round,' often; and many a stubborn knee bent by its side. I've seen strong-hearted men, in my time, cry bitter tears beside it."

She withdrew a little, and we read the inscription, engraved on a plain low flat stone—

“Lo! ARTHUR LEARY, GENEROUS, HANDSOME, BRAVE,
SLAIN IN HIS BLOOM, LIES IN THIS HUMBLE GRAVE.”⁴⁵

We never saw a ruin so full of graves as Kilcrea. Choir, cloister, aisles—every part is crowded. There are some other tombs worthy of notice within this extensive ruin—where we have lingered long, and must remain a little longer to note an old and remarkably handsome woman, who was praying, very devoutly, in a small dilapidated chapel at the right hand, near the entrance. There was something so meek, so humble, and withal so earnest in her face, upturned as it was to the heavens while the rosary trembled in her fingers, that we asked the guide who she was.

“A poor *thraavelor*, God help her, and nothing else,” was the reply. At the instant it began to rain, and one of us was glad to take shelter in the guide’s cottage, while the other proceeded to inspect the ruins of the castle.

We have been in many Irish cabins; yet, perhaps, never in one so neat or so well-ordered, as the little one that crouches by the entrance gate to Kilcrea. The earthen floor was clean—the deal table white—and a pretty kitten was lapping milk upon it, who looked both sleek and happy; there was a half partition opposite the door, where the bed was placed; two coops filled with speckled chickens; a dresser heavily laden with crockery; two chairs, and a stool; complet-

ing the furniture of the room, in which there was barely space to turn round. We almost wished to have been benighted in such a cottage; to have sat with the guide by the blazing faggot, and heard the tales—*all* the tales she could tell of the old abbey in its glory. She wanted us very much to have some milk, or an egg;—she knew it was fresh, and she could either roast it in the embers or boil it in a minute. She had a cake of griddle bread—there it was—if she hadn't made too free, would we have a bit of that? Having offered us everything in her cabin, we at last prevailed upon her to sit down. She forthwith pulled out her knitting, and we inquired what she knew of the woman we had seen in the abbey.

“Ah thin,” she said, “my heart aches for that poor *widdy* woman, though I never set eyes on her till four or five days ago, when she came here one morning faint and fasting to finish *a round* she'd undertaken.”

“Going from abbey to abbey to pray for remission of her sins?”

“Not her own sins,” she replied, “but poor thing, here she is coming in out of the rain; she laves me to-morrow.”

“Does she lodge with you?”

“We give her the length and breadth of herself, at night, on a lock of straw under the table; and, sure, neither me nor mine will ever miss the bit or the sup the Lord allows us to have for such as her.” Oh, what lessons of loving-kindness are to be learned in Irish cottages; hospitality

without display, and that true generosity which takes from its own necessities to relieve the necessities of others!

We at once observed that the woman was superior to the generality of her class; she was neatly clad; her cap was white as snow; and a broad black riband fastened round it indicated an attempt at mourning. We had asked her how she intended to return, and her simple answer was, "The Lord will raise me up friends to help me on the way; sure, hasn't He helped me homewards already?" she added, as she looked on the silver we had given her, "praise be to His holy name, that cares for the widow and the fatherless!"

"You've had a busy time of it lately," we said, as she entered the small cabin, and with a meek curtsy took the seat we insisted on her taking—"a very busy time of it lately?"

"I have, praise be to Him who gave me the strength to get over it! a very busy time; it's a long journey from Kenmare to Kilcrea, a wearisome journey; and a wonderful thing to be climbing the mountains; it's a fine thing too, my lady—for somehow one feels nearer to the Almighty. I thought the life would leave me before I got over the 'Priest's Leap,'—that is a wonderful mountain intirely—I don't suppose there's many higher than *that* in the world."

"And why did you undertake such a journey? you seem old."

"I am old, my lady—three score and eight years at the least;—but God fits the back to the

burden, and the limbs to the mountain steep. I wouldn't, for all that, have took it, only for the reason I had; you see, ma'am, since you've been so good as to ask—you see, afther the will of the Lord had taken from me my husband (the heavens be his bed), and my poor boys, He left me one little girl—a delicate, gentle creature—and though she was my own child, I may say, a handsomer or a better girl never brought the sunshine to a lone widow's cabin. Oh, but her goodness was past telling. When I closed my eyes as if asleep, I was sure to hear her voice praying for me—when I opened them in the morning, she was there beaming blessings on me. She was so handy! Such a fine scholar too! The brightest girl, the schoolmaster said, that ever stood at his knee. Well, ma'am dear, every true crown has its cross. My little girl's love was sought by many, but won by a young man respected by no one, though chose by her. 'Alley,' says I, 'if you marry Laurence Daly, you'll break my heart.' 'Mother,' she says, throwing her arms, white as a wreath of snow, about me, 'mother,' she says, 'I'll never do that.' My mind was as light as a feather at first, for I knew she'd keep her word. But oh, my grief! to see her wastin', and wastin',—dying in the sight of my eyes—to see *that*, almost took the life from me. She made no complaint, but fell away like the blossom off the bough of a summer tree; and I could not bear to look in her faded face; and I says, 'Alley, take him—take him, avourneen; and from this day out I'll never say

a word against him.' In less than a month from them words she was blooming as a rose; in another—she was his wife!" The poor woman covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly. "His love," she continued, "never, to say, turned; and he was gentler to her than he could be to any other thing; and if he had kept from meddling with what didn't concern him, all would have gone well enough; but he got into trouble—sore trouble—and the end of it was, that three years after they were married, *he* was in the jail at Tralee, and my poor child—my poor Alice—at the feet of every one in the county that could help her to pass a word through the iron bars or get her a look at him. Now wasn't it strange!—she was as pure in the light of heaven, as pure as unfallen snow; and she knew he was guilty. She would not even deny it—for the thought of falsity wasn't in her—and still her love grew stronger the greater grew his trouble. It isn't for me to tell what she went through. Before the first blush of morning she'd be on her knees at prayer; and, I'm sure, for six weeks that passed betwixt his taking and trial, the rest of sleep was never on her eyes for five minutes together. I asked her, when the day came, for the love of God and of me, her broken-hearted mother, not to go to the court-house, but she would—and she did. She clung to my side in the crowd, and I felt her heart beating against my arm; I darn't look at her, and she kept crushing closer and closer to me until the trial began, and then she gathered strength and stood up—

right, at once. All along, her husband denied that he was in it at all, when the great harm was done; and two or three more boys stood up for the same. 'There,' said the Counsel for the Crown, pointing to my poor Alice, 'there's his own wife—ask her where her husband was *that night*.' Every one cried shame; and the Counsel for the prisoners said it was contrary to law to question a man's own wife; but before I could get at the rights of it, Alley, throwing her arms round me, muttered, 'Mother, take me away—I can't tell—I can't tell!' With that a neighbour's son, who had loved my little girl all her life a'most—a fine fellow he was, though she never would hear to him, and with a good character, and of decent people, that wouldn't look at the same side of the road with Laurence Daly—steps out at once, with his cheeks reddened and his eyes like diamonds, and says he, 'Hear me,' says he, 'I can swear where he was *that night*; and no one who knows *me*, will think I favour Larry Daly.' Between supporting Alice, who fell in a faint on my bosom, not knowing what was coming, and knowing myself that the boy had good cause to spite Laurence, I thought my senses would lave me; and then my blood ran cowl'd to the heart, and my brain felt as if afire; for I heard him sworn and prove an ALIBI for the prisoner. When it was over, his cheek was like the cheek of a corpse, and no light was in his eyes; he came forward to the outside, where Alice came a little to herself, and understanding her husband was safe, was crying, like an in-

fant when it first draws in the air of a sorrowing world; he made the throng keep back, and afther looking at her for a minute, he whispers, 'Alice, live, *avourneen*; live and be happy, for to save you I've done what an hour ago, I didn't think I could have done. I've sinned my soul, Alice, for you; so live, and God bless you.' I've heard of the love of many a man, but I think that bates it all; and though what he did was not right, still he did it for pure love of my child:—love, without any feeling in it that could make a blush rise to the cheek of a married woman, or cause the pang of shame at her heart; and that's a wonderful thing to say. But his love didn't end here. I was going home from Laurence's cabin, and after seeing them happy together once more, and he making all the good resolutions a man always makes, at the first goin' off, afther getting out of trouble, and the children so glad, poor things, to have their father again; and as I was going on, just at the end of the boreen, 'Mrs. Lawler,' says a voice, (you'll excuse my telling his name,) 'Mrs. Lawler,' he says, 'afther to-day, I can't stay in the place. Who knows, but Laurence is so odd tempered, he might mistrust his wife, knowing as he does that I *perjured* myself to make her happy. Those that ar'n't what they should be, often think bad of others; so I'll go to America, Mrs. Lawler, and mind the last prayer I'll brathe in Irish air will be for Alice.' " Again the old woman wept; it was some time before she added, "And I saw him no more." I begged of her to

continue. "It's soon ended now," she said, "and not much to tell; but the poor have more trials than the mere want of food, and I've often thought that when the rich and the stranger laugh at their rags, or turn from them in disgust, they don't think that maybe the heart beating under them has a dale of feeling.

"Well, as I said, I'll soon be done now: Alice, my poor child, every one saw she was going, and yet the darling, she talked for evermore of taking 'a round;' and I used to talk to her, and tell her what sin had *she* to answer for to put that in her head—and she'd only smile! Oh then, but the smile upon patient lips is scalding to the heart to look at: Oh, God forgive me for having wearied Him with prayers to leave the angel he was winging for heaven a little longer over her children—and to close my eyes—and Laurence, poor man! he was sorry too, and so loud in his grief that it shook her spirit. The priest had been with her, and said to me as he was going out, 'Take comfort, for it's a great privilege to have reared up a child for heaven; I wish we were all as sure of it as she is.' After that I went in, and she told the people she wanted a few words with her mother: they cleared out of the little room at once; and her voice was so thin I could hardly hear it, and her breath on my cheek was cold as the first breath of the new frost upon the air in harvest. 'There's one thing,' she whispered, 'though his reverence says it's no harm, that's heavy on my heart—it's a

debt—if I could have lived to pay it I should die easy.’

“What debt, dear? I asked.

“‘You remember *THAT* day, mother?’

“Ay, sure, I said.

“‘And what *he* did?’

“Yes, darling, it’s not easy forgot.

“‘He sinned his soul.’

“The Lord above is merciful, and will forgive him, I pray night and day, I made answer.

“‘He was nothing to me more than a neighbour’s child,’ she went on, ‘and for all his love I never gave him a good word; yet mother—mother—he perjured himself for my sake.’

“The Lord is merciful, I said again; what else could I say? and sure it was the truth any how.

“‘Yes, I know that; but I made a vow that night, to take my rounds at the holy Abbey of Kilcrea, so that the sin might be taken off him through my means. Oh mother, that is denied me, and I must die with it on my soul—I can’t get rid of it.’

“No, avourneen, no, I said; the way is long, and I am old and poor, but by the blessing of the holy saints *I’ll take off yer vow*: I’ll do for you what, if the Lord had spared you, you’d have done for yourself.—I made the vow on my knees.

“‘Oh my mother, my mother, my mother!’ she said, as if a new life had sprung in her, and then faded, faded, faded. She was gone—before Laurence and the children could catch her

last breath; but she died happy, and so shall I now, for I've done all she would have done."

Between Kilcrea and Macroom there are several ruins of castles, once the strongholds of the Mac Sweenys, powerful chieftains, although feudatories to the lords of Muskerry. On the high road, it is stated on the authority of Smith, there was a stone set up by one of the family, who were "anciently famous for hospitality, with an Irish inscription, signifying to all passengers to repair to the house of Mr. Edmund Mac Sweeny for entertainment." The historian adds that, in his time, the stone was still to be seen lying in a ditch, where it had been flung by a degenerate descendant, who, according to popular belief, never throve afterwards. Townsend also describes an Irishman of the same class, whose residence was nigh to Mill-street, in this district of the county. He was the chief of his clan, and was known only by the name of O'Leary; to have addressed him by the term "Mister" would have been a mortal offence. He was one of the last who kept "open house to all comers;" had food and drink and lodging for all who asked it; and although his cellar was well stocked with wine, it never knew the protection of lock or key, for, as he used to say, "nobody had occasion to steal what any one might have for asking." It derived security, however, from other causes—from deference to his sway and respect for his person, both of which were universally felt and acknowledged within



the circle of his influence. His appearance was always sufficient to maintain order at fairs and meetings, and to suppress disturbances without the aid of soldier or constable. He is said to have possessed some admirable requisites for a maintaining of the public peace, being a very athletic man, and always carrying a long pole, of which the unruly knew him to be no churl.⁴⁶

The town of Macroom, twenty-four miles west of Cork, is situate on the Sullane—a river which, for extent and beauty, rivals the Lee. The castle of Macroom is very ancient, or rather parts of it are of very remote antiquity, for it has undergone many of the chances and changes incident to the civil wars. It was converted by its late proprietor, Robert Hedges Eyre, Esq., one of the last of “the good old Irish gentlemen,” into a comfortable mansion; and it is now easy to distinguish the ancient from the modern portions of the building. It consists of one huge square of masonry—the mere keep—with embattled parapets; but the hand of taste is not very apparent in the alterations it has undergone to convert the ancient fortalice of the O’Flynnns into a dwelling-house of the eighteenth century.⁴⁷

From Macroom to Killarney the road is by no means picturesque; it passes along the banks of the river Sullane, and through the small village of Ballyvourney, almost the only congregation of houses in the route. It runs, however, within a few yards of the singular castle of Carrig-a-pooka, built, according to Smith, by the

Mac Carthy of Drishane, and placed on the summit of a solitary rock, so steep as to render caution necessary in climbing it. It is now a single tower, and never could have been much more extensive, for it almost covers the rock on which it stands.

A visit to the castle affords us an opportunity for introducing to the reader one of the fairy legends of Ireland—the legend of the Pooka.

Of the malignant class of beings composing the Irish fairy mythology—and it is creditable to the national character that they are the least numerous—the Pooka excels, and is pre-eminent in malice and mischief. In form he is a very Proteus,—generally a horse, but often an eagle. He sometimes assumes the figure of a bull; or becomes an *ignis fatuus*. Amongst the great diversity of forms at times assumed by him, he exhibits a mixture or compound of the calf and goat. Probably it is in some measure owing to the assumption of the latter figure that he owes his name; *puc* being the Irish for a goat. Golding, in his translation of Ovid, describes him by name, in a character of which the goat forms a component part:—

“ The country where Chymæra, that same Pouk,
With goatish body, lion’s head and breast, and dragon’s
tail,” &c.

And Spenser has the following lines:—

“ Ne let the Pouke, nor other evil spirit,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we know not,
Fray us with things that be not.”

The Pouke or Pooka means literally the evil one; "playing the puck," a common Anglo-Irish phrase, is equivalent to "playing the devil."

There are many localities, favourite haunts of the Pooka, and to which he has given his name, as Drohid-a-Pooka, Castle Pook, and Carrig-a-Pooka. The island of Melaan, also, at the mouth of the Kenmare river, is a chosen site whereon this malignant spirit indulges his freaks. It is uninhabited, and is dreaded by the peasantry and fishermen, not less because of its gloomy, rugged, and stern aspect, than for the tales of terror connected with it. The tempest wails fearfully around its spectre-haunted crags, and dark objects are often seen flitting over it in the gloom of night. Shrill noises are heard, and cries, and halloos, and wild and moaning sounds; and the fishermen benighted or forced upon its rocks may often behold, in the crowding groups which flit around, the cold faces of those long dead—the silent tenants, for many years, of field and wave. The consequence is, that proximity to the island is religiously avoided by the boats of the country after sunset, and a bold crew are they who, at nightfall, approach its haunted shores.

The great object of the Pooka seems to be to obtain a rider; and then he is all in his most malignant glory.—Headlong he dashes through briar and brake, through flood and fell, over mountain, valley, moor, or river, indiscriminately; up or down precipice is alike to him, provided

he gratifies the malevolence that seems to inspire him. He bounds and flies over and beyond them, gratified by the distress, and utterly reckless and ruthless of the cries, and danger and suffering, of the luckless wight who bestrides him. As the "Tinna Geolane," or Will o' the Wisp, he lures but to betray; like the Hanoverian "Tuckbold," he deludes the night wanderer into a bog, and leads him to his destruction in a quagmire or pit. Macpherson's spirit of Loda is evidently founded on the tradition of the Pooka; and in the Fienian Tales he is repeatedly mentioned as the "Puka (gruagach, or hairy spirit) of the blue valley."

The English Puck is a jolly, frolicsome, night-loving rogue, full of archness, and fond of all kinds of merry tricks, "a shrewd and knavish spirit," as Shakspeare has it. But he is, nevertheless, very probably in his *origin* the same as the Irish Pooka; as, besides the resemblance in name, we find he has not at all times sustained his laughter-loving character; but, on the contrary, exhibited unquestionable proof of his Irish affinity or descent. For this we have the poetical authority of Drayton, in his "Polyolbion."

"This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a *ragged colt*,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt
Of purpose to deceive us,
And, leaving us, makes us to stray
Long winter nights out of the way;
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us."

The early English adventurers imported to the Irish shores their softened version of the native Pooka, under his Saxon appellation of Puck, and have left his name to Puck's rock near Howth, and Puck castle, a romantic ruin in the county of Dublin.

An ancient chronicler, at Bantry, related to us the adventures of many of his friends, as "confirmation strong," to support his assertion that a Pooka haunted his own neighbourhood. "He knew two boys who, on their way to a midnight mass—rather fresh—met a horse; let's get on his back, says one; wid all the veins, says another; so they got up; and och! murdher, didn't he give 'em a ride; laving them next morning twenty miles from their own door." This however is the only instance, within our knowledge, of the spirit being encountered by more than one at a time. On our venturing to hint that the fact was unusual, we were met at once by an answer, "Sure weren't the both of 'em brothers." Another friend of the old man's "going through a narrow pass, heerd a horse coming along at a fast gallop, and drew up to let him pass, when he heerd a voice by his side say, 'Lien'—that's lie down—'here's the Pooka coming;' and sure enough he saw the baste with his eyes and nose flashing out fire. So the boy turns round and says, 'Who are you?'—thinking 'twas a fellow Christian that gave him the warning. 'I'm the Lanian Shee,' says the voice. Now wasn't it queer that the spirit should be afeard of the

Pooka?—but you see they weren't friends at all at all."

The highest of the Galtee mountains, called the Galtee More, and sometimes Dawson's seat, rises over a gloomy lake which is said to be the residence of a Pooka, who is believed to be chained at the bottom, and only permitted to make excursions upon state occasions. The lake is believed, to this day, to possess, in consequence of its terrible inhabitant, the three following properties:—First, It is unfathomable: an attempt was once made to sound it, and, from the descriptions of the people, it appears that the regular process was adopted, yet no line could be found that would reach the bottom. Secondly, The warmest day in summer, let the lightest breeze arise, and the cold about the lake will be intense. Thirdly, Although the lake does not appear of great extent, yet no stone could ever be thrown across it. We have heard that a famous stone-thrower from Clonmel, who could throw a stone from Fairy Hill to the other side of the river—a much greater *apparent* distance than the extent of the lake—attempted to throw a stone across the watery habitation of the Pooka, but, like all other stones, it did not go beyond the centre, and then fell powerless into the dark waters. There is a tradition that one of the Dawson family (whose mansion is within view of the lake) once attempted to drain it. Accordingly everything was prepared, and the engineer and labourers set actively about the work; but they had not gone far with it when a sudden

light shone around them, and on looking towards the direction from whence it came, they saw the mansion of their employer on fire. They immediately all ran to the spot to extinguish the flames, but on arriving at it, the fire instantly vanished, and the place exhibited no appearance of having received any injury. They returned to their work, but immediately the flames burst out from the mansion again; and, on their once more coming up, the illusion as instantly vanished. This having been repeated several times, they at length relinquished their purpose, taking the hint that the Pooka would not have "the secrets of his prison-house" explored.—Such is the tradition current to this day in the glen of Aherlow.

Of the pranks of the Pooka, as will be imagined, many amusing stories are told by the peasantry; all generally, however, having nearly the same termination:—"And, plase yer honour, I found myself in the morning lying in a wet ditch; and it couldn't be the drop I tuk; for, barring a few glasses at a neighbour's, I didn't drink a drop at all at all, all day."

One of these stories, having more than the usual point, we shall repeat, as nearly as we can, in the words in which we received it; only regretting that we have it at second-hand, being unable to record the fact on better authority, in consequence of the decease of the actual adventurer.

"It was, ye see, sir, my cousin, Jerry Deasy, that *done* the Pooka; and that's more than e'er

another boy can say, betwixt this and the Causeway. A hearty chap he was; there wasn't the likes of him at fair or pattern, for breaking the heads of the boys, and the hearts of the girls, and the backs of the horses; the only thing he couldn't master was the drop. Och, if it hadn't been for that same, he'd be to the fore this day, to tell yer honour all about it. Well, he was sthreeling home wid a neighbour one dark night, and the both of 'em war a little overtaken, and complaining of the *length* of the road, as they jounted from one side to the other widout nearing many steps tow'rds Ballyvourney; when says my cousin, says he—a mighty pleasant man he always was—'It isn't the *length* of it at all at all, but the *breadth* of it that's killing me;' wid that he laid himself down in the ditch, and the never a stir he'd stir; so the other boy went on and left him. Well, yer honour, just as he was settling himself for a sleep, what should he hear but a shnort and a neigh. 'That's a horse,' says he; and wid that he gave a click, click, and held out his hand as if 'twas a whisp of hay was in it. So the horse came up, and wasn't Jerry on his back in a jiffy? 'Ar-up,' says he; but 'twasn't needed. Off went the Pooka like shot—for the Pooka it was surely—up hill and down hill, through the bog and the river; and wherever a furze bush and briar was, there he went. Poor Jerry could make no hand of him; the life was sthruck out of him at last, and in the morning he found himself kilt, in the very place where he met the vicious baste over night.

Well, sir, Jerry kept himself sober—for him—till the next gale day, when his honour, the landlord, wouldn't hear of him going home widout a rasonable sup; and when Jerry came near the ould castle at nightfall, he purtended to be mighty wake, and not able to stand at all at all; and, just as he expicted, up trots the Pooka, and 'Mount, Jerry Deasy,' says he, 'and I'll car ye home.' 'Will ye go asy?' says Jerry. 'As mild as new milk,' says the desaving vagabone. Wid that, Jerry gave a spring, and got astride him. Well, my dear, off the blackguard set agin, a gallop that ud bate a flash o' lightning on the Curragh o' Kildare. But Jerry was too cute for him this time; and as fast as the Pooka druv, Jerry plunged his bran-new spurs into his sides, and shtruck away wid his kippeen at the head of him, until the Pooka was as quiet as a lamb, and car'd him to his own door. Now wasn't that a grate thing for a boy to do—to make a tame nagur of a Pooka? I'll go bail the scoundrel never came in Jerry Deasy's way from that day to this."

To examine, properly, the romantic lake of Gougane Barra, the pass of Keim-an-eigh, and the wild and singular scenery that conducts to or surrounds them, the traveller must diverge from the high-road, and pursue a route that leads only "back again," unless he is prepared to tread over mountains where the goat will scarcely find his way homewards without direction; and to encounter the perils of bogs and morasses more numerous than cottages. The venturous pe-

destrian, however, will be amply repaid for the risk and labour he will have to endure; for in no part of Ireland has Nature been left more completely to her own guidance and government.

From Macroom to Inchageela, a village midway between the town and Gougane Barra, the road becomes gradually wilder and more rugged; huge rocks overhang it, high hills look down upon them, and over these again the mountains tower—each and all clothed with purple heath and golden furze, and other plants that love the arid soil; while here and there patches of cultivation have been snatched from them by the hand of industry and toil; and from many a small fissure the smoke arises, giving token that civilization is astir even in this region of savage grandeur and beauty.

The Lee, which, for a considerable space, has dwindled to a small murmuring rivulet, at length widens out into a sheet of water, forming the picturesque Lough Allua—the lake of the Lee. The road winds for about three miles along its northern margin; the rocks on one side, the clear and deep water on the other—a more perfect solitude it is impossible to imagine. Not a tree is to be seen; but the rocks, as if to remedy the defect, have assumed forms the most singular and fantastic, and, every now and then, seem to stay the further progress of the wayfarer, by pushing a monstrous base directly across his path. Yet a century and a half ago, these rocks and hills, as well as the valleys, were clothed with forests to the water's edge; in their fastnesses,

unfamiliar with the step of man, the red deer roved; and often the labourer delves out, from a patch of mountain bog, some huge trunk that tells of the former occupiers of the soil—existing in decay many feet below the surface.

The approach to Gougane Barra is now sufficiently easy; although, a hundred years ago, a pilgrimage of two miles occupied two hours. Dr. Smith pathetically describes the toil: he calls it “the rudest highway that ever was passed; a well-spirited beast trembles at every step; some parts of the road lie shelving from one side to the other, which often trips up a horse; other places are pointed rocks, standing like so many sugar-loaves, from one to three feet high, between which a horse much take time to place and fix his feet.”

A sudden turning in the road brings the traveller within view, and almost over, the lake of Gougane Barra—a scene of more utter loneliness, stern grandeur, or savage magnificence, it is difficult to conceive; redeemed, however, as all things savage are, by one passage of gentle and inviting beauty, upon which the eye turns as to a spring-well in the desert—the little island with its group of graceful ash-trees and ruined chapel. Down from the surrounding mountains rush numerous streams, tributaries to the lake, that collect and sends them forth in a bountiful river—for here the Lee has its source—until they form the noble harbour of Cork, and lose themselves in the broad Atlantic. In summer these streams are gentle rills, but in winter foaming cataracts;

rushing over ridges of projecting rocks, and barring them even of the lichen that strives to cling to their sides.

When the traveller stands within this amphitheatre of hills, he feels, as it were, severed from his fellow-beings—as if imprisoned for ever; for on whichever side he looks, escape from the valley seems impossible; “so that if a person,” writes the old historian, “were carried into it blindfold, it would seem almost impossible, without the wings of an eagle, to get out—the mountains forming, as it were, a wall of rocks some hundred yards high.”

The small island is nearly midway in the lake; a rude artificial causeway leads into it from the main land. This is the famous hermitage of St. Fin Bar, who is said to have lived here previous to his founding the cathedral of Cork. It is classed among the “holiest” places in Ireland, and has long been a favourite resort of devotees, in the confident expectation that its consecrated waters have power to heal all kinds of diseases; making the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk. Here, at certain seasons, they assemble in immense crowds—bringing their sick children and ailing animals to bathe; and upon the neighbouring bushes and wooden crosses hang fragments of clothes, or halters and spancels, in proof that to the various animals, biped and quadruped, the lake has performed the anticipated miracle of making them whole.

The greater portion of the island is covered by the ruins of a chapel with its appurtenant build-

ings, and a large court or cloister, containing eight arched cells. A spot better fitted for gloomy anchorite or stern ascetic, who desired perfect seclusion from

“ the cheerful haunt of man and herds,”

it would be hard to find; but here, too, undoubtedly, study might have prepared the early Christian missionary for the “labour of love” he was called upon to undertake.

To describe the romantic grandeur of the scene is indeed impossible, without calling poetry to our aid. It has been rendered so happily and so effectually, that we do not hesitate to quote the composition entire:—

“ There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow;
In deep-valley'd Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

“ And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all brightening,
When the tempest flings out his red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Malloc the eagles are screaming:
Oh, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as that lone little island!

“ How oft, when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the blue headland of sullen Ivera,

Have I sought thee, sweet spot! from my home by the
ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought on the bards who, oft gathering together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, and the depth of thy heather,
Dwelt far from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
As they raised their last song by the rush of thy water.

"High sons of the lyre! oh, how proud was the feeling
To dream while alone through that solitude stealing;
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slumber,
And gleaned the grey legend that long had been sleeping
Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,
When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory.

"Last bard of the free! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to my own land have
bound me,
Did your mantle of song throw its radiance around me:
Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,
And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each valley.
But rouse thee, vain dreamer! no fond fancy cherish,
Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

"I soon shall be gone—though my name may be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken—
Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avonbuee seeks the kisses of ocean,
And a wild wreath to plant from the bank of the river
O'er the heart and the harp that are silent for ever." ⁴⁸

The sacred character of Gougane Barra has,
it is said, preserved it from the pest of so many
Irish lakes—the monster worm or enchanted eel.
We have heard stories of them in abundance; and

have "seen the man who has seen" the metamorphosed demon that infests the little lough on the top of Mount Gabriel—it is "deeper than did ever plummet sound;" yet not so deep but that it supplies a home to one of these "things horrible." Often, but always at night, the hideous head of the serpent is raised above the surface of the water; and if a cow be missing from some neighbouring herd, there is no difficulty in ascertaining its fate—it has been made a "toothful for the ould enemy." In ancient times, indeed, the blessed isle of St. Fin Bar was subjected to the visits of such an intruder; who having been guilty of the imprudence and impudence of snatching, from the very hand of the officiating priest, the loneen—a vessel for holding holy water—as he was in the act of sprinkling with it a crowd of devotees, witnesses of the sacrilegious act, he was expelled the neighbourhood for his wickedness, and has never since ventured to leave his loathsome slime upon the green banks of the lake.

The pass of Keim-an-eigh (the path of the deer) lies to the south-west of Inchageela, in the direction of Bantry Bay. The tourist will commit a grievous error if he omit to visit it. Perhaps in no part of the kingdom is there to be found a place so utterly desolate and gloomy. A mountain has been divided by some convulsion of nature; and the narrow pass, about two miles in length, is overhung on either side by perpendicular masses clothed in wild ivy and underwood, with, occasionally, a stunted yew-tree or

arbutus growing among them. At every step advance seems impossible—some huge rock jutting out into the path; and, on sweeping round it, seeming to conduct only to some barrier still more insurmountable, while from all sides rush down the “wild fountains,” and, forming for themselves a rugged channel, make their way onward—the first tributary offering to the gentle and fruitful Lee:

“ Here, amidst heaps
Of mountain wrecks, on either side thrown high,
The wide-spread traces of its watery might,
The tortuous channel wound.”

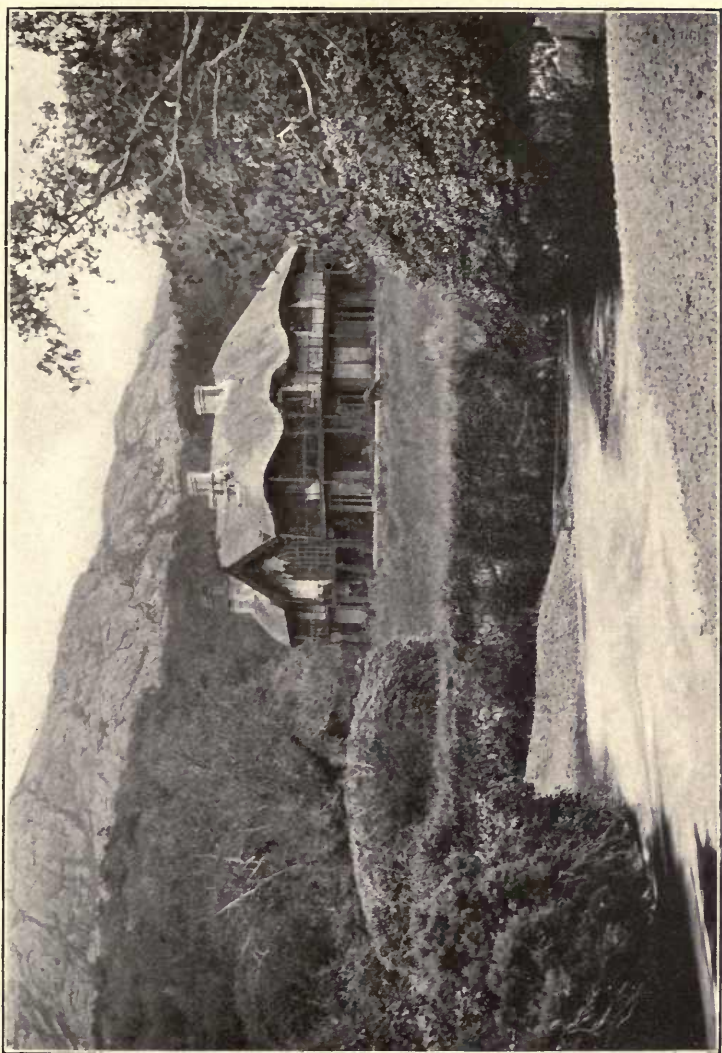
Nowhere has Nature assumed a more appalling aspect, or manifested a more stern resolve to dwell in her own loneliness and grandeur, undisturbed by any living thing—for even the birds seem to shun a solitude so awful; and the hum of bee or chirp of grasshopper is never heard within its precincts.

Protected by these fortresses of rocks, ages ago, the outlawed O’Sullivans and O’Learys kept their freedom, and laughed to scorn the sword and fetter of the Saxon; and from these “mountains inaccessible” they made occasional sallies, avenging themselves upon, and bearing off the flocks and heads of, the stranger. As may be expected, in modern times, these rocky fastnesses have given shelter, often, to bands of lawless or disaffected men: here, in some deep dell, might have been detected the light curl of smoke issuing from the roof of some illicit still-

cabin, to disturb the inmates of which would have required a very strong force of the revenue; among these rocks, too, the smugglers had many a cave, in which they deposited their goods until suspicion had been lulled on the highways, so that they might be conveyed in safety to the neighbouring towns. And here, too, men who had set themselves in battle array against the law, have often met to arrange their plans for carrying destruction into the adjoining valleys. In the immediate vicinity of the pass, there was a stronghold of the Rockites, during the disturbances of 1822. The subject of these agrarian bands, united under a score of names, is one of much interest and importance, and will form a topic for discussion hereafter, when we visit Tipperary; we may, however, detain the reader while we relate an incident borrowed, partly from the Rev. Cæsar Otway's "Sketches in Ireland," and partly gathered from the relation of the aged man we encountered at Bantry, who was an actor in the drama, and who lay for many days, wounded, among the hills, having been injured by an accidental shot fired by one of his own party.

Several hundreds of the peasantry were sworn to obey an unknown Captain Rock; for their leaders professed to receive their orders from a person who made his appearance only when some work of more than common peril and difficulty was to be performed. The pass of Keim-an-eigh was their place of rendezvous, from whence they made their visits to the houses of the gentry for

many miles around, demanding arms, and leaving directions as regarded the persons to be employed and the rent to be paid; which it was dangerous to disobey, and which were, at times, accompanied by the significant hint of a grave dug at the hall-door, or beneath the window, of the party to whom instructions were addressed as to his future conduct. The evil at length spread so widely and became so intolerable, that the neighbouring gentry combined to suppress it. Lord Bantry, his brother, Captain White, and about forty mounted gentlemen, accompanied by a party of the 39th Foot, undertook the dangerous task of pursuing the outlaws into the recesses of their mountains. They arrived at the pass we have described; but the officer who commanded the military refused to proceed further with so small a force, and left his lordship and his companions to make their way through the defile, remaining at its entrance to cover their retreat. They rode through it, round the lake of Gougane Barra, and into the village of Inchageela—which they found deserted by all the men, who had joined their associates, and were in arms among the hills. During their ride, however, the party had given token of the nature of their mission, and had killed one man, who, having mistaken them for his own friends, had ascended a bank and hurraed for Captain Rock. He was shot instantly—and his body was a few minutes afterwards discovered by his exasperated comrades, who swore, over it, to take ample vengeance. Having failed to arrest any of the persons



against whom they had informations, the gentry commenced their ride back to Bantry, through the pass; and by this time the evening twilight was becoming dark and darker.

Meantime, the insurgents had not been idle; their captain—who he was has never been clearly ascertained, but it is certain that he belonged to the better order of society⁴⁹ had noted the separation of the mounted gentry from the soldiers, and guessed that in an hour or two they would return through the pass. He at once issued instructions to his men to loosen a huge rock that overhung the narrow road; at a signal agreed upon, it was to be flung from its place so effectually to block up the passage, and, if possible, to crush some of the party by its fall. The design was then to rush upon them with stones and pitchforks; several who had guns remaining in the rear to shoot them as soon as they were scattered; and afterwards to wait the approach of the soldiers, who would no doubt be thus drawn from the open ground in which they had bivouacked. So shrewdly was the plan laid, that the destruction of the party appeared inevitable.

On they came, at a slow trot, cautious and fully conscious that they were in the midst of peril; the rock was nearly in the middle of the pass, and they were rapidly nearing it, yet no human enemy was seen, and not a sound indicative of danger was heard; when an old man of the Mahonys looked down from a cranny in the mountain, and saw Lord Bantry and his troop

in the path beneath him. We now borrow a passage from Mr. Otway: "This poor fellow had once two sons, the pride of his name and the consolation of his descending years; active, honest, and industrious, but alas! seduced into the Rock system. Their house near Gougane Barra was searched under the Insurrection Act, and arms and ammunition being found concealed, they were tried at Bantry and sentenced to be transported, which sentence was put into instant execution, and their aged parents were left desolate and destitute; the mother wept her life away, and her grey hairs descended in sorrow to the grave; the father joined the rising, and cared not how he died." The old man, under the excitement of the moment, screamed a bitter curse against those who had made him childless, and flung a huge stone at them as they passed; it struck and wounded the horse of Lord Bantry. One of the party instantly fired his pistol at the aged man, whose body came tumbling down the precipice, and fell a lifeless corpse upon the path. In a moment, every crevice of every rock sent forth a living man to avenge the deed; a crowd came rushing and yelling down the mountain sides; the mounted gentlemen spurred their horses into a fierce gallop; a minute was thus gained—and it was enough; the rock fell the instant the last of the party had passed uninjured beyond its reach, and just in time to bar the pursuit of the exasperated peasantry.

Another generation must be removed, both from the gentry and the people, before the pass

of Keim-an-eigh and this striking incident in its history will be forgotten.

Still nearer to Bantry, and still among the wild and almost trackless wastes, is the mountain of the Priest's Leap ⁵⁰—formerly the principal line of communication between the two most picturesque portions of Irish scenery, Glengarriff and Killarney, but now abandoned for one of the best roads in the kingdom. Besides considerably abridging the distance between them, this old road possesses to perfection the characteristics of the fine old vigorous and uncompromising system of road-making, now exploded, that was observant only of the straightest line of access—following as nearly as possible the flight of the bird—regardless alike of acclivity or declivity, of cliff or crag, of stream or torrent.⁵¹ In this respect the Priest's Leap road offers to every student of the ancient mystery of road-making the fairest subject for inquiry and contemplation; nothing can be more direct than its up-hill flights, or more decided and unswerving than its downward progressions; no mountain elevation, however bristling with crags, or formidable the aspect of its precipitous sides, deterred the stern and uncompromising engineer who laid it down. He carried it over the loftiest summits, the wildest moors, at the bottoms of the most desolate glens, and along the most dizzy steepes, overlooking the deepest dells. A savage-looking defile is sometimes made available as a conduit for every ferocious breeze that loves to howl and sweep along such localities; and the loneliness of many

of the scenes is emphatically marked by the significant "leacht," or stone-heap, that points out the spot where, in other times, some solitary traveller met his fate from the way-side plunderer. Such alarming "hints" are now, indeed, rare; and, of later years, the record of acts of violence, committed in the security of these seldom-trodden paths, is a barren one. The heaps of stones, to indicate where deeds of murder have been done, still remain, however; and to the present day the peasant discharges what he considers his solemn duty by flinging, as he walks or rides by, a contribution to the mass.

To the lover of the wild, the picturesque, and the romantic, we recommend this road for his special enjoyment. Glorious is its scenery over mountain and through glen. The broad bay of Bantry is glistening far beneath, and the blue shores of Ivera and Bear in the distance, are noble features in the majestic panorama. Nor has the voice of tradition failed, or become silent, among these hills; many a wild legend and whimsical fiction may be gathered, by a little kindness, from their shrewd, inquisitive, and really imaginative, inhabitants.

Nearly midway in the course of the mountain-road stand the ruins of one of those small ancient churches, whose era, from their style—the Romanesque—must be placed between the fifth and eleventh centuries. A portion of the walls only remains. The stones are large and Cyclopean, curiously jointed and well fashioned. We were told that it is "one of the first churches called at

Rome"—a traditional record of its high antiquity. Outside the burial-ground is a perfect curiosity;—a natural rock of a tabular form with five basin-like hollows on the surface, of four or five inches in depth, and about a foot in diameter. These are severally filled with water, and in each is a stone of a long oval form fitting the space fully. The whole forms a *petrified dairy*—the basins being the “keelers,” the ovals the rolls of butter.

The history of this strange monument is that, in ancient times, a woman lived here who, not respecting the commandment against thieving, at night milked the cows of her neighbours, and transferred the milk as well as the butter to her own dairy. Suspected at length, the hue-and-cry was raised against her, and Saint Fiachna, who led a holy life at the church we have referred to, resolved to punish the culprit. He mounted his horse to visit her, but she fled. The Saint as he passed turned her dairy to stone, and then descended the hill towards the river in pursuit of her. In crossing the stream his horse left his hoof-marks on a stone in the centre of it; this we did not choose to wet ourselves to look at, but we were assured by several that it was there. He then drove up the opposite hill-side, where, about midway, he overtook the criminal of whom he was in chase, and instantly turned her into *stone*; and there she still stands, the Irish “Lot’s Wife,” not, however, a pillar of salt, but a goodly *dallan* of six feet in height; yet still holding a resemblance to the original lady. The tree beside it

grew out of the "kippin" of the spancel which she carried in her hand, and with which she was accustomed to tie the cows' legs at milking. And what a goodly picture it now makes as a blooming hawthorn! It is a singular and striking object, standing as it does in the midst of a mountain solitude.

We must now reconduct the reader to Cork, in order that we may be his guide to the county of Kerry, along the sea-coast, through Bantry and Glengariff.

The port of Kinsale, although not in the direct route, may be visited in the way; the town is exceedingly interesting, and as, for a very considerable period, it was the most celebrated and frequented of the southern harbours of Ireland—taking precedence of that of Cork—it occupies a full and prominent page in Irish history.

The road from Cork—a distance of nineteen English miles—has little to interest the traveller; but on either side the mountain-hills are richly cultivated; the fields of green and brown alternating like a chess-board, very few, even at the highest summits, being without some cultivated patches. The town is seen to great advantage from this approach. It is built on the side of a hill; its character is peculiarly quaint; the streets are remarkably narrow; and many of the houses have projecting windows like those of the Spaniards; by whom some of them were probably built.⁵² The population is about eight thousand. The charter of incorporation is so early as Ed-

ward III. Kinsale gives the title of Baron to the De Courcys, the descendants of Milo de Courcy, son of John, Earl of Ulster; and the Lords Kingsale enjoy the exclusive, although vain and useless, privilege of being covered in the royal presence—a privilege granted by King John to the Earl of Ulster. Lord Kingsale is the premier Baron of Ireland.⁵³

It would occupy far more space than we can afford, to give even an outline of the sieges to which the town has been subjected from a very early period—from the first English invasion to the Revolution of 1688. It was several times in the occupation of the Spaniards; who had possession of it so far back as 1380; and who, in 1601, having been largely aided by O'Neill and other Irish chieftains, kept at bay for a considerable time the English army, under the Lord President Sir George Carew.

On the 12th of March 1689, James II. landed in Kinsale (the house in which he slept is still pointed out), and then commenced the struggle to regain the throne he had abdicated. In 1690, it was taken by the Duke of Marlborough—after a gallant defence, however, when the garrison was allowed to march out “upon honourable conditions.”

The parish church is dedicated to a female saint—St. Multose or Multosia, by whom it is said to have been erected in the fourteenth century.

A legend is told in connection with it.—When the Saint was building it, which she did with her own hands, she desired to place a large stone, too

heavy for her to lift. Seeing two men passing, one a native of the town, the other a stranger to it, she summoned them to her aid; the native refused to help her, but the stranger laboured until her object was effected. Upon which she gave her blessing to the one, and left her curse with the other. It is a remarkable fact, and one that does not depend upon the authority of tradition, that, generally, when two inhabitants of the town marry, they will not go through the ceremony within the walls of St. Multose, but are "united" at some church in the neighbourhood; and we were supplied with proofs in support of the legend, by references to several unlucky couples who had been so unwisely sceptical as to neglect the ancient warning.

The harbour of Kinsale, although greatly inferior to that of Cork, is capacious, deep, and well-sheltered. It is defended by a strong fort, called Charles-Fort, so called in honour of Charles II., and erected by the Duke of Ormond in 1681.⁵⁴

The "Old Head," the point nearest the sea, has a light-house, and has long been a famous landmark for mariners. Although, for upwards of a century, Kinsale has ceased to occupy a very prominent station among the harbours of Ireland, and has lost its commercial importance, it is still a flourishing town; its prosperity being sustained, chiefly, by its facilities for fishing—the Cork markets being almost exclusively supplied from it—the skill of its ship and boat builders, and by its convenience as an outlet for the trans-

fer of cattle to England. The adjoining coast is unhappily full of melancholy relics of shipwrecks; and in the churchyard are numerous grave-stones recording merely the facts of bodies being washed on shore and interred there.

The road from Kinsale to Innishannon passes along the banks of the river Bandon—according to Spenser,

“The pleasant Bandon crowned by many a wood.”

The woods, however, have long since fallen under the ruthless axe of the woodman. About midway to Innishannon, a pretty village that skirts the clear and rapid river, is the ancient castle of Ship-pool, a structure erected by the Roches; and between Innishannon and Bandon, is the castle of Dundaneere (or Downtaniel), which stands near the confluence of the rivers Brinny and Bandon. It is stated by Dr. Smith, that “about the year 1612, the East India Company of England had a settlement here for carrying on ironworks, and building large ships, for which uses they purchased the adjacent lands and woods; the following year, two new ships of five hundred tons were launched, and a dock was erected for building more; they kept a garrison in the castle, and built three villages.” Unhappily the old curse of Ireland—jealousy of “the stranger”—prevailed; the company were so much “disturbed in their undertakings,” and such was the “implacable spirit of the Irish against them, that by continually doing them several ill offices, they forced them at length to quit the country.” The castle,

is now a complete ruin, but one of the most striking and interesting we have visited; it commands a charming point of the river; the surrounding scenery is perfectly beautiful, and the neighbouring hills are covered with woods and villas. The road leads along the banks of "the pleasant Bandon" the whole way to the town to which it gives its name. It was formerly called Bandon-Bridge, and was built by the first Earl of Cork; who, in a letter to Mr. Secretary Cook, dated April 13, 1632, describes "the place in which it is situated," as "upon a great district of the country that was until lately a mere waste of bog and wood, serving for a retreat and harbour to wood-kernes, rebels, thieves, and wolves." His lordship adds, as the strong claim of Bandon to royal favour and protection, that "no popish recusant, or unconforming novelist, is admitted to live in all the town;"⁵⁵ and Smith, so late as 1750, states that "in the town there is not a popish inhabitant, nor will the townsmen suffer one to dwell in it, nor a piper to play in the place, that being the music formerly used by the Irish in their wars." The old and illiberal system has long since been exploded; the bagpipes are now heard as frequently in Bandon as elsewhere; and among its dealers and chapmen are numerous descendants of the Irish Mac Sweeneys and O'Sullivan's; and the Anglo-Irish Cappingers and Fitzgeralds. The town is of considerable size, populous and flourishing, being the great thoroughfare into Carbery, and also to Killarney. It belongs, partly to the Duke of Devon-

shire, and partly to the Earl of Bandon, whose beautiful seat, Castle Bernard, is in its immediate neighbourhood.

From Bandon to Bantry there are two roads: the northern and nearest, through Ballyneen, Dunmanway, and Drimoleague; and the southern and most picturesque, along the coast through Clonakilty, Ross-Carbery, and Skibbereen. Ballyneen and Drimoleague are small villages; Dunmanway is a poor town, although the only one in a very large district. Emigration has drained it of its most able-bodied and intelligent inhabitants; as their dwellings remain tenantless, and an Irish cabin is never worth pulling down, they crumble with every shower and every storm, giving to the scene an aspect of extreme dreariness and desolation. Sometimes they are overgrown by the weed called "love entangled," and the golden stone-crop, rendering them what artists call "picturesque," which comfortable well-built houses seldom are. We noticed a thin gaunt-looking dog wandering about one of these deserted tenements, and the girl of our little inn crossed over the way to give him a bone, which the creature carried within the ruin. "The poor baste," said Mary, "belonged to those who, though they had a good heart to the counthry, war forced to lave it; the dog followed them for certain to Cork, but I suppose missed them there, and came back to die in the ould walls. I often give it a bit for the sake of them that owned it, though it's almost a sin, where the same bit might keep a child

from starving." "And who 'owned' the dog, Mary?" we inquired; Mary blushed and turned to arrange the fire. She had wiped the tears from her eyes, with the corner of her apron, before she looked up again.

The little inn at Dunmanway is very clean, and, considering all things, comfortable; the landlord, as is usual at country inns, walks about with his hands in his pockets, seeing, and hearing, and talking, evidently desiring to be thought anything rather than an innkeeper; the landlady—but with the exception of the hostess of the Imperial Hotel in Cork, who came often to inquire if all things in her well-managed house pleased us—with that solitary exception—we do not recollect seeing a landlady anywhere. We believe that both landlords and landladies are above their business; a circumstance much to be regretted, as it militates against their own prosperity and the comfort of travellers, who spend hours where, if the *ménage* were better, they might be induced to spend days.⁵⁶ The little maid at Dunmanway did her best certainly to make up for the absence of her mistress. She was the model of a cheerful do-everything sort of girl, that, like one of the fairies of her own mountains, was in a score of places at the same moment. She would make a fire in the bedroom because it had rained in the morning, and would be sure to rain to-morrow. She was afraid we'd be dull in such a poor place, and brought us an old volume of the "Hibernian Magazine,"

which, like all the numbers of that periodical, contained an abundance of everything that had no reference to Ireland. In about half an hour she popped in her sunny face again, and finding that we noted a female pedlar standing on the elevated steps that surrounded the pump, displaying her "soft goods," *i. e.* calicoes and cottons, with sundry gaudy ribands, to the loiterers, rather than purchasers, who crowded round, she volunteered a story of how that same "chate" had sold her a crooked comb, for which she paid sevenpence halfpenny; and how the same crooked comb broke "fair off in three halves, the first minute she put it in her hair;" which caused us little astonishment, as she had a sufficient quantity to adorn three maidens with luxuriant tresses. She was lady's maid to "the mistress," child's maid to the children, "waitress" to the whole establishment, and, as she said, "everything but the boy that minded the horses and claned the shoes." That, in addition to her being cheerful and active, Mary of Dunmanway was ready-witted, a single anecdote will prove. The inn, certainly, was very clean, having been newly painted; and the little drawing-room was enriched by, as she called it, a bran-new Kitterminister carpet;" but notwithstanding, a particularly active little insect left undeniable proofs of its propensities upon our wrist—two large red spots. "Mary," we said, "look here—this is really too bad." She looked with feigned or unfeigned astonishment—it was diffi-

cult to say which—and exclaimed, in a tone of mingled anger and repugnance, “Why, then, bad luck to the dirty bastes *at the house ye slept last in.*”

On the road to Bantry, we sent our car forward, and loitered to look upon a fair landscape—our “idle time not idly spent”—and were somewhat wearied, for

“These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles,”

when we heard the notes of an old Irish song ascend from the bank of a small mountain rivulet.⁵⁷ We paused to listen, for the air we heard was as the greeting of an old friend—but the singer’s mood changed—the song ceased, and instead of its music a loud peal of merry laughter—earnest, and full, and joyous, ascended with the whistle of a blackbird from the little glen. Presently, we heard a plashing of the waters—then more laughter. Anon, the sound of young girls’ voices in cheerful converse. “Peggy, lave off yer tricks do, and mind yer work; lave off, I say. Faix, for one stroke ye give the linen ye hit the wather twice, which is a shame. My hair is wringing wet, so it is, wid yer nonsense.” “Yarra, Nancy! there’s no life left in ye, since I know who went to Austraillee. Why then, I wonder do they be beetling the linen there—this a-way?” “Not *that* a-way, I’m certain,” answered Nancy, who we now perceived was “drawing” some linen through the stream, while the lively Peggy stood with the wooden

instrument called a "beetle" uplifted in her hand ready to strike the linen—a mode of washing called "beetling," which certainly purifies it more than any way of "getting up" with which we are acquainted. A "beetling stone" of ample dimensions was firmly based in the brook at her feet, and upon it the clothes of the neighbouring hamlet had doubtless been subjected to such ablutions time out of mind. "That's not the way they work there, I'm sure," persisted Nancy. "Why for *onst* you strike the linen, you strike the wather ten times. I hope, Peggy agra, you'll make a better offer at yer bachelor's heart than you do at——." "Whisht, Nancy—will ye whisht!" exclaimed Peggy, having discovered that we were observing them. "Where's yer manners to the strange quality?" and the girls began a series of blushes and curtsies, wound up by an invitation to rest at their house, though but a poor place, as "Maybe we war tired coming over the back of the hill that was so cruel steep." We were too hurried to accept a courtesy that has often afforded us much pleasure, as well as great insight into the genuine feelings and character of the Irish peasant. We can refer to the knowledge acquired by long and close observation, and declare that we never left the cabin of a *genuine* Irish peasant, without having our opinion raised as to the *matériel* which composed the dwellers therein, frequently acknowledging—to adopt the beautiful idea of Joanna Baillie—that they were

"Clothed, indeed, but not disgraced, with rags."

Of the towns on the southern or coast road, Ross-Carbery alone demands particular notice; it is one of the oldest towns in Ireland; the ancient name being Ross-Alithri—"the field of pilgrimage;" and, according to Hanmer, "There was here anciently a famous university, whereto resorted all the south-west part of Ireland for learning sake." It was formerly a bishop's see, but was united with that of Cork, and, recently, also with that of Cloyne.

A glance at the map of the county of Cork will convey some idea of the numerous bays and harbours along the coast; it is for the most part exceedingly wild and rugged; for miles upon miles there is not a single tree to be seen; but the ocean around it is dotted with small islands, against which the breakers dash and foam; the peculiar scenery has been aptly described by Dean Swift, in a Latin poem—"Carberiæ Rupes"⁵⁸—from which the following passage is translated:—

"With hoarse rebuff, the swelling seas rebound
From shore to shore; the rocks return the sound.
The dreadful murmur heaven's high concave cleaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves;
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scooped a vault into its nether sides;
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge."

Not only the number, but the advantageous positions, of the harbours will claim attention; the coast from Youghall to Bantry is indented by at least twelve, eight of which are perfectly

well calculated for merchant vessels of burthen, and not less than five would float the largest ships in the British Navy. When we consider also that this land is made, at its southern extremity, by vessels from either hemisphere, bound for the English or Irish Channel, their advantages under unfavourable circumstances of wind or weather are at once felt to be striking and important. How essential to the commerce of the universe is that little headland in the chart of the navigator—the well-known Cape Clear, almost as necessary to the reckoning of the seaman as the meridian line of Greenwich! It does not appear, however, that the multiplicity of ports has contributed much to the wealth or prosperity of this part of the kingdom; whether the fact may be attributed to want of public spirit or capital, preventing the people from availing themselves of the immense resources at their command, or whether it must be referred to their indolence and ignorance, is a matter upon which we do not at present design to enter; although “the Irish Fisheries” will, hereafter, necessarily occupy no inconsiderable portion of our attention. It is notorious that the teeming wealth conveyed by the ocean around their shores—easily rendered as productive as their soil—is neglected by the people, who cleave to old prejudices and customs with unaccountable bigotry; the consequence is, that the Irish are the worst fishermen to be found anywhere; and that, not unfrequently, even the markets of large towns are supplied by the activity and industry of their Scottish neighbours—

the fish being taken within a stone's throw of the Irish strands.⁵⁹ Habits at variance with science, forethought, and thrift, unhappily still largely prevail, and the people have, as yet, manifested no inclination to improve their condition by means so completely within their reach. This disheartening fact has been fully exposed by the Committee of Inquiry into "Deep Sea Fisheries." Would that their Report might teach wisdom, and rouse some true patriot to apply himself to the task of directing the energies of the people into so accessible, valuable, and profitable a channel.⁶⁰

In former times, when temptations to illicit trade were great, and the securities against detection comparatively easy, smuggling was carried on to a large extent along a coast so favourable for it. For some years it has been on the decline, and it is now nearly abandoned. We desire permission to record one of our own memories in association with this coast. In the immediate neighbourhood of Ross-Carbery, about two-and-twenty years ago, it was our lot to spend a few weeks at the house of a gentleman—for such he was by birth, education, and connexions, although circumstances had unfortunately seduced him into the practice of trading with Holland, and importing foreign produce without the design of paying, for a license so to do, any duty to the crown. His residence, a large and handsome building, was close to a peculiarly rugged, rocky, and wild shore; here, for a considerable period he contrived, by the assistance of a nu-

merous and attached tenantry, to elude all the watchfulness of the excise, who practised every art to entrap him. The roads from the sea-coast to the adjoining towns were strictly and narrowly guarded; yet, by night, the smuggled goods generally escaped seizure, and very often artifice succeeded by day. The peasants were usually cunning enough to baffle the excise force; and often managed to pass safely the "commodity" under loads of turf or sand; sometimes funeral processions were seen along the road, and, of course, proceeded without scrutiny. The coffins were filled with tobacco, and the mourners carried loads under their cloaks. On one occasion, we remember, the officers were completely outwitted by a man who lay on a cart, apparently in all the agonies of a contagious fever, while his wife, screeching by his side, was conveying him to the nearest hospital. A few hours afterwards, both were seen merrily wending homewards, laughing at the soldiers whom they had balked of a rich prize.

During our visit at the house we have referred to, we had expressed a wish to be present on some midnight excursion of the smugglers, when the most hazardous part of their enterprise was performed—the discharging the cargo of one of their vessels. It was soon gratified. We were roused from sleep by the son of our host, with the news that a lugger was at anchor in the neighbourhood. We hastened to accompany him to the shore; in doing so, we had to tread cautiously in the footsteps of our guide, through dells and

over precipices, which, else, would have been fatal to us. On the heights above, and over one of the most dangerous passes, a number of the peasantry, men and women, were collected, ready to roll down immense stones on any intruder—from which the password of our companion alone preserved us. The night was dark; yet the few stars that shone, glimmering from a clear heaven, supplied light enough to excite those feelings of awe which the wildness and grandeur of the scene could not have failed to inspire even by day. At length we reached the small and narrow beach, where preparations had been made to receive the cargo of the lugger that was lying-to in the offing. A long range of rocks, jutting out into the sea, concealed her from a revenue cutter that was anchored not a mile distant; while the preventive guard had its station on the other side of the nearest hill. The strand was literally covered with men and horses; about twenty boats, with muffled oars, were ready for the signal to put out to the ship; the most intense silence prevailed, the people spoke in whispers, and the hoofs of the horses had been covered with straw. The director of this half-magic scene, whom we had seen a few hours previously, laughing with his guests, and with his wonted vivacity and humour setting the table in a roar, was now seated in the cave of a rock; before him was an up-turned cart covered with bank-notes. He was issuing “orders” to the peasants, who surrounded him, to receive tobacco, tea, or geneva, from the boats as they brought supplies from the

ship; for almost invariably the goods were disposed of on the spot, each purchaser bearing his own risk, and keeping or concealing it upon his own responsibility, until he found opportunities for selling it to the dealers in the towns. Many of the peasants were armed! and it was evident, that without a perilous struggle they were not likely to surrender the articles they were paying for. It is scarcely necessary to add, that many fatal encounters took place between them and the revenue officers; and that the consequences of a system so demoralizing was to fill the criminal calendar of the county. A few minutes after our arrival on the spot, the boats left the shore; it required little persuasion to induce us to embark in one of them. We were soon in the lugger's cabin, and formally introduced to the captain, who had prepared refreshments for expected visitors. Some two-and-twenty years have passed since then, but we can recall his form and features accurately. He was the very opposite of the "Dirk Hatteraick" of our imagination—a small man, of mild exterior, and very courteous in his manner. Yet resolute and brave he certainly was; his step was firm and decided, and his eye had the quick and determined glance that evidences acquaintance with danger, and indifference to it. On the deck all was bustle and activity; yet the arrangements were made with the utmost skill, order, and precision. Each boat brought several large stones, necessary to supply ballast as the cargo lessened; and the principal boatman delivered bits of cards to

the number of the bales he conveyed to shore. The business of the night was nearly finished, and the boats were for the last time putting off to the vessel, and were half way towards it, when some signal of alarm was given, and they returned to land.

The crew had been resting for a few minutes, and singing with a careless air; but their voices were lowered and their words half smothered. They were evidently a motley group, composed of the hardy and the desperate of various nations—for inquiries as to the cause of interruption were made in many languages. Almost the instant the alarm was given, their voices were hushed, all hands were on deck, the hatches were fastened down, fire-arms were distributed, and preparations made for repelling some anticipated attack. The reason was soon ascertained. Rounding the point, still at a distance, and dimly seen by the uncertain light, a sail was discerned approaching the lugger. We can remember, even now, our awkward sensations on the occasion; apprehensive that we might have to pay a frightful penalty for our curiosity; for when reflection came, it came too late; we had no means of returning to land, and were compelled to share the destiny of our comrades of the moment, whatever that destiny might be; the easiest, perhaps, a trip to Holland. The opinions of the crew as to the nature of the object that drew towards them were varied; the night was too dark to distinguish more than that the vessel was small and had but one mast—but the neighbouring

revenue cruiser was known to bear this character. We shall not readily forget the whispers of “ ’tis her,” and “ ’tis not her,” that went round—only serving to make the suspense more painful. The alarm was soon found to be a false one; it proceeded from one of the fishing hookers of the coast. The smuggler made her heave to, and remain alongside; but solaced the men for the delay, by flinging on board an anker of geneva. Another signal was made; the boats returned; the work was rapidly finished; we embarked in the last of them; and, as we touched land, we saw the lugger gradually fade away into the deeper darkness,—her bow was turned towards home.

The strand was by this time nearly deserted; and it is worthy of remark, that barely an hour had sufficed to discharge the whole cargo, and to distribute it among the glens and mountains. Next day parties of the excise were scattered in all directions, in search of the prize they had missed—but very little of the whole was found. The curious in such matters may now examine, all along the coast, numerous holes and caves formerly depositaries of smuggled goods;⁶¹ and in a little island off Glengariff, may, if he pleases, visit one of them, known as “Brandy Island,” stories in connexion with which will be related to him, in abundance, by the boatmen.

Between the town of Ross-Carbery and Skibbereen, and at the head of Glandore Harbour, the tourist passes along a beautiful and picturesque road, where

“Lakes upon lakes interminably gleam;”

and to one point, in particular, his attention should be directed—the glen called “The Leap,” the ancient boundary which divided the civilized from the uncivilized; “beyond the Leap beyond the law,” being, even within our own memory, an accepted proverb. Not far from Skibbereen is a singular salt-water lake, Lough Hyne, or Ine (the deep lake). In the centre is a long island, upon which are the ruins of one of the castles of the O’Driscolls. It is surrounded by picturesque hills, some rocky and precipitous, others steep and woody, rising from the lake. Mr. Willes has made his sketch from a churchyard, peculiar to Ireland, devoted exclusively to the interment of children, and where there was formerly a chapel dedicated to St. Bridget. (See Plate No. 4.) In the foreground is one of the singular ring-stones or pillar-stones, engraven with inscrutable characters. It is immortalized in traditionary lore, and the country people attach great value to it, affirming that it has been gifted by the Patron Saint with miraculous power—at least, for its own preservation. It has been repeatedly removed, to form lintels for doors, and to answer various other purposes, but always found its way back again to its original station. Once it was taken off by a gang of sacrilegious sailors, and thrown into the sea; when, after raising a terrific storm, it was beheld, next day, safely and soundly in its own proper place. With this lake there is also



PLATE NUMBER FOUR

connected another legend—but one common to nearly all the deep-bedded and lonely loughs with “gloomy shores;”—for Lough Hyne

“Skylark never warbles o’er.”

As at Glendalough, the sweet birds “singing to heaven’s gate” having disturbed the saint at her orisons, she prayed to the Virgin to silence their song; and was so far answered, that they were ordered into a solitude less sacred to penitence and prayer.

The coast, south-west of Skibbereen, is dotted with islands;—

“Sea-girt isles,
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,”—

the most famous of which is that of Cape Clear. Innisherken, immediately opposite Baltimore harbour, is full of interest. The O’Driscolls had formerly castles here, which defended the entrance to the harbour. Cape Clear—the well-known landmark for vessels outward or homeward bound—is the most southern point of Ireland. In the ancient ecclesiastical books it is called “Insula Sancta Clara,” and in the old Irish MS. “Inish Damhly.” Many years have passed since we visited this wild and primitive district; but we learn from more recent travellers that the character of its inhabitants continues quite unchanged. They exist almost in a state of nature; depending for food upon the potato crops and the fish that swarm round their rocks;

seldom visit the main land; and are devotedly attached to their rugged strand and almost as rugged plain—a temporary exile from which they consider a grievous affliction.

In the year 1750 there were, according to Smith, in the island, about four hundred families; they do not seem to have increased, for the latest returns give the population as less than eleven hundred. Indeed it is not likely that it could supply the means of existence to a larger number—the island being only three miles long, and one mile and a half in breadth. On the south side is the light-house, which, it is said, may be distinguished in clear weather from a distance of twenty-eight nautical miles. On the north-west point of the island is the singularly picturesque ruin of the castle of Dunanore, or the Golden Fort. It stands on a rock; a very narrow passage leads to it; the path being so steep and high, and the sea dashing and foaming against it on either side, the ascent to it is a somewhat perilous task. “When I got to the top of the castle,” says Dr. Smith, “and beheld the ocean roaring round me, I wished heartily to be again on the main land.” Legends enough to make a volume are connected with this remarkable ruin: it was formerly a stronghold of the O’Driscolls—some of whom are stated to have mingled the hospitalities of the Irish chieftain with the reckless darings of the buccaneer.

To the west of Baltimore is the harbour of Crookhaven, separated by a narrow promontory from the beautiful Dunmanus Bay, which an-

other promontory divides from the famous Bay of Bantry.

The mail-coach road from Skibbereen to Bantry runs through a wild and uninteresting country; and the traveller who desires to examine the most peculiar and picturesque portion of the Irish coast, will have to pursue a route less easy of access, but far more certain of recompense for the expenditure of time and labour. The mountains appear to rise directly from the sea, as if they were but the continuations of mountains underneath the ocean; small villages are thickly scattered at their base; Mount Gabriel, bleak and barren from the foot to the summit, looks down upon the poor village—once a famous collegiate town—of Scull.

Lakes are to be seen in every valley, upon the mountain sides and on their summits, from whence pour down the streams that now and then break in cataracts over precipices; and on the opposite sides, the sea, with its stores of green islands, or black rocks; creeks and bays and harbours running into the land; and beyond all the broad Atlantic, that affords no resting-place for the sea-bird until he closes up his wings and stands on the continent of America.

The ocean, with its tales of shipwrecks and piracies—the land, with its legends and traditions, afford themes to fill folios of interest and excitement; every castle (of which there remain the ruins of hundreds) has its story of bold adventure.

The Lakes, too, are fertile of legends: for ex-

amples—that on the summit of Mount Gabriel, with its eternal serpent, and depth that has never been fathomed; Loughdrine, where on a certain day of every year the islands used to dance merrily, change places, and shift from one side to the other from sunset to sunrise;⁶² Ballinlough, where the fairies keep nightly guard, protecting the passage that leads from the ancient rath that borders it, to the bottom, where flourishes the Thierna-na-oge—"the land of perpetual youth." The stranger will, in short, find, wherever he travels, in this wild and comparatively primitive neighbourhood, a rich abundance to interest, excite, and amuse, and not a little to inform and instruct.

The early associations of one of us with Ireland are connected chiefly with this wild district; for here our father, Colonel Hall, embarked in mining speculations, and within a circuit of little more than twenty miles, discovered and opened no fewer than thirteen mines; some of which he continued to work for a considerable period; and although his efforts were in the end unsuccessful, he set an example of enterprise and activity, and supplied evidence of the vast mineral wealth of the country, which entitle us to claim for him some tribute of public gratitude, and justify us in placing to his credit much of the benefit that Ireland has since derived from the "Companies," who have been enabled to render to it the service that exceeded the strength of a private individual. We shall, therefore, discharge a debt of duty no less than affection, if we briefly direct

attention to the exertions of a gentleman who is now removed beyond the reach even of so small a recompense.

Colonel Hall commanded a regiment, raised by him in his own country of Devon, which contained a large number of Cornish miners. In 1795, it was ordered to Ireland; and at the suggestions of some practical men under his command—who were astonished to find everywhere demonstrations of mines more promising than those with which they were intimate in Cornwall—he was, not long afterwards, induced to embark his property in mining speculations. It was not, however, until his regiment was disbanded, in 1802, that he was enabled to devote his whole time and energy to the subject.

If our recollection serves, his first essays in mining were commenced by Colonel Hall on the property of Mr. Bolton, in the county of Waterford, and subsequently in the vicinity of the village of Silver-mines on the estate of Lord Dunally, in the county of Tipperary. The product of this mine was a sulphuret of lead, containing a considerable proportion of silver, which had been worked at a former period, and probably gave name to the village. But it was on the royalty of Lord Kenmare, in the vicinity of Killarney, that his operations assumed a character of importance. This was a deposit of an exceedingly rich copper ore, the working of which commenced in 1804.⁶³ Exclusive of the very extensive mineral deposit brought to light on Ross Island, operations, to a limited extent,

were prosecuted at another small island on the lake, called Crow Island, where evidence of the presence of copper manifested itself; and, at a subsequent period, other attempts were made in this vicinity, on the estate of Mr. Herbert of Mucruss Abbey, where a limited quantity of the arseniates of cobalt and copper were obtained, but not sufficient to induce an extensive prosecution. The mines on Ross Island continued at work for some years; and it was not, we believe, until 1813, that Colonel Hall commenced his discoveries in the district to which we make especial reference; and where he persevered, until somewhere about the year 1823, with varied success, but with capital far too limited for large operations—opening, as we have said, no fewer than thirteen mines, one of which, that at Balledhob, between Skibbereen and Scull, was at work for about four years, employing on the average two hundred persons weekly, and shipping many thousand tons of ore to Swansea. Mr. Croker, in his “*Researches in the South of Ireland*,” states that “the mines on the estate of Lord Audley, about ten miles west of Skibbereen, were discovered and opened by Colonel Hall about the year 1814. Three distinct veins present themselves at no very considerable distance from each other. The first worked was a bright yellow ore of iron pyrites, containing in general about eight per cent. of copper. The second has been scarcely attended to, as it chiefly consisted of green carbonate of copper, disseminated through a slate-clay, with small nodules of

grey or purple ore appearing here and there. In the third (Kippagh), which has been more extensively pursued than either of the others, the ore is a very rich sulphuret of copper, containing from fifty-five to sixty-five per cent. of that metal, and near the surface gave every promise of being a very valuable vein, but it degenerated in depth, and was, as well as the others, relinquished."

This mine of Kippagh was subsequently taken by the "Mining Company of Ireland," who worked it for a time, but with success so limited as to induce its abandonment;⁶⁴ and about the year 1835, the late Lord Audley, into whose hands it again came, formed a company, and raised an enormous sum in London, for the professed purpose of setting the mine once more at work. Circumstances, to which it is now unnecessary to do more than refer, brought the matter into the Court of Chancery, and we apprehend the consequence has been a total loss to the shareholders; who have complained, and certainly not without justice, that a mine which had been resigned by a private party, and relinquished by a public company, as either valueless or impoverished, should have been so described as to induce them to embark capital in the undertaking.

The other mines discovered and opened by Colonel Hall do not require particular notice—with the exception of one, if it can be classed under that head. The history of this discovery is curious, and may interest our readers.

Walking, one day, in the neighbourhood of his residence at Glandore, Colonel Hall noticed some fish-bones of a green hue among turf ashes; his curiosity was excited to inquiry by what means they obtained so singular a colour; and on analysing them, he found they contained copper. His next object was to ascertain how they acquired this unnatural quality; and he learned that it was received from contact with the ashes of turf cut in a neighbouring bog, known to the peasantry as the "stinking bog;" and that neither dog nor cat would live in the cabin in which the turf was burnt. Having gathered so much, his farther progress was easy. The ashes were strongly impregnated with copper. He first collected from the heaps adjoining the cottages as large a quantity as he could, and shipped it to Swansea, where it brought, if we remember rightly, between eight and nine pounds a ton⁶⁵—a remunerating price. His next step was to take a lease of the bog, build kilns upon it, and burn the turf. This plan he continued until the whole of the bog was consumed, and sent, to the extent of several hundred tons, to the Welsh smelting-houses—the ease with which it was smelted greatly enhancing its value.

It was a curious sight—and one we recollect well—to see scores of workmen cutting the turf, conveying it to one kiln to dry, and then to another to be burnt; while the carts were bearing the ashes to the river side to be shipped for Wales. Mr. Croker, in the work we have quoted, states, that "the particles contained in

the turf are supposed to have been conveyed into the bog by a stream from one of the surrounding hills, which, passing through a copper vein, took them up in a state of sulphate, but meeting with some iron ore in its progress, or in the bog, became deposited in the metallic state, though a large proportion contained in the turf was still in a state of sulphate, which was proved by allowing a knife to remain in it a few seconds, when it became incrustated with a coat of copper." Unfortunately for Colonel Hall, however, when the bog was burnt out, he considered his operations as only commenced; his object being to discover the vein of ore by which the bog had been supplied with copper. In a vain search for the source, technically called "the lode," he expended all he had made by sales of the ashes; shafts were sunk in several of the surrounding hills; and he continued the pursuit until his capital was exhausted.

We have written sufficient to do honour to the memory of an individual, to whose energy and enterprise Ireland is considerably indebted; for he was among the earliest of those who laboured to turn to account the great natural resources of the country—to encourage men of larger means—men who will probably reap the rich harvest for which it was his destiny only to prepare the ground⁶⁶—and to direct public attention to a source of profit for the undertakers, and of employment for the people. Like many others who have pointed out the way to fortune, it was his fate to behold the achievement of his hopes

only from a very remote distance; but he enjoyed the enviable knowledge that his labour had not been in vain; that he had been the means of spending some hundreds of thousands of pounds in the country; of giving advantageous employment to masses of the people in various districts, and of showing how others might certainly do that which he, as certainly, failed of doing.

The far-famed Bay of Bantry is, perhaps, unsurpassed by any harbour of the kingdom for natural beauties combined with natural advantages. As we approach it, along the dreary road from Skibbereen, a sudden turn, at the base of a rugged hill, brings us suddenly within view of the most striking objects which make up the glorious scene. Far and away, in the distant background, tower, and meet the clouds, the lofty Mangerton and Macgillicuddy's Reeks; nearer, rises Hungry Hill, the Sugar Loaf, and a long range—the Caha Mountains—among which it is said, and said on good authority, there are no fewer than three hundred and sixty-five lakes—the number having, of course, suggested a legend, that some holy saint prayed effectually for one to supply water for each day of the year. Little flat and fertile islands lie at the feet of the spectator; and, nearly facing the town, Whiddy Island, with its fierce-looking fortifications, and its fields rich with the promised harvest. It is impossible to do justice to the exceeding grandeur and surpassing loveliness of the scene; the whole of it is taken in by the eye at once; we are

not called upon to turn from side to side for new objects to admire—we gaze upon it all; and he must be indeed dead to nature, who does not drink in as delicious a draught as Nature, in the fulness of her beauty, ever presented.⁶⁷

The road into the town—a town that has been too truly described as “a seaport without trade, a harbour without shipping, and a coast with a failing fishery”—runs immediately under the fine demesne of the Earl of Bantry—and all the way it is one continued line of beauty; we never for a moment lose sight of the distant mountains, or the foreground of green islands; while the ear is gladdened by the mingled harmony of the rippling waves, and the birds that sing among the foliage of the thickly and gracefully wooded plantations.

There are not many islands in this vast expanse of water—“Whiddy” is the largest; and there are besides, Hog, Horse, Coney, and Chapel Islands, flung into the glorious bay—land-locked, as we have said, by gigantic abrupt headlands, beyond which the Killarney mountains seem to tower into the clouds.

The Bay is memorable in history as having been twice entered by a French force for the invasion of Ireland—the first in 1689, in aid of James II.; the next in 1796:—some details concerning the latter cannot fail to interest our readers.

The French invasion of Bantry Bay, which occurred in December, 1796, forms a remarkable page in the history of the country and of the

age; and it is singular that so very little should be known of the circumstances under which it took place. The accounts published in the newspapers of the day are meagre and questionable; and, upon the whole, the "Journal of Theobald Wolfe Tone," edited by his son, and printed at Washington, in 1826, is the best authority respecting the organization of this formidable armament. The project, undoubtedly, arose out of the suggestion of Tone; whose seditious conduct in Ireland had caused him to become an exile in America, where, stimulated to action, and supplied with funds, by his republican friends, he determined on proceeding to France, as agent for the Society of United Irishmen.⁶⁸ He landed at Havre, in February, 1796; and on his arrival at Paris, was put into the proper channels for diplomatic negotiation, by Munro, the American ambassador, who was, at this period, cautiously, yet vigorously, intriguing for the separation of Ireland from England. The vague plans of the French for invading Ireland speedily assumed a tangible shape. Tone received a commission as chef-de-brigade; was introduced to General Hoche, by whom he was subsequently appointed adjutant-general, and was directed to draw up a proclamation respecting the contemplated invasion.⁶⁹ This proclamation was immediately printed, but so secretly as to baffle the English spies; while other documents, which assigned to the armament different destinations, were suffered to fall into their hands—a manœuvre intended to mislead the British govern-

ment, and which may account for the distrust of the intelligence respecting the large and active preparations then making at Brest, which occupied the entire summer of 1796. On the 1st of December, Tone embarked on board the "Indomptable," a ship of the line, and on the 16th of December the fleet "for the invasion of Ireland," set sail in two divisions from the port of Brest. It consisted of 17 ships of the line; 13 frigates; 5 corvettes; 2 gun-boats; and 6 transports; with about 14,000 men,⁷⁰ 45,000 stand of arms, and an ample supply of money for the purposes of the expedition. In their passage from the harbour, as if ominous of the disasters they were subsequently to encounter, one of their ships, a seventy-four, struck on a rock, and of 550 men on board only thirty were saved; and a few days afterwards another was driven on shore; when 1,000 out of 1,800 perished. After other disastrous accidents—every ship of the fleet being more or less injured—the main body arrived off the coast of Ireland, and on the 22nd, anchored off Bere Island, in Bantry Bay.⁷¹ Intelligence of the event was, as rapidly as possible, communicated to the Irish and English governments. Not the slightest preparation, however, had been made to meet the enemy; and, but for the interposition of Divine Providence, Ireland must have been involved in a bloody and desolating civil war.⁷²

For several days previous, the weather had been even more than usually stormy at this period of the year; and when the wind lulled, a

dense fog overspread the sea, so that the French ships were seeking each other, in vain, along the ocean.⁷³ Of the 43 that quitted Brest, 16 only anchored at Bantry; next day, a heavy gale once more dispersed them; on the morning of the 26th, others having parted company, the formidable fleet was reduced to seven sail of the line and one frigate; the force in men had by this time dwindled to 4,168; it was therefore resolved at a council of war, "not to attempt a landing, as no demonstration had been made" by the Irish on shore in favour of the French;⁷⁴ and it was determined to put out to sea, and to cruise off the Shannon in the hope that the dissevered armament might be concentrated there. On the 27th, they weighed anchor and quitted the bay; but on the 1st of January, a portion of them returned, and remained inactive for two or three days. By degrees, ship after ship of the once formidable fleet entered the French harbours; and on the 15th, General Hoche himself, in the *Fraternité*, reached Rochelle, having had several narrow escapes from capture by the English fleet.

Bantry was, thus, soon freed from the presence of the invaders; no Frenchmen having trodden upon Irish ground, with the exception of an officer and seven men, who, being sent in a boat to reconnoitre, were taken prisoners by Mr. James O'Sullivan of Berehaven.

The storm that scattered the French fleet, and, under Providence, preserved Ireland from civil war and contamination by the atrocious principles of the republicans of 1793, is still remem-

bered in the vicinity of Bantry Bay, where it is referred to as an epoch to assist memory.⁷⁵

To visit Glengariff, the tourist may proceed either by land, or by water across the bay;—it is obvious that the best mode will be to go by one way and return by the other, both offering strong temptations to the lover of the picturesque. Those, however, who take it in their route to Killarney, and do not design to make any stay at Bantry, had better continue the road; for the bay may be seen fully from the hills above either Bantry or Glengariff; or, at all events, by taking a boat a mile or two from the shore of either.⁷⁶ The road is exceedingly wild and picturesque; a short distance from the town, the Mialloch, “the murmuring river,” is crossed by a small bridge; a little way below which the water is precipitated from thirty to forty feet over a ledge of rocks of fantastic forms; this is the “Fall of Dunamarc:” close to it we saw a water-mill in full work, which, although it diverted the current, and consequently lessened the effect of the cataract, evidenced activity and industry, and heightened the moral beauty of the scene. In this immediate vicinity, according to one of the fanciful traditions of Keating, the first human foot trod upon Irish ground—Ladra having effected a landing in Ireland exactly forty days before the Flood. After passing three or four miles of good road, and comparatively cultivated land, we entered a rude and rugged district; barren hills towering over us at either side; and among them rapid streams rushing over gigantic stones

down into the valleys. We left to the right an interesting object—a little chapel nestling among the barren hills; and a short way farther on we passed one of those singular dwelling places, by no means rare in this wild part of the country; we were startled by a human form issuing from a mass of huge rocks; and, upon inquiry, learned that a family actually lived in a hole which the rocks protected and sheltered. They had evidently fallen, ages ago, in the position they retained, enclosing and covering a natural chamber. On entering, we found a woman with three children;—the man was at work in the adjacent “garden;”—here they contrived to exist during the summer months; for we ascertained that, in winter, they quitted it for some neighbouring town, where they worked or begged, according to circumstances. The woman replied to our few questions with cheerfulness and civility; and to an expression approaching to condolence as to the misery of her lot, replied “It’s bad enough to be sure, yer honour; but there’s many have worse places to lay their four bones in.” While conversing with her, we observed a singular character watching our movements; it was one of the Kerry peasants, mounted on a small active pony, sitting in front of a pair of hampers, in which he had conveyed his tubs of butter to the market of Cork, from which he was now returning. The hampers were fastened to the horse by a rope of hay; and his bridle, which was merely twisted round the nose of the animal, was made of the same material. In this primitive style he gal-

loped up and down hills as fearlessly, and far more safely, than a steed fully caparisoned for the chase. We learned that he was one of the class known in cities and towns by the cognomen of "Kerry Dragoons." He was a fine handsome fellow, with keen grey eyes, white teeth, and a complexion bronzed by healthy exercise; by no means communicative, however, for to our questions he had but one answer—"Nein English." As we drew near Glengariff, we had a foretaste of the rich treat we were about to enjoy; for, long before we had again a glimpse of the bay, the scenery assumed a rich and luxuriant character, strongly contrasting with the dreary solitude we were leaving.

Language utterly fails to convey even a limited idea of the exceeding beauty of Glengariff—"the rough glen"—which merits, to the full, the enthusiastic praise that has been lavished upon it by every traveller by whom it has been visited. It is a deep alpine valley, enclosed by precipitous hills, about three miles in length, and seldom exceeding a quarter of a mile in breadth. Black and savage rocks embosom, as it were, a scene of surpassing loveliness—endowed by nature with the richest gifts of wood and water; for the trees are graceful in form, luxuriant in foliage, and varied in character; and the rippling stream, the strong river, and the foaming cataract, are supplied from a thousand rills collected in the mountains. Beyond all, is the magnificent bay, with its numerous islands,—by one of which it is so guarded and sheltered as to receive the aspect of a

serene lake. The artist cannot do it justice; and the pen must be laid aside in despair! Our memories, indeed, recall every portion of the magic spot,—but only to convince us how weak and inefficient must be our efforts to describe it. We are again wandering through the glen—among majestic trees, fantastic rocks, and bubbling rivulets, which every now and then rush by huge masses of stone, and, finding a declivity, roar along their rapid way, until, encountering some new obstruction, they creep awhile, and anon force a passage onwards, breaking into masses of foam—forth ere the mountain torrents crawl or gallop to mingle with the broad Atlantic. The song of birds is either hushed or unheard; and but for the ripple or the roar of waters, there is no sound to disturb a solitude perfect and profound. We look up to the mountains; they are of all forms, altitudes, and outlines. The most prominent among them is the Sugar-loaf, Slieve-na-goil, “the mountain of the wild people,” with its conical head, soaring into the clouds; and to the rear, but at a considerable distance, Hungry Hill, with its naked and meagre sides, down which runs a stream from the lake upon its summit, until, gathering as it goes, it breaks in a tremendous cataract of eight hundred feet, expanding as it falls, and flinging a spray around it, that seems to cover with a thick mist a third part of the hill:—

“Now a blue wat’ry sheet; anon dispersed
A hoary mist; then gathered in again,
A darted stream along the hollow rock,

This way and that tormented, dashing thick.
From steep to steep with wild refracted course,
And restless roaring to the humble vale."

We turn from the mountains but a step, and gaze over the broad bay; the foreground is composed of islands of various shapes and sizes; and we stand in the midst of cultivation, as if nature had resolved upon mingling as much grandeur and beauty as the eye could take in at once. We turn again and look inland; enormous rocks are scattered in all directions, without order or arrangement, but graceful from their very confusion; seeming as if the giants of old had done battle here, and fought with huge masses they had wrenched from the adjacent mountains.

From every part of the glen some attractive object may be discovered; but the best view, perhaps, is to be obtained from a small hill—small in comparison with its stupendous neighbours—in the immediate vicinity of a chapel west of the village; it places the spectator in the very centre of a glorious panorama, absolutely bewildering from its profusion of beauties. There will be a gush of enjoyment from the heart the instant this hillock is ascended. But it is from the road to Kenmare that the surpassing loveliness of the valley, and the full glory of the bay, will be seen to perfection. For three or four miles the traveller winds round the side of a mountain—a steep and weary road, so barren of interest that he has ample leisure to ponder over, and fix in his mind, the marvels he has seen. Suddenly he arrives on the brow of the

hill. He is over the glen, many thousand feet above the ocean, which he beholds stretching out into space, while the islands appear as dots upon it; the river that runs through the valley has dwindled to a white thread; the trees have gathered into masses, and the hill upon which he stood a while ago seems no bigger than a fairy mound. Midway down are scattered cottages, the pale smoke from which alone distinguishes them from mole-heaps. Thin and narrow streams, like snow-wreaths, are running from the mountains; and every now and then his eye falls upon the lakes that send them forth to fertilise the valley. The whole scene is within his ken—its sublime beauty and its transcendent grandeur—ocean, mountain, glen, and river. He is in the midst of solitude; the clouds are on a level with him; at times, they hide for a moment every object from his sight. There is no song of bird to break the perfect loneliness; but if he look upward he will see the eagle winging his way homewards in solitary grandeur. We were startled by the scream of one of them flying over our heads, so near to us that we could almost count the feathers in his wing. Our feeling was that he had seen enough of the sublime and beautiful in Nature, and need go no further in search of either.

On the summit of the mountain an incident occurred to us, which we may not omit to notice in this record of the most gratifying and interesting portion of our journey:—

We had been gazing so earnestly upon the

scene below and around us, that we had not noted the sudden appearance of a lad, upon a bank, a little to the left of the place on which we stood; but our attention was attracted by his clapping his hands together, and laughing, or rather shouting loudly, in evident delight at the scene. There was nothing in his appearance different from that of many young goatherds we had passed, and who hardly raised their heads from the purple heath to gaze at our progress. His sun-burnt limbs were bare below the knees; but his long brown hair had been cared for, and flowed beneath a wide-leafed hat, that was garnished, not untastefully, by a couple of wreaths of spreading fern. His garments were in sufficient disorder to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirer of "the picturesque;" and although we called to him repeatedly, it was not until a sudden diffusion of cloud had interfered between him and the sunset, so as to diminish the light, and of course lessen the effect of the shadows, that he noticed us in the least; indeed, it was evident that he would not have done so at all, but for the unexpected appearance of another "child of the mist," in the person of a little bright-eyed girl—literally one mass of tatters—who sprang to where the boy stood, and seizing his hand, pointed silently to us. He descended immediately, followed by the girl, and after removing his hat, stood by the side of our carriage, into which he peered with genuine Irish curiosity.

To our question of "Where do you live?" the

mountain maid replied, "Nein English." We then addressed ourselves to the boy, when the girl placed her hands on her lips, then to her ears, and finally shook her head. "Deaf and dumb?" I asked. Upon which she replied, "Ay, ay, deaf, dumb—deaf, dumb." The little creature having so said, regarded him with one of those quick looks so eloquent of childish love; and seizing his hand, raised her rosy face to be kissed. He patted her head impatiently, but was too closely occupied examining the contents of our carriage to heed her affectionate request. His eye glanced over our packages without much interest, until they rested on a small black portfolio; and then he leaped, and clapped his hands, making us understand he wanted to inspect it. His little companion had evidently some idea that this was an intrusion, and intimated so to the boy; but he pushed her from him, determined to have his own way. Nothing could exceed his delight while turning over a few sketches and some engravings. He gave us clearly to understand that he comprehended their intent—looking from our puny outlines to the magnificent mountains by which we were surrounded, and smiling thereat in a way that our self-love could not construe into a compliment.

While he was thus occupied, his little companion, struck by some sudden thought, bounded up the almost perpendicular mountain with the grace and agility of a true-born Kerry maiden, until she disappeared; but she soon returned, springing from rock to rock, and holding the

remnants of her tattered apron together with evident care. When she descended, she displayed its contents, which interested us greatly; for they were her brother's sketches, five or six in number, made on the torn-out leaves of an old copy-book in pale ink, or with a still paler pencil. Two were tinged with colour extracted from plants that grew upon the mountain; and though rude, they bore evidence of talent. The lad could have had no instruction; the copy-book was the property of his eldest brother, and he had abducted the leaves to record upon them his silent observations on the magnificence of Nature, whose power had elevated and instructed his mind. We should not have read even this line of his simple history, but for the opportune passing of another "Kerry Dragoon"—a wild, brigand-looking young fellow, mounted between his market-panniers on his rough pony—who proved to be the lad's brother, although he did not at first tell us so.

"We all," he said, "live high up in de mountain; but I can't trust him to look after de goats by himself. His whole delight is puttin' down upon a bit of paper or a slate whatever he sees. I'd ha' broke him off it long ago; but he was his mother's darlin', and she's wid de blessed Vargin these seven years, so I don't like to cross his fancy; besides, de Lord's hand has been heavy on him already, and it does him no harm, no more than himself, except when any of de childer brake what he do be doing; den he goes mad intirely, and strays I dunna where; though,

to be sure, de Almighty has his eye over him, for he's sure to come back well and quiet."

The lad at last closed our portfolio with a heavy sigh, and did not perceive, until he had done so, that his little sister had spread out his own productions on the heather, which grew so abundantly by the road-side. He pointed to them with something of the exultation of spirit so natural to us all when we think our exertions are about to be appreciated; and he bent over them as a mother would over a cherished child. His triumph, however, was but momentary—it was evident that his having seen better things rendered him dissatisfied with his own, for, while gathering them hastily together, he burst into tears. We gave him some pencils and paper, and a few engravings; and as the evening was approaching, bade him a hasty farewell; as he stood, his little sister clinging to his side, waving his hat on a promontory, while we were rapidly descending into the valley.

The village of Glengariff consists of but a few houses; there is a little inn, happily situated at the head of the bay; and the glen is divided between two proprietors—Lord Bantry and the widow of his brother, Colonel White. His lordship has a small lodge, where he generally resides, in a valley away from a view of the sea; but the other seat skirts the left of the bay, is cultivated to the water's edge, and commands a view of the principal island, on which is built a Martello

Tower—as if for the express purpose of giving interest and value to the demesne.

The old bridge, now a picturesque ruin, which, in ancient times, was on the high road to Berehaven, is called “Cromwell’s Bridge.” History being silent as to the origin of the name, we must have recourse to tradition. When Oliver was passing through the glen to visit the O’Sullivans, he had so much trouble in getting across the narrow but rushing river, that he told the inhabitants, if they did not build him a bridge by the time he returned, he would hang up a man for every hour’s delay he met with. “So the bridge was ready agin he come back,” quoth our informant; “for they knew the ould villain to be a man of his word.”

The demesne which surrounds the lodge of Lord Bantry cannot be surpassed for natural beauty by any scenery in the kingdom. A wild river runs through it, and this is frequently crossed by rustic bridges. The lodge itself occupies the centre of a small island, and from several mounds glimpses may be obtained of near or distant objects, which are absolute feasts. As we stand upon the highest of them, nothing can be more delicious, more varied, more positively enchanting, than the panoramic view that surrounds us: mountain, rock, river, and ocean, trees of the most picturesque growth, and shrubby underwood of such luxuriance, that painters there may study nature under every shade and form. As we issue from this demesne—the very ideal of

“the happy valley”—the wild, rugged, abrupt character of the glen becomes more apparent; patches of rich brown bog produce the most profuse vegetation; marsh weeds of every hue flourish; rocks of various shapes and sizes become the bases of now sloping, now almost perpendicular hills; while above them continually floats the eagle, whose nests have been in these mountains time out of mind.⁷⁷

We grieve for those who—no matter what charming and picturesque countries of Europe they have visited—have not yet enjoyed the natural beauties of Glengariff.

West of Glengariff is the promontory of Berehaven, separating Bantry Bay from the Kenmare river. It is a wild and primitive district; abounding in picturesque and romantic scenery; full of legends; with historical associations of great interest; and possessing the ruins of many castles of the O’Sullivans—for centuries the lords of the soil, although their descendants are now but the hewers of stone and drawers of water. The accompanying print represents the harbour of Berehaven, and the ruin of the ancient castle of Dunboy.⁷⁸ (See Plate No. 4.)

In the parish of Berehaven is worked one of the few profitable mines of Ireland. It is situated on the property of a Mr. Puxley, and was discovered some thirty years ago—the discovery being the result of a very minute scrutiny of the estate of Colonel Hall, who was at the period working his own mines in neighbouring districts of the county.



We are now about to quit the county of Cork, and shall next visit Carlow; and although we have occupied, in describing Cork, a much larger space than the limits of our work will justify us in devoting to any other county, we are fully aware that we have omitted to direct the reader's attention to many subjects, connected with it, of exceeding interest and deep importance.

Perhaps there is no county of Ireland, to which Nature has been so bountiful. To its mineral wealth we have made reference; of its fertile rivers we have spoken; its bays and harbours are not only numerous, but singularly safe and commodious, abounding in fish, and rich in the best manures; the land is for the most part generous and productive; there is scarcely a district of a dozen miles without turf-fuel. In fact, in nothing are the wants of men without the natural means of supply, yet the population is proverbially poor, the houses of the lower classes are generally wretched to a degree, and Providence would seem to have lavished gifts in vain upon its people. These evils—and others to which we need not here more distinctly refer—must be, as they have always been, mainly attributable to that system of absenteeism which, for centuries past, appears to have largely prevailed in Cork county.⁷⁹

The county of Cork, in the province of Munster, is the largest county in Ireland, and larger than any English county, except that of York: comprising, according to the Ordnance survey, 1,725,100 statute acres—of which, 1,024,340 are

cultivated, and 700,760 are, at present, either barren mountain or bog; but, as every day some portion of both is reclaimed by the industry or the necessity of the peasant, the enormous proportion of waste is rapidly lessening.⁸⁰ In 1821, the population was 629,786; and in 1831 it had increased to 700,359. The new census about to be taken will, no doubt, exhibit a large augmentation. From east to west the county extends about ninety English miles; its greatest breadth being about forty. We take this on the authority of the Rev. Horace Townsend; Smith makes it greater. It is bounded on the north by Tipperary and Limerick; on the north-east by Waterford; on the north-west by Kerry—being considerably wider in the centre than at the extremities; and on the south by the Ocean. By the statute of the 4th Geo. IV. cap. 93, the county was divided into the East and West Ridings; the East comprising eleven baronies,⁸¹ with the liberties of the city of Cork, and the port of Kinsale; and the West, eight baronies.

These baronies are, in the East Riding,—Duhallow, Orrery and Kilmore, Condons and Clongibbons, Fermoy, Kinsale, Imokilly, Ker-rycurrihy, Kinnalea, Barrymore, Barretts, and East Muskerry; in the West Riding,—Ibane and Barryroe, Bere, Bantry, West Muskerry, Kinalmeaky, Courcies, East Carbery, and West Carbery.

The principal towns of the county, besides the city of Cork, are, Youghal, Kinsale, Bandon,

Mallow, Cove, Bantry, Fermoy, Skibbereen, Macroom, and Dunmanway.

The county sends only eight members to the Imperial Parliament: two for the county, two for the city, and one for each of the towns of Bandon, Kinsale, Mallow, and Youghal.

CARLOW

The inland county of Carlow is of small extent, being about twenty-six Irish miles in length from north to south, and twenty-three in breadth from east to west: and it possesses no feature of a peculiar or exclusive character. We have, therefore, chosen to close with it the first volume of our work, because—as it will require but a limited notice—we shall thus be enabled to introduce other topics of more importance, or that are likely to have greater interest for our readers.

It is in the province of Leinster; bounded on the north and north-west by the Queen's County and the county of Kildare; on the west by the county of Kilkenny; and on the east and south-east by the counties of Wicklow and Wexford. It comprises, according to the ordnance survey, an area of 219,863 acres, of which 196,833 are cultivated land, and 23,030 mountain and bog. The population was in 1795, 44,000; in 1821, it had increased to 78,952; and in 1831, to 81,649. It contains six baronies—Carlow, Forth, Idrone, east and west, Rathvilly, and St. Mullins; and its principal towns are Carlow, Leighlin-Bridge, Tullow, Bagenalstown, and Hacketstown. The county is thickly studded with the seats of resident gentry—very few of its “landed proprietors” being absentees.

The town of Carlow is seated on the east bank of the river Barrow, the "goodlie Barrow,"⁸² as Spenser terms it; its source is in the Slieve Bloom mountains, in the Queen's County, and passing through the towns of Portarlinton, Monastereven, Athy, Carlow, Leighlin-Bridge, and Graigue-nemanagh, it forms a junction with the Nore, and both join the Suir, a few miles from Waterford. The Barrow is navigable for a distance of forty-three miles.

The town is modern in its general aspect, presenting a singular contrast to its neighbour, the city of Kilkenny—so full of magnificent castellated and monastic remains. The only ancient relic in Carlow is "the Castle." It is situated on a gentle eminence, overlooking the river; and is said to have been erected by Hugh De Lacy, who was appointed lord-deputy of Ireland in the year 1179. It was built after the Anglo-Norman style of architecture; a square area, surrounded by thick walls, fortified and strengthened at each corner by a large round tower. Until the year 1814, it had bravely withstood the attacks of time and war; but its ruin was effected by the carelessness of a medical doctor, into whose hands it came, and who designed to put it "in order" for the "accommodation" of insane patients. In the progress of his work he applied gunpowder, with some unexplained object, to the foundations, and in a moment completed its destruction, leaving but two of its towers, and the wall between them. Their present height is sixty-five feet, and the length from

one tower to the other is one hundred and five feet; as the ruin is but one side of a square, it affords a correct idea of the large space the castle formerly occupied. As it was built to protect the English of the Pale, it occupies no minor station in Irish history. In the reign of Edward II. it was made the headquarters of the seneschalship of the counties of Carlow and Kildare, instituted in consequence of the disturbed state of those districts. In the year 1361, Lionel Duke of Clarence established the exchequer of the kingdom in Carlow, and expended £500 in fortifying it with walls, of which at present there is not a vestige. In 1494, James Fitzgerald, brother of the Earl of Kildare, besieged the castle. The lord-deputy, Sir Edward Poynings, proceeded at once to oppose him, when, after a brief siege, it was surrendered. In 1534, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who with others rebelled, had possession of six of the principal castles of Ireland, amongst which was that of Carlow. In 1641, the castle was invested by a strong party, and reduced to great extremity. A number of Englishmen had taken refuge within its walls, and the garrison was about to surrender, when it was relieved by Sir Patrick Wemys, on whose approach the insurgents raised the siege, and fled, after burning the town; but upwards of fifty were killed in the pursuit. Finally, in 1650, it was surrendered by Captain Bellew, commander of the garrison, to Sir Hardress Waller, after having been bombarded with cannon. A field

about half a mile distant, on the opposite side of the river, in the Queen's County, is still pointed out as the place where Waller planted his artillery on the occasion. Ireton had previously summoned it to surrender, but in terms more than usually courteous; informing the governor that "we have been your gentle neighbours hitherto, doing little more than looking upon you. But the time being come now that we are like to deal in earnest with your garrison, as effectually and speedily as God shall enable us; that I may not be wanting on my part to save any of the blood which may be spilled therein, I am willing, upon a timely surrender, to give terms to so fair an enemy." The garrison was suffered to march out with the honours of war; but there are grounds for suspicion that its surrender was effected by treachery. "This treachery," says Carte, "was now grown universal, arising sometimes from the fears of the inhabitants, and sometimes from the corruption, avarice, or cowardice of the garrisons of the towns, and was the cause of the loss of the castle of Catherlogh." ⁸³

Carlow is one of the most fertile and best-cultivated of the counties of Ireland, and has been termed "the garden of Erin;" it is almost exclusively an agricultural county, its soil being admirably adapted for the production of corn of every description—a fact that may account for the number of flour-mills to be found in every district of it, the Barrow affording great facilities for export through the towns of New Ross

and Waterford, the river having been rendered navigable for boats of considerable size; but the navigation requires still farther improvement. The principal mills are those of Mr. Alexander, at Milford, and the Lodge Mills, at Bagenalstown, of which Mr. Crosthwaite is the present proprietor. The grain raised in this county bears a high price in the markets of London and Liverpool; its butter also is famous, competing with that of Cork and Kerry, and large tracts of rich pasture-land are occupied as dairy-farms.

The establishment at Milford is one of the most extensive and celebrated in Ireland. It is situated about four miles from Carlow, on the Barrow, in the centre of a lovely valley, through which the river runs, surrounded by hills, and with the magnificent mountains, Leinster, Blackstairs, and Brandon, in the back-ground. The roof of the mill is flat, covered with *terceira*, formed of chalk, tar, and sand; the walls are castellated, so that it has, from a distance, a very pleasing and striking effect. Plantations of fine trees are growing up around it, and the aspect of the whole neighbourhood is remarkably cheering, comfortable, and encouraging; all giving tokens of the improvements that are proceeding under the direction of its enterprising proprietor and his sons. Roads have been opened through several of the adjacent mountains, and cultivation has naturally followed; the hedge-rows in every direction are as neatly and carefully trimmed as those of England; the cottages are exceedingly clean and well-ordered,—

for they are frequently white-washed, the material being supplied "gratis" to every applicant;—many of them are covered with climbing plants, and, together with their sober and industrious occupants, bear unquestionable evidence of the vast importance of resident landlords in improving the face of the country and the social condition of its population.

The mill was originally established in 1790, and was commenced on a large scale; the neighbourhood was propitious, the soil being very rich, and based on a bed of limestone, which gives an inexhaustible supply of manure. The corn to be converted into flour is invariably purchased from the farmers or the peasantry, many of whom grow only some eight or ten barrels, and sell it in order to purchase materials more necessary to satisfy their own wants—rarely or never grinding it for their own use. Mr. Alexander carries on his trade in corn at eight different places in Carlow and the adjoining counties, from whence it is transported to Milford, to be converted into flour, and thence distributed through the country or exported to the English markets; and he largely manufactures oatmeal, the character of which stands very high in the principal mart—Manchester, where it bears the best price. He has also a malting-house, now in active work, although this branch was abandoned soon after the introduction of the existing malt-act, familiarly known in Ireland as "the measure for making smuggling easy."

Ireland has been termed "the granary of Great Britain," and it is so to a considerable extent; its manufactures are very limited; and almost its whole population are employed in the cultivation of the soil; yet it is notorious that in this country there are more acres capable of raising food, unemployed for any beneficial purpose, than are to be found in any other country of Europe. But every day increases their extent and their power; new systems of farming have been universally introduced; in many instances they have doubled the produce; and in many more they have led the proprietors to convert into arable land whole tracts of formerly barren mountain and bog. Irish farmers are now losing their prejudices in favour of "old plans;" the consequence is an enormous addition to the natural resources of the kingdom.

The entire works at Milford are driven by water power, Nature having bountifully supplied a force far greater than that which can be derived from steam, and at a cost infinitely less: it is, indeed, so great as to be commensurate with the want of it, even in the hottest day of summer; and an immense quantity is, at all seasons, suffered to run idly to waste.⁸⁴ The Barrow is navigable, not only south to Waterford, but north to Dublin; through the former a large quantity of flour is exported to England; and through the latter a supply, chiefly for home consumption, by the river, to Athy, and thence, by the Grand Canal, to the capital; a lock connecting both, so that there is no necessity for

transferring the loads from one boat to another during its transit.

The Milford works have been constructed under the superintendence of Mr. William Fairbairn of Manchester; and the chief water-wheel made by him, of iron, cast, hammered, and plate, is, we believe, the largest and most powerful in the kingdom; taking the water on twenty-two feet—its breadth. It is equal to one hundred and twenty horse power. In the two establishments for producing flour and oatmeal, there are twenty-two pair of millstones in constant work; thirteen of which, with all the attendant machinery, are driven by the one wheel. The concern is able to manufacture annually 60,000 sacks of flour—"without," as one of the workmen expressed it, "lighting a candle:" the quantity actually produced is between 40,000 and 50,000 sacks; but in the oatmeal establishment, which is separate and distinct, and where the water-wheel is eighteen feet wide, 30,000 sacks are the average annual produce: estimating the flour at 60s. per sack, and the oatmeal at 30s., we have the aggregate of one concern yielding to the country no less than £195,000 each year; and this without taking into account the manufacture of malt in the same concern. The refuse of the oats is extensively used for firing, by the neighbouring peasantry; it makes a remarkably strong and durable fire.

We have dwelt at some length upon this peculiar and very interesting feature of Ireland, in the hope that we may thus exhibit its great

capabilities for adding to the wealth of the nation. It was said by Mr. Emerson Tennent, in the House of Commons, that there are in Ireland 1,850 corn-mills—very few of which are worked by steam.

The county of Carlow was made shire-ground by King John, under the name of Catherlogh, which signifies "the Castle by the Lake;" and it comprehends the ancient territories of "Hy Cabanagh and Hy Drone, being the northern part of the principality of Hy Kinselagh." The representatives of many of the earliest English settlers, and some few of the descendants of the ancient Irish families, still live upon their hereditary estates in this county; among the most distinguished of the latter is that of Kavanagh of Borris-o-kane.⁸⁵ Their present seat—and it has been their chief seat for ages—is about twelve miles from Carlow; a noble and stately castellated mansion, in the centre of a magnificent domain, where to natural advantages have been added all that could be supplied by art; and where its late estimable owner, the representative of generations of remarkable men, sustained the old hereditary claim of his race to pre-eminence in hospitality; at the same time, receiving from all parties the character of a just man, a liberal landlord, a firm friend, and a true patriot.⁸⁶

Every country has its own peculiar aristocracy, which it could no more do without than a body could do without a head. The Irish have not bowed down to the aristocracy of wealth.

Perhaps it is because they have not been tried; but it will be long ere the "good ancient ould families" will be forgotten in a country which owes whatever is grand about it, rather to the traditions of the past, than to the realities of the present. And even if this creates an unsympathizing smile, there is something far higher toned in the "*hero-worship*" which they give to the "old families," as connected with the ruins that create the romance and adornment of the country, than the "*mammon-worship*," which, more especially during the last few years, has overspread England as a pestilence.

Whatever nourishes affection and devotion to what is above our sphere, must elevate our nature. That certain feelings, in feudal times, were greatly exaggerated, and produced slavish instead of independent service, is most true; but there is little danger of such being the case now, when education gives men the power of obtaining what wealth and birth have denied. In Ireland, the lingering love that encircles old memories, is like the ivy that clings round the ruins of the past, beautifying what it clings to. Some years ago we were strikingly impressed with the shelter—if we may so call it—which this clan-feeling threw over those it felt bound to protect.

One of the mud cabins, which a little outlay, and a good deal of taste, had converted into a bathing-lodge on the Wexford coast, was taken, "for the season," by a farmer's wife; the saucy proprietor, a blue-eyed, but dark-haired Barony of Forth woman, insinuating, "that to be sure

one body's money was as good as another;" but for her part she would rather let her little place to one of the "real gentry" for half the money, than to any stuck-up inland farmer. "Them sort," she added, "always thought a deal of themselves since the war-time, when they made such a handful of goold somehow; but the woman got over me with her smooth talk, and her sweet smile, and *paying a month in advance*, which the gentry never did, *ov coorse*, nor I never expected, and might have been knocked down with a straw when it was offered: a month's rent in advance—think of that!—'deed and I almost thought it an affront; but as it wasn't intended so, why I took it, and small blame any one could make of that same."

Some people said that it was very strange for a "sonsy" farmer's wife to set up for a place where the "gentry" went to. They wondered how she would travel, and how many children she would bring, and if any of them were "sickly." The appointed day arrived, and passed, and the "sonsy" farmer's wife did not make her appearance. "To be sure," the people said again, "she must have more money than she knew what to do with. She would come to her time any how." Every sound along the road was watched, until the first week of the month was gone. More than one congratulated the little bright-eyed landlady on having her "rent and no trouble;" while she declared she would rather have good Christians in the house with her, "getting their health and the salt water," than

be the way she was; it was so pleasant to see them that came from the close towns, without any colour on their cheeks, and with hardly strength to breathe heaven's air, grow fresh and rosy, and come out of the sea full of new life, climbing the cliffs after the green samphire, and hunting the holes in the bank for "penny-wincles," tattering the rocks to pieces for the "branyans," tearing through the soft sand after shrimps, and watching the floating holes of the razor-fish, getting their toes pinched by the cockles, and their fingers bit to the bone by the cunning *ould* lobsters, who would not come out of their dens. And the children—the poor weak, sickly children—as limp as a wet bathing dress!—to see how one week at the "salt water" *put bones* into them; how the flabby flesh grew hard and red, and the cheeks rosy, and their voices strong; and how delighted the poor mothers would be to see them eat—*maybe more than they'd be able to pay for*—but small matter that; the gentry always helped the child of the poor bather!

The little woman declared she was "mighty dull in herself," and wished the farmer's wife had her money back, for she was "heart sore" from waiting. How her lazy neighbours envied her, and said she had "the luck," ever and always!

At last the farmer's wife arrived! How she "travelled" no one knew; it must have been in the night, for no one had seen her arrive in the approved style of a farmer's wife—a feather-bed, covered with a quilt of many colours, being

placed on a common car, in the midst of which the good woman sat, while a bare-legged "gosssoon" dangled his legs from the shaft, and urged the horse forward by means of the end of the rope halter, which was carelessly twisted round its head. In the course of the day which followed the arrival, a rumour spread along the coast that the farmer's wife had not come alone—that "some one" accompanied her—and here was a new mystery, which is always more attractive than the old.

While the freshness of early day mingled with the sea breeze, and before the "bathers" sought the strand, the farmer's wife drew to the beach a sort of bath chair. It was very old and old-fashioned, moving slowly on little wooden wheels, of more modern workmanship than the body of the little carriage. The hood was partially thrown back, and contained the wasted form of an elderly lady—a form so wasted, that its breathing seemed almost a miracle. The features, so still and lifeless, must have once been of a noble and commanding beauty—they stood out then firm and expressionless; and but that the open eyes were still bright and blue—so bright as to be painful to look upon—it might be supposed that the stranger was conveying her charge to a funeral pyre on the sea-shore.

"Do you feel any better, darling mistress?" inquired the farmer's wife, after a long rest where the breeze came freshly over the waters.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! much better!" was the murmured reply.

"Thank God, thank God! Oh, then, that's the happy hearing. If I could only see you once more able to sit up in your own fine ancient ould chair! Oh, glory be to God—maybe that will come yet." And then kneeling beside that strange couch, she went over her prayers to the Almighty, to her Saviour, to the saints, and the "Holy Virgin," without, however, withdrawing her eyes or her thoughts from her charge—they were, in a degree, mechanical prayers; but on she went, until, at a few half-muttered words from the lady, she sprung up, and drawing the hood over her patient, turned the little carriage homeward.

Before Mary Lawler (such was the name of the farmer's wife) arrived, the tide of popular opinion was decidedly against her. Now, it was as decidedly in her favour. If before she had been a "buddagh of a farmer's wife, that was setting up in the world for what did not become her;" now she was "an honest, decent, God-fearing woman, with a proper heart in her body, God bless her!" There was not a man, woman, or child in the whole district who would not, in common *parlance*, "have laid down their lives for her;" and why? she was a simple, uneducated, plain, elderly woman. Her singing and dancing days were over—she had no "fun in her"—she was not rich. But in Ireland poverty is not unpopular. She never "gossipped," or took "a turn at the pipe," or talked half an hour with a neighbour to "pass time;" yet no popular

member before his "trial," after election, was half so popular as Mary Lawler.

A little troop of children lingered round her door, ready to fly to do her bidding; the men moved their hats as she passed, and the women bade "God bless her;" and why? because of her single-hearted devotion to the last of "the fine ould family she belonged to."

In early life she had been the slave rather than the servant of the "lady," whom she then served rather like a slave than a free woman. The lady, when young and beautiful, married and went abroad, leaving Mary broken-hearted, as her new "maid" was a Frenchwoman, and she had no farther need for the young Irish girl. In time Mary also married, her husband reconciling his family to the distasteful union of a servant to a farmer, by saying, "that indeed Mary had never served for *wages*, but for the *love* she bore the young lady under whom her family had always lived." This was true. It insured Mary a good reception, which as a "paid" servant she would hardly have had. Years passed on, the old master died, leaving "everything" to his daughter. The "everything" was worse than "nothing," for it entailed debts on her thoughtless husband, who ill-treated her while he lived, and at his death left her upon the world. The world owed her nothing. Vain, beautiful, headless if not heartless, she had none of the accumulated treasures of a well-spent life to comfort her old age, and therefore had nothing to expect. She had laid no virtue out to

interest, and, consequently, had no return to look for. Worn out, friendless, penniless, she came to the old neighbourhood, to wander like a banshee around the crumbled walls of her ancestral estate. There were none left of her own caste to show her kindness. The greater number of the tenants and cottars on the estate, which with singular pertinacity she still declared ought to have been hers, had emigrated. There seemed to be no roof to shelter her, for she sat within the roofless walls of her once home. The rain poured, and a thick mist, as thick as misery, closed her in on every side. Ill in body as in mind, she leaned her distracted head against a column of the dining-room, and wept such tears, as it is to be hoped never can gush from such eyes as look upon this page.

“You don’t know me, ma’am dear,” said an earnest broken voice amid the storm, “but I know you; the *colleen* has grown into a woman, and has brought children into the world to *sarve* you, and wait upon you, my lady. Why not? Sure my people did the same hundreds of years before I was born; and my husband said, ‘Go, Mary, and offer the lady the best of what we have. You’ve been a good and faithful, loving and industrious wife, and sure your duty is my pleasure.’ And maybe, lady dear, you’d stay with us, *just for the sake of your native air*. It’s but a poor place to what you’re used to, I know that; but still——” Her invitation was broken by her sobs; but it was earnest, and was accepted—not gratefully, but rather as a tribute she (the

lady) had a *right* to expect. The best bed, the freshest egg, "the bit of meat," the sweetest milk, and "whitest bread," were laid before "the mistress"—before the homeless, houseless, pennyless woman—by the descendant of peasants, who never received what the English peasant would consider "fair treatment" from the house they worshipped. "I can afford it, thank God," said the husband, who owed her no fealty, "*and if I could not, she should have it all the same.* It's hard if I couldn't afford as much as *that*, in remembrance of an ancient ould family. I do my best to love her, poor lady, just to please Mary, who would with a heart and a half lay her aching bones upon a *lock* of straw, and put her mistress on a *swan's breast*, if she could. But, poor thing! her temper's not sweet, and no wonder; though it's not much matter, for the crosser she is, the more Mary tries to take the crossness off her, feeding her up with the memory of the past, and making it seem the present." The farmer's wife regretted that her children did not feel all she felt towards the "mistress" and the "ould times;" but she said, there were new fashions and feelings—maybe they were better than the *ould*, but she did not know. She was *almost* afraid they were not. Any how, ever since the mistress came, their blessings had increased—they all knew that; and certainly the good woman, who had a long time been talking of resting from her labours, seemed to work harder than ever; while no one but herself could have borne the tyranny she had brought into her house. She laboured

hard to conceal this from her husband, and he, with marvellous kindness, pretended *not* to see it; but he could hardly conceal his vexation, when his wife told him that the "mistress" had "taken a notion before death," and would go to "the salt water." "It's the last notion she'll ever take, Mick, honey, and give her her way this onst. It's all I'll ask ov you. 'Deed it will do *me* good, and take the pains out of my bones, and the *impression* off my heart, maybe."

The kind farmer knew better; but smiled at the stroke of womanly cunning, which he told her was not needed. "You're making a smooth bed for yourself in heaven, Mary," he said, "and I'll not stand betwixt you and the duty you owe the fine ould family that *owned you*." But what the farmer's wife said was true—it was the restlessness of approaching death which caused the poor lady's desire to catch at every straw of life; odious as she said life was, still she clung to it. It was better than the dull, dark, forgetful grave, beyond which she saw no light. She would be drawn to the beach every day, and would not suffer any creature but Mary to wait upon her. Poor Mary, the pains in her bones, and the "impression about her heart," increased; and every one called it a "mercy" when "the lady" died. It was in vain the farmer's wife was entreated to suffer her "mistress" to be buried in the nearest churchyard.

"No," she answered; "she is the last of her line, and she must rest with her own people." And so she laid her in a decent coffin, for which

the carpenter would take no coin; and all "the neighbours" followed the corse, blessing the "farmer's wife," as she sat at the coffin's foot, talking of *ould* times, and *ould* families, not so much with affection or even respect, but with a sort of *duty-feeling*, that, because they had been "long on the land," they were entitled to their service and devotion. These creatures formed a procession, and accompanied the corse many a weary mile, until the farmer's wife was met by the farmer-husband, and the priest of her own parish, and her own friends; and, strangers as they were to each other, the people exchanged words of sympathy and kindness, praising the good woman's devotion to her mistress—and then the sea-side peasants returned home. The corse was "waked" one night in its "native" halls, and then deposited amid its ancestral dust—the farmer's wife thankful to the last that, "though indeed the mistress, God help her! was a weary ould body at the last, still it was a blessing to be able to do my duty to an ancient ould family, that me and mine lived under for more than two hundred years!"

The early history of Carlow county is of great interest; long prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion it was the scene of innumerable contests between the kings and chieftains of the country; and between them again, and their insatiate foes, the Danes; and many singular anecdotes illustrating the uncivilised character of the times are recorded, upon the somewhat apocryphal authority of Keating and O'Halloran.⁸⁷

The history of the struggle between the native Irish and the handful of Welsh invaders, however, rests upon more authentic documents. Carlow was for a considerable period the battlefield of the contending parties; and here Strongbow was assailed by a formidable force under the command of O'Ryan, a native chieftain, who would have gained a decisive victory but for the fall of their leader, who was killed by an arrow from the bow of "a monk named Nicholas," an attendant upon the English army. The scene of the rencontre was subsequently called "the Earl's Pass;" and it is memorable as the place where the most tragic incident of the war occurred. Strongbow's only son, it is said, a youth of seventeen years of age, was so dismayed by the numbers and savage demeanour of the Irish, that he fled in terror to Dublin; but learning that his friends had escaped, he returned to congratulate them on their safety; when his father—emulating the old Roman—after upbraiding him with his cowardice, ordered him to be immediately executed: some historians assert, indeed, that he actually slew the boy himself, by hewing his body in two parts with a single blow of his sword.

When matters had been comparatively settled, and King John had elevated Catherlogh into a county, he granted the principality of Leinster to William, Earl Marshal, whom he created Earl of Pembroke, and to whom the erection of many of the castles, besides that of Carlow, may be traced.⁸

The native Irish, "the pestilent infesters of the Pale," as they are generously termed by contemporary historians, continued for centuries to make Carlow their "harbour," from which they continually broke out to worry their unwelcome neighbours; and they reduced the county to such straits, that the return to the writ summoning a Parliament, in 1332, contained this remarkable passage:—"Having, by virtue of this writ, called before me the Commons of the County, they unanimously allege that there is no layman able, by reason of poverty, from the frequent robberies and depredations of the Irish enemies, to meet our sovereign lord the King in his Parliament in England." Out of this state of things, and in this county, is said to have originated the custom of "*Coygne and Livery*,"—for so long a period a fertile source of misery to the inhabitants of Ireland. It is thus described and characterised by Sir John Davis:—"The most wicked and mischievous custom of all others was that of *coygne* and *livery*, often before mentioned; which consisted in taking man's meat, horse meat, and money, of all the inhabitants of the country, at the will and pleasure of the soldier, who, as the phrase of scripture is, did eat up the people as it were bread, for that he had no other entertainment."

In later times, the county of Carlow has occupied no prominent position in the history of Ireland, nor have any of its towns been at all remarkable. There is, however, one of them that

ranks among the most interesting of the kingdom.

Leighlin—"Old Leighlin"—although now dwindled to a small village, was in ancient times a place of great importance, and is still an episcopal see, but united, in the year 1600, to that of Ferns, in the county of Wexford. The bishopric is said to have been established so early as the year 632; and it is stated by Archdall, that its founder, St. Laserian, had "at one time 1,500 monks under his jurisdiction."⁸⁹ "The cathedral (which is of the plainest Gothic architecture) consists of a nave and chancel. The length of the nave is eighty-four feet; that of the chancel, sixty feet; breadth, twenty-one feet. In the nave is a large stone baptismal font, sustained by a pedestal which rests upon a raised foundation six feet square. The font is at the height of about five feet from the floor of the nave. A very curiously-worked arch of stone may be observed over part of the nave. The entire side is, with the usual bad taste, whitewashed. The belfry tower is about sixty feet in height, and has a mean sort of slated spire on top; which, from its pigmy size, and general unsuitableness to the building on which it is erected, has the worst possible effect. Winding stone steps are continued to the summit of the belfry; forty steps lead to the first landing-place, after which twenty-two more, of very narrow construction, conduct to the top." In the immediate vicinity of

Leighlin, is a remarkable and very picturesque "Rath," and close to the cathedral is the well of St. Laserian. It was a few years ago a famous resort of the peasantry on the Saint's day, the 18th of April; but Mr. Ryan informs us that the patron was very properly prohibited by the parish priest, and it is now "no longer the scene of gambling and intoxication." Two very old ash trees and a whitethorn, which formerly overshadowed the well, were cut down (about 1823) by the late Capt. Vigors, of Erindale, who leased a considerable tract of land here from the see of Leighlin. The whitethorn was formerly hung with all sorts of rags by the devotees, pilgrims, or visitors to this holy spot. At present the well is almost choked up with mud, and is hardly distinguishable from the marsh by which it is encompassed. About ten yards from the well stands a rude stone cross, five feet in height. The whole is surrounded by a low straggling ditch.

As the other towns of Carlow county afford us little matter for description or comment, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity to supply the information we have gathered in reference to the existing "Constabulary Force" of Ireland.

During our latest visit to Ireland, we had frequent opportunities of testing the advantages that had accrued to the community at large, from the admirable mode in which this force is conducted. Our attention was first attracted by the exceedingly neat and clean-looking houses, fitted



up as their barracks, in many instances built expressly for them, and the remarkably soldier-like air and manner of the fine-looking young men who compose the corps.⁹⁰ The closer our inquiries, the more we became convinced that we must attribute to the skilful and wise system under which it is managed, no inconsiderable portion of that improvement we have noticed as evident in all parts of the country; and we soon arrived at the conclusion, that it need excite no surprise to find government enabled to withdraw the army from Ireland, when its place is supplied by a force much more shrewd, active, and intelligent, and far more effective for the purpose which it is intended to answer.⁹¹ Soldiers were at all times available for quelling disturbances; but the constabulary have acted upon the principle of the adage, "prevention is better than cure;"—as one of its officers very forcibly expressed it to us, they "*take off the match before the shell explodes.*" This design is, indeed, thus distinctly laid down in one of the earliest of the printed "regulations." "In the performance of their duty as peace-officers, they are distinctly to understand that their efforts should be principally directed to the *prevention* of crime, which will tend far more effectually towards the security of person and property than the punishment of those who have violated the laws; and the very best evidence that can be given of the efficiency of the police is the absence of crime."

As the subject is one of very great interest,

yet one with which the public, generally, is by no means well acquainted, we may be pardoned for treating it at some length.

The first introduction of an *armed* police force into Ireland was in 1787: prior to that time, constables were appointed by *courts-leet*, and by magistrates in quarter-sessions. By the 27th Geo. III., cap. 40, the lord-lieutenant was empowered to divide counties into districts, consisting of one or more baronies, and to appoint a chief constable to each district, with an annual salary not exceeding fifty pounds. The grand juries were empowered to appoint sixteen sub-constables, "being protestants," in each district, and to present a salary not less than ten pounds, nor more than twelve pounds, for every sub-constable. An allowance to constables conveying prisoners, and "armed protestants" assisting them, of threepence per mile, was also made. This act was only carried into effect in thirteen counties. In 1792, another act was passed (32d Geo. III., cap. 16), authorising the grand juries of the remaining counties to appoint not more than *eight* constables in every barony or half-barony, and to present at each assizes⁹² four pounds for every constable. The grand juries were also to raise two pounds per man once in twelve years, for arms and accoutrements, with the same allowance to "armed protestants," as in the former act.

The constables appointed under the above acts, although armed, wore no uniform, and in general, if not universally, followed their ordi-

nary occupations: they were found so very inefficient, that in 1814, Sir Robert Peel, then chief secretary, introduced, what is generally termed, the "Peace Preservation Act," (54th Geo. III., cap. 131),⁹³ by which the lord-lieutenant was empowered to appoint for any district comprising a county, or one or more baronies proclaimed by the privy council as in a state of disturbance, a chief magistrate,⁹⁴ a chief constable, and fifty sub-constables, whose functions *were to cease* on the district being declared *tranquil*. By this act, provision was made for the continuance of the *baronial constables* appointed under the acts of 1787 and 1792.

The Peace Preservation Act having been found to answer to a certain extent the object for which it had been framed, induced the government to introduce a more general measure; accordingly, in 1822, the Constabulary Act was passed. By this act, the lord-lieutenant was empowered to appoint four general superintendents (one for each province), and one chief constable; and the magistrates, sixteen sub-constables for each barony, half-barony, or other division of a barony (being double the number of constables allowed by the act of 1782). The lord-lieutenant was also authorised to appoint "resident magistrates," and an extra number of constables in certain cases. On this act coming into operation, the chief constables and constables under the acts of 1787 and 1792 ceased to act. But the "Peace Preservation" force of 1814 continued in *certain disturbed districts* until October, 1836,

when the constabulary and peace preservation establishments were consolidated by the 6th Wm. IV., cap. 13, and placed under the control of one head (the inspector-general). Such a measure had long been in contemplation, and different bills were from time to time brought before Parliament, but not proceeded with beyond a second reading, until Lord Normanby's government took the matter in hand, and carried the present act (6th Wm. IV. cap. 13). By this act, the lord-lieutenant is empowered to appoint one inspector-general, two deputy inspectors-general (to be resident in Dublin), four provincial inspectors, thirty-five sub-inspectors (now called county inspectors)—one for each county and riding, one chief constable (now called sub-inspector), two head constables, and sixteen constables and sub-constables for each barony, half-barony, or other division of a barony; also, one receiver and eighteen paymasters, and also an unlimited number of paid magistrates.

It is only necessary to contrast, briefly, the existing with the late establishments, to gain the ready admission of every impartial mind, that the present is a decided improvement on the former. Under the old system there were, first of all, *two distinct* establishments, somewhat analogous to the line and militia, the one being a permanent force, the other (the Peace Preservation) co-existing with "disturbance." These establishments were totally independent of each other, *each* acting under *several* heads, and upon different systems. Thus the constabulary was divided

(by the number of provinces in Ireland) into four *distinct* bodies, *each* under the superintendence of a provincial inspector-general. The power, however, of appointing the subordinate members of the force, that is, constables and sub-constables, and of framing rules and regulations for the control and management of the establishment of the several counties, was vested in the *magistrates*, subject, in the latter case, to the approval of the lord-lieutenant. Again, amongst the officers of each county force there was no gradation of rank, and of course no one having any superiority; consequently, each chief constable acted independently within his district; a *few* maintained, in some degree, a show of discipline, but the majority preferred living *quietly*, or, in other words, they permitted their men to act pretty much as they pleased, and did not interfere to prevent the magistrates from employing them as they thought fit. To meet, in some measure, this obvious defect in the act, and the inconveniences resulting therefrom, the government of the day, as a first step towards improvement, appointed one officer in every county (under the name of sub-inspector), and who was also the paymaster, to superintend the force of his county. Several of these officers were subsequently placed in the Commission of the Peace, and continued to perform, in addition to their peculiar duties as inspectors and paymasters, those of a magistrate, efficiently and satisfactorily to the public, without any increase of pay, until the passing of the act in 1836.

With respect to the Peace Preservation force, it was, in like manner, subdivided into several distinct parties, each party (not exceeding one chief constable and fifty constables and sub-constables) being under the superintendence of a chief magistrate, who had the complete and sole control of it, and with which, under the special provisions of the act, the local magistrates had no authority or right to interfere. Thus, with two separate establishments, *each* divided under several and distinct heads, *all* active under different systems, and under a variety of inconsistent regulations, it could not be expected that the public service should be properly or efficiently conducted. Indeed, these manifest disadvantages were not altogether unnoticed, nor left without an effort being made to remedy and counteract them. In the majority of the counties, the magistrates themselves were among the first to desire a change, and commenced a most wise and salutary reform by surrendering, to the inspectors-general of their respective provinces, the right to appoint constables, which, to say the least of it, had not been very judiciously exercised. In some counties a man's religion formed a principal consideration whether he should be admitted into the force or not. The number of persons too, generally known by the name of "*Followers*," who obtained appointments was numerous, and, as a consequence, these individuals were more the servants of their patrons than of the public, in many instances acting as their stewards, gate-

keepers, game-keepers, or wood-rangers, &c. On the other hand, the men nominated by the inspectors-general were selected without reference to their religious faith, and not until after strict inquiry into their characters and general fitness for the service as regarded both their literate and physical ⁹⁵ qualifications; and, as a further improvement, they were removed from among their own relations and friends, and from local *influence*—the bane of all discipline. It should be observed, that some persons entertain the opinion that, inasmuch as local knowledge is of the first importance to a policeman, “no man should be removed from his *native* county, with the localities of which he is supposed to be well acquainted.” But it will be obvious that the objections against so fixing them are numerous and strong, especially in Ireland, where the claims of relationship and “party” are frequently paramount to all others; and it will be equally apparent that greater confidence will be placed by *all* the inhabitants of a district in a body known to have no predilections towards *any*. Indeed, those who are acquainted with the Irish character will have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion, that the arrangement, by which the natives of one part are located in another part, was exceedingly rational and judicious.

The propriety of the measure adopted by the magistracy of the majority of the counties, in surrendering to the inspector-general their right of appointment, was soon manifested in the improved appearance, description, and discipline of

the men selected by the inspector-general, over those of the counties in which the magistrates still retained the right of appointment. There was altogether a great change for the better in the order and cleanliness of their barracks, which before this period were not paid much attention to. But a much more important result was produced by this change of system, and its consequent effect on the discipline of the establishment; namely, *confidence* on the part of the people in general in its members, and which has continued to increase as the discipline of the force has advanced, and all religious distinctions in the selection of its members have disappeared. The consequence is, that from having been an unpopular force, it is now quite the reverse. It is a remarkable fact that, interspersed as the Protestant and Roman Catholics are, in nearly 1,500 barracks all over the kingdom, it is of extremely rare occurrence indeed that any difference has arisen on the score of religion.⁹⁶

Thus, then, in a national point of view, the constabulary force has been, and is, of the greatest advantage to Ireland, whether considered socially or morally. In the first place, it is a comfortable and respectable provision for several thousands of her natives, who, from the lives which they are obliged to lead, acquire orderly, sober, cleanly, and respectful habits and manners; the prospect, too, of rising by good conduct and intelligence to the rank of officers, is not only an incentive to the former, but has induced the sons of very many highly respectable gentle-

men to enter the establishment: and as no person is eligible to enter it who cannot read and write, it has, from this circumstance, effected more towards the education of the people than is perhaps generally known.

The great desire to obtain appointments in the force, and the disgrace attached to a dismissal from it, show the value the people set on a situation in it.⁹⁷

With respect to the appointment of officers, a regulation exists that no appointment is to be considered *confirmed* until the individual nominated has served a probation of six months, to give the inspector-general an opportunity of judging as to his fitness, &c.: this has only reference to original appointments. All *promotions* in the force are made on the recommendation of the inspector-general.⁹⁸

These arrangements have had a powerful effect in stimulating the force, generally, to an upright, impartial, and zealous performance of their duties, and have diffused an *esprit* through the entire establishment, which did not before exist, and which has added much to its efficiency, as well as to its respectability.

The good temper, forbearance under great provocation, patience under fatigue, and strict impartiality, exhibited by the constabulary at riots, contested elections, and other occasions, have frequently been the subject of just commendation. A stronger proof cannot be adduced to sustain this assertion, than the fact, that it has very rarely occurred, particularly of late

years, that a life has been lost in any affair in which the constabulary have been concerned, which is saying much for an *armed body*, or that any member of that body has been brought to trial, or reported, for intemperance in the execution of his duty.⁹⁹

The duties of the constabulary are multifarious and onerous, and are becoming every day more and more so. In fact, whatever is to be done is expected to be performed by it. The constabulary is now the great machine by which almost every measure is worked, and there is no doubt that it is becoming gradually of greater political importance; therefore, the greater care should be taken not to make its members politicians, or to depend on political influence. It should, as much as possible, be kept a distinct body—that is, distinct from all political considerations. Besides the ordinary and more legitimate duties as peace-preservers, the constabulary are employed in various ways, which creates, indirectly, a vast saving to the public: for instance, they have been, and continue to be, employed under the Poor Law Act, in escorting convicts from all parts of Ireland to Dublin (a duty heretofore performed by the military and county jailers at a very heavy expense); in serving notices under various acts of parliament; and at this moment they are engaged in taking the census of the population. They attend at all large markets, fairs, “patrons,” and public meetings within their respective districts, to preserve order; as well as all assizes, quarter and petty sessions, bankrupt

courts, contested elections, &c. They also render essential service on occasion of wrecks, in the recovery of fines and estreated recognizances (now a great source of revenue, but heretofore consumed by the sheriff), and in the check they keep upon illicit distillation, and the suppression of unlicensed houses, which could never be effected, without their aid, by the revenue officers. They are patrolling at all hours of the night; and the knowledge that they are invariably on the alert to detect crime has been naturally efficacious in preventing it.

We have thus entered at length into this subject, because no measure introduced into Ireland of late years is so calculated to influence the character and condition of the country. That, at present, the system is working well in all respects, we have the evidence arising from our own very minute inquiries, made in various quarters, and from various classes; as well as the testimony of many persons better enabled, from longer residence in Ireland, to prove safe and satisfactory authorities. We have, in the course of our observations, referred to many circumstances that lead to a conviction of the great practical good arising to the public from the employment of this force—governed and disciplined as it is at present; enabling government to station elsewhere a large body of military, almost indeed to do without a single soldier in Ireland; to introduce habits of order and subordination, as examples and encouragements to the population; to promote education by manifesting its advan-

tages; and, above all, to *exhibit the law as acting for the protection of every class of the community*. Upon this latter point we would lay especial stress. A few years ago, the feeling was almost universal among "the people," that justice was within the reach of but a privileged few, and that the primary, if not the exclusive, duty, of all persons in the service of the law, was to protect the rich from the encroachments of the poor. Unhappily, this opinion was not entirely imaginative; for centuries, the aristocracy failed, either from disinclination or want of sympathy, thoroughly to mix themselves with the people: the former were for the most part of English descent, and the latter the aboriginal Irish; and it was the policy of England to strengthen rather than to remove the barriers that kept the two distinct and apart. The one class had entire confidence in the power and will of the law; the other class depended mainly on themselves—on their banding together to resist aggression, not unfrequently to become aggressors. Hence a most unhappy state of things, which, having endured for ages, is only now undergoing a change. The dregs of the noxious draught still remain. But the people generally have learned to respect the law, and to look to it for protection and not oppression. The existing "Constabulary," created by themselves and of themselves, has their CONFIDENCE; which, until within the last few years, was never given to any force employed by government. We have not formed this opinion without instituting the closest inquiries. We

derive it from consultations with persons of all parties and all stations, but more particularly from the small farmers and working men, the least likely to be biassed in its favour. We do not, therefore, hesitate to assert, that a better constabulary never existed in any country; and that, for every additional man appointed to it, two soldiers may be safely removed from Ireland.

It seems not unnatural that some account of the ancient distinguishing characteristic of Ireland—"The Faction Fights"—should follow our notice of the constabulary force; for we are mainly indebted to that body for their extinction as a national reproach. Their history belongs to OLD Ireland; for, of late years, their occurrence has been very rare; and since the establishment of temperance, they have been made to appear in the eyes of the peasantry as revolting as they were formerly exciting. Previously to the prevalence of sobriety, however, they had "gone out of fashion;" murder having for some time ceased to be a necessary epilogue to a fair. A primary instruction to the constabulary—keeping carefully in view the principle of "taking off the match before the shell explodes"—thus refers to the subject:—

"The law defines that three persons in a state of quarrel constitute a 'riot,' and they or any of them may be indicted accordingly, upon the evidence of one or more credible witness or witnesses, although the rioters themselves may not lodge informations against or prosecute each other: and therefore it becomes a paramount duty of the force not only to suppress all riots, but also to identify and lodge informations against rioters, in order to vindicate the law,

and to neutralize any arrangement or compromise which might be entered into by such rioters.

“Officers in charge of districts are to keep exact memoranda of the dates of all fairs, markets, races, and other periodical meetings in their several districts, and are to attend at such meetings with a sufficient force for the preservation of the peace; and in the event of any breach of it occurring, it will depend upon the officer’s discretion and firmness, the strength of his party, and the several circumstances of the case, whether the rioters are to be arrested, *or merely identified so that they may be afterwards brought to justice.*”

It was the clause we have marked in italics that settled the matter; for although, in the heat of a fight, the factions would have despised the police, and both, probably (as they often did), have postponed their own affair to beat the common enemy, this “identifying” for after punishment was a plan they could not contrive to overreach. The constabulary were everywhere; it was almost impossible for a contest to take place without their knowledge; and they were invariably upon the spot to “identify.” The natural consequence was, that the system gradually vanished; and temperance effectually—and for ever—destroyed it.

It is unquestionable that it originated in a want of popular confidence in the administration of the law; and it is equally certain that the endeavours of the police to put an end to it—although at first facilitated by the dread of punishment—were greatly assisted by a growing consciousness that the law was now administered, not for public oppression, but for public pro-

tection. When the peasant became satisfied that his wrongs were assured of redress, and that satisfaction for either insult or injury was to be had at all times, it was comparatively easy to induce him to abstain from "taking the law into his own hands," and fighting out a quarrel.

Quarrels descended from father to son. There was scarcely a district in Ireland that did not recognise some hereditary dispute; and it became a sort of duty for a member of one family to insult the member of another family, whenever they chanced to meet. Every relation of each, no matter how distant, was expected to "stand by his faction;" and times and places were regularly appointed where they might meet to "fight it out;" the majority of the combatants, in nine cases out of ten, being utterly ignorant what they were fighting for, and the leaders being very seldom acquainted with the original cause of the quarrel.

The magistrates were, generally, totally unable to interrupt a fight when it had begun, and usually failed to prevent it after the arrangements for it had been made; and we have more than once seen a parish priest—respected and beloved by his flock—labouring as vainly to establish peace among them as if he talked to so many stocks or stones.

Many years have passed since we witnessed one of those disgusting scenes. Unhappily, with their brutality and cruelty was frequently mixed up so much fun and humour and physical courage, that their revolting character was not im-

mediately perceptible, although generosity was a rare ingredient in a fight, and women too frequently mingled in it. We must observe, however, that, in the most ferocious encounter, a woman was seldom struck—we might almost go the length of saying, never—except by accident. We recollect seeing one of “the gentler sex” striking right and left with a terrific weapon—a huge stone in a stocking-foot—and noting several men knocked down by her blows without either of them aiming at her a single one in return. It used to amaze us that more lives were not lost in such contests; but a man was frequently saved in consequence of the number of his adversaries, all beating at him with their sticks, which generally interfered so much with each other that few of the blows reached him. We call to mind one fair in particular; it took place in the vicinity of Ballydehob, about thirty miles west of the county of Cork, and at a time when there was little dread of interruption. We shall endeavour to describe it—briefly, however, for the subject is not pleasant, and now cannot be useful. Towards the afternoon of a fine spring day, the rival factions began to assemble—each armed with his stout shillalah.¹⁰⁰ The leaders parleyed somewhat before they began—not a very frequent course; they were surrounded by women and children; and an old hag seemed determined there should be no chance of peace, for she rated one of them with the term “coward.” Actual hostilities were, however, commenced by a huge fellow running through the

crowd, and stopping before each man of the opposite party, whom he greeted with the foul phrase "liar:" his purpose was soon answered; one, less patient than the rest, struck him a blow; their sticks were crossed, and in a moment hundreds had joined the *mêlée*. They fought for above an hour—and, at length, one party was beaten off the field. But, in truth, we can do little good by entering into minute explanations of a scene so revolting; and we shall prefer leaving them to the reader's fancy; communicating the attendant consequences in the less disagreeable form of a story; telling it, however, as nearly as we can call them to mind, in the very words in which we heard it; and so carrying out our plan of varying dry details by the introduction of matter more attractive.

"The faction fights, plase your honours," said an intelligent countryman when spoken to by us on the subject, "the faction fights are a'most, and maybe more than a'most, gone off the face of the country. The boys are beginning to talk about them as things they have seen—like a show or a giant. We ask each other how we were ever drawn into them, what brought them about; and the one answer to that is—Whiskey! No gun will go off until it is *primed*, and sure whiskey was the priming. That made more orphans and widows than the fever or starvation. Thanks be to God, if death come upon us now, it is by the Lord's will, and not our own act."

It was encouraging to hear such a remark from

one of "the people;" and this was by no means a solitary instance.

The man, had he confessed, many a time when a mere child, incited by the example of the faction to whom his parents belonged, nerved his little arms to cast heavy stones into the *mêlée*, not caring how or where they fell. "We usen't to mind *a bit of a shindy in those times*: if a boy was killed, why we said it was 'his luck,' and that it couldn't be helped; if a fellow trailed his coat over the fair green and *dared* any one to stand a foot on it, we enjoyed the fight that was sure to follow, and never thought or cared how it would end. Sure I remember my own brother—and now since he's been a Temperance man, he hasn't raised a finger in anger to any living creature—sure I mind him well, *feeling the tents for heads*, and when he'd get one to his liking, giving it first a good rap, and then calling on the owner to come out and fight him; sure he'd never have done that but for the whiskey. Ah," he continued, "that was a foolish *divarshin*, but there was no *heart* bitterness with it; nothing to *lay heavy* to the end of one's days. But the faction fights war the bitterest of all—black hatred descending from father to son against the opposite faction, as if poor Ireland hadn't enough enemies without turning—worse than a wild beast—to murder and destroy her own flesh and blood. Now there's a poor woman," he said, pointing to a pale patient-looking person who sat knitting at her cottage door; "there's a poor creature! Mrs. Lawler knows what factions

come to, and so she ought; she'll tell the lady her story and welcome, if she has any curiosity to hear it. Good morrow-morning to you, Mrs. Lawler, and how's your girleen, ma'am? the lady would be glad to rest while the gentleman and I get up the far hill; and you have always a welcome, like your people before you, for the stranger."

"Kindly welcome," said the widow. "Mary, dust the chair, avourneen."

The cabin was clean and neat, and bearing no evidence of the presence of that sad poverty we had so frequently seen, though it did not dim the smile or lessen the welcome—nor was it difficult to lead the widow to the story of sorrows, which, however softened by time, were ever uppermost in her mind.

"My mother and myself were widowed by factions—plase God, my little girl won't have the same tale to tell, for the Connells and the Lawlers might put salt to each other's potatoes without fear of fighting now. It was a shocking thing to see the arm of brother raised against brother, only because as battle and murder war in the hearts of their forefathers they must be continued in their own.

"I was born a Connel, and almost the first thing I learned was to hate a Lawler, from the lip out; and yet hard fortune was before me, for the very first passion my heart felt was the same love it feels still, for a Lawler; it has known no change, though it has known sorrow; the first knowledge I had of the wild beatings of my

own heart was when I saw that girl's father. Ah yah! it has beat with joy and terror often; but the love for my first love, and my last, was always one; and now, when all is past and gone, and that you, Mark Lawler, are in your green quiet grave, I am prouder to have been the choice of your own fine noble spirit, than if I was made this moment the queen of all Ireland's ground. O lady! if you could have seen him! 'Norah,' said my father to me, and I winnowing at our barn-door with the servant-maid—'Norah, keep your eyes on the grain, and not after the chaff, and don't raise them above the hedge, for there's many a Lawler will be passing the road this day on account of the fair, and I don't wish a child of mine to notice them, or to be noticed by them.' I intended to do his bidding, and whenever I heard a horse or the voices of strangers coming down the boreen, I kept my eyes on the grain, and let the chaff fly at its pleasure, until a dog broke through the hedge, and attacked a little beast of my own; so as soon as that came to pass, I let the sieve fall, to catch my own little dog in my arms; there was no need for that, for *he* was over the hedge, lighter and brighter than a sunbeam. Ah, then, I wonder is love as quick at taking in all countries as it is here? Mark Lawler didn't speak ten words, nor I two; and yet from that out—under the bames of the moon, or the sun, in the open field, or in the crowd, it was all one—no one but Mark Lawler was in my mind. I knew he was a Lawler by his eyes, and well he knew I was a

Connel; but the love would have little of boy and girl love in it that would heed a faction. We, who had never met till that moment, could never go astray in the fields without meeting after. Ah! Mary," she continued, addressing her daughter, and yet, in her simplicity, quite forgetting she had been proving the uselessness of precept by her own confession; "ah, Mary dear, if ye feel yer heart soften towards a young man, keep out of his way intirely, avourneen; have nothing to say to him, don't drive your cow the same road he walks, nor draw water from the same well, nor go to the same chapel, Mary, barrin you have no other to go to: there's a deal of mischief in the chapel, dear, because you think in your innocence you're giving your thoughts to God, and all the time, maybe, it's to an idol of your own making, my darling child, they'd be going; sure your mother's sorrow ought to be a warning, avourneen!"

"Yes, mother," replied the blue-eyed girl, meekly.

"Well, lady, my poor father thought I grew very attentive intirely to the young lambs, and watchful over the flax; but at last some of the Connells whispered how it was, that Mark Lawler met his child unknownst; and he questioned me, and I told the truth, how I had given my heart out of my bosom; and I fell at his feet, and cried salt and bitter tears until they dropped upon the ground he stood on; and seeing his heart was turning to iron, I, who had ever been like a willow in his hand, roused myself, and

challenged him to say a word to Mark's disadvantage. I said he was sober, honest, industrious; and my father was struck with the *strength of the heart* I took, and listened, until at last he made answer, that if a saint from heaven came down, and was a Lawler, he would not give him a drop of water to wet his lips. He threatened me with his curse if I kept true in my love, and thought to settle the thing out of hand by marrying me to my own second cousin; but that I wouldn't hear to. God knows I did not mean to cross him, but what could I do? Mark sent to ask me to bid him farewell, or his heart would break; I thought there could be no harm in blessing him, and telling him to think of me no more. Mary, avourneen," she said, again addressing her daughter, "if ye really want to break off at once with a young man, take warning by me."

"Yes, mother," was again Mary's gentle reply.

"At that meeting we agreed to meet again; and so we did, until we got a priest to make us one. At first I was happy as a young bird; but soon my heart felt crushed, for I had to carry two faces. My father was more bitter than ever against the Lawlers; and my brother, 'Dark Connel,' as he was called, more cruel than my father. At last I was forced to own that I was married. I watched the time when my brother was away; for one storm was as much as I could bear. My father cast me like a dog from the hearth I had played on when a child; in his fury

he knelt to curse me, but my mother *held a gospel against his lips*; so I was saved his curse. The arms of a loving husband were open for me; and until the midsummer fair I thought my happiness was sure. I worked hard to keep Mark from it, for the factions were sure to meet there; he swore to me that he would not raise a finger against my father or brother, nor let a drop of spirits pass his lips. I walked with him a piece of the way, and I thought all pleasure in sight left my eyes when he waved the last wave of his hat on the top of the hill. As I was turning into our own field, a lark was rising above its nest, singing its glory to the heavens in its sweet voice, when a shot from the gun of one of those *squireens*, who are thick among the leaves as spiders' webs, struck the bird, and it fell quivering and bleeding close to where I knew its nest was in the corn. I opened the bending grain to see if I could find it; it was lying quite dead, and its poor mate standing close by. The lark is a timid thing, but she never minded me, and my heart felt so sick, that I went into my house crying bitterly.

"I could not rest; I thought in a few hours I might be like that innocent bird; and taking my cloak about me, I walked on and on, until I came in sight of the fair green. It was a woeful sight to me—the shouts of the showmen, the screams of the sellers, the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, were all mixed together—while the yell of the factions, every now and again, drowned everything in its horrid sound.

I knew my father's voice as he shouted 'Hurroo for the Connells—down with the Lawlers.' I saw him standing before Mark, aggravating him. My husband's hands were clenched, and he kept his arms close by his side that he might not strike. I prayed that God might keep him in that mind, and flew towards them. Just as I dropped on my knees by his side, he had raised his arm—not against my father, but against my brother, who had drawn the old man back; and there they stood face to face—the two young heads of the old factions—blows were exchanged, for Mark had been aggravated beyond all bearing; and I was trying to force myself between them, when I saw my father stretched upon the green, in the very hour and act of revenge and sin. It was by a blow from a Lawler—the old man never spoke another word—and the suddenness of his death (for he was liked by the one and hated by the other) struck a terror in them all—the sticks fell to their sides—and the great storm of oaths and voices sunk into a murmur while they looked on the dying man.

“Oh! bitter, heart bitter, was my sorrow. I shrouded my father with my arms, but he didn't feel me; the feeling had left his limbs, and the light his eyes; however hard his words had been, the knowledge that I was fatherless, and my mother a widow, made me forget them all! While some of the neighbours ran for a priest, and others raised *the cry*, my brother—*darker* than ever I had seen him—fell upon his knees, and dipping his hand in the warm blood that

poured from the old man's wounds, held it up in the sight of the Connells. 'Boys,' he shouted, and his voice was like the howl of a wild beast—'Boys! by this blood I swear, never to make peace till the hour of my death with one of the name who have done this, but to hackle, and rive, and destroy all belonging to the Lawlers.'

"And the women who war about me cried out at my brother, and said, 'Sure his sister was a Connel:' but he looked at me worse than if I was a sarpent, and resting his hand—wet as it was—upon my head, turned away, saying, '*She is marked with her father's blood in the sight of the people.*'

"I thought I should have died; and when I came to myself I found I was in a poor woman's cabin, as good as half-way home, with two or three of the neighbours about me; and my husband, the very *moral* of a broken heart, by my side. 'Avourneen gra!' he said, striving to keep down the workings of his heart—'Avourneen gra! I had no hand in it at all. God knows I wouldn't have hurt a hair of his white head.' I knew it was the truth he was telling, yet somehow the words of my brother clung about me—*I was marked with my father's blood.*

"And the Connells put the old man's corpse upon a cart, and laid a clean white cloth over it; and carried him past my own little place—keening over it, and cursing the hand that gave him his death. Hundreds of the neighbours mixed with my own people, my widowed mother and my dark brother following; and so they

passed by our door; for miles along the road I could hear the loud scream of the mother that bore me high above the voices of all the rest. Oh! it was a horrid sound and a horrid sight!

“His death was talked of far and near; the magistrates set to putting down the factions, and the priest gave out from the altar, Sunday after Sunday, such commands, that, without flying in his reverence’s face, they could not keep on at the fights in public: every innocent diversion through the country was stopped on their account; but though there was outward peace, yet day after day I was followed by the spirit of my brother’s words; the world wouldn’t put it out of his head, that Mark struck the mortal blow, and he turned his ear from me, and from his own mother, and would not believe the truth.

“For as good as two years, the husband, whose life was the life-beat of my worn-out heart, seldom left the cabin without my thinking he would never come back. I’d wait till he was a few yards from the door, and then steal out to watch him till he was out of sight. At ploughing, or haymaking, or reaping, his whistle would come over the little hill to me, while I sat at my wheel, as clear as a blackbird’s; and if it stopped but for a minute, my heart would sink like death, and it’s to the door I’d be. If I woke in the night, I could not go to sleep again without my arm across his shoulder to feel that he was safe; and my first and last prayer to the Almighty, night and morning, was for him.

“My brother was very fond of children, and

though he had gone to live at the other side of the parish, I managed to meet him one evening, and place little Mary before him; but his face darkened so over the child, that I was afraid *she might be struck* with an evil eye, and, making the sign of the cross on her, I covered her from his sight with my cloak: after that, I knew nothing would turn his hatred, except the grace of God; and though I wished that he might have it, whenever I tried to pray for it for him, *my blood turned cold*. I've often thought," she continued, after a pause, "what a blessing it is, that we have no knowledge of the sorrow we're born to; for if we had, we could not bear life. *I had that knowledge*; Mark never smiled on me that I did not *feel my flesh creep*, lest it should be his last. He'd tell sometimes of how things were mending, how there was much bitterness going out of the country; and though there was no talk of temperance then, he saw plain enough, that if men would keep from whiskey they'd forget to be angry. And every minute, even while I trembled for the life of his body, the peace and love that was in him made me easy as to the life of his soul. At last I persuaded him to leave the country; a new hope came to me, strong and bright, and I thought we might get away to America, and that, maybe, then he'd have a chance of living all the days that were allotted at his birth. I did not tell him that, but having got his consent, I worked night and day to get off: it was all settled; the day fixed; and none of the neighbours, barring one or two of the Lawlers,

knew it, and I knew my brother would not hear it from them; and then my mother lived with him. The evening before the day was come, that time to-morrow we were to be on shipboard. 'I'll go,' says my husband, 'I'll go to the priest this evening, who christened, confirmed, and married me, and who knows all that was in me from the time I was born; his blessing will be a guard over us, and we'll go together to his knee.'

"We went; and though the parting was sad, it was sweet: we walked homewards—both our hearts full. At last Mark said, that only for me he'd never have thought of leaving the old sod; but, maybe, it would be for the best. I opened my mind to him then *intirely, and owned more than ever I had done before*; how the dread of the factions had disturbed me day and night; though I did not tell him how *my father's blood had been laid on me by my own brother*. He laughed at me—his gay wild laugh—and said he hoped my trouble was gone like the winter's snow. Now, this is a simple thing, and yet it always struck me as mighty strange intirely; we were walking through a field, and, God help me, it was a weak woman's fancy, but I never thought any harm could come to him when I was with him, and all of a sudden—started, maybe, at his laugh—a lark sprung up at our feet; we both watched it, stopped to watch it, about three yards from the ditch, and while it was yet clear in sight, a whiz—a flash as of lightning—the sound of death—and my husband was a corpse at my feet."

The poor woman flung her apron over her face to conceal her agitation, while she sobbed bitterly. "The spirit of the factions," she continued, "was in that fatal shot. Oh that he, my blessing and my pride, should have been struck in the hour of hope! Oh, Mark! Mark! long ago you, that I loved so well, were turned into clay—many a long day ago; and still I think, when I sit on your green grass grave, I can hear your voice telling me of your happiness; the heart of the youngest maid was not more free from spot than yours, my own darling! And to think that one of my own blood should have taken you from my side. Oh, then it was I who felt the curse of blood!"

"And was it—was it?" we would have asked, "was it your brother?"

"Whisht!" she whispered, "Whisht, avourneen, whisht! *he's in his grave too—though I didn't inform—I left him to God.* When I came to myself, the place around—the very sky where the lark and his soul had mounted together—looked dismal, *but not so dark as the dark-faced man who did it:* he had no power to leave the spot; he was fixed there; something he said about his father and revenge. God help me! sure we war nursed at the same breast. *No one knew it but me;* so I left him to God—I left him to God! And he withered, lady! he withered off the face of the earth—withered, my mother told me, away, away—he was *eat to death by his conscience!* Oh, who would think a faction could end in such crime as that!

“ Ah! people who live among the flowers of the earth know little of the happiness I have in taking my child, and sitting beside her on her father’s grave; and as month afther month goes by, *I can’t but feel I’m all the sooner to be with him!*” When she said this, it was impossible not to feel for her daughter; the poor girl cast such a piteous look upon her mother, and at last, unable to control herself, flung her arms tightly round her neck, as though she would keep her there for ever.

Again and again did her mother return her caresses—murmuring, “ My colleen-das will never be widowed by faction now; the spirit is all gone, praise be to the Lord: and so I tell *him* when I sit upon his grave.”

NOTES

¹ Some idea of the extent of "stock" exported from Ireland may be gathered from the following return supplied to us at the single port of Cork. From the 1st June, 1839, to the 31st May, 1840, there were conveyed by the St. George Steam Company—

Cows,	5,468	valued at £	54,700
Horses,	900	18,000
Pigs,	35,875	71,750
Sheep,	15,210	15,500
Fowl,	200 (crates)	1,000
Eggs,	7,883 (hampers)	24,000
Butter,	121,859 (firkins)	243,718
Total,			<hr/> £428,668

² In Wexford, charity had been so liberally administered by several of the resident gentry, and under such judicious arrangements, that during our recent visit we were met by the most practised beggars with only prayers and blessings, when driving into the town with a dear friend who had been foremost to aid, and who had actually stocked the market with food so as to compel a reduction of prices to the poor. "I'm not come," said one woman, who was accompanied by a troop of children—"I'm not come to ax yer honour's glory for anything; but only that the five childer ye saved from starving may look in yer sweet face."

³ "Going a round"—travelling from one sacred place to another, and saying a stated number of prayers at each. It is frequently undertaken "for the repose of a soul." At Kilcrea, we met a woman so aged as to be scarce able to walk, who had journeyed from the extreme end of Kerry in order to perform for her dead daughter a duty which the daughter had promised to do.

⁴ In the report made in 1832, by the commissioners appointed to inquire into the parliamentary representation of Ireland, it is stated that—"The county of the city of Cork consists of the city, suburbs, and liberties, the whole containing 45,000 statute acres, which en-

tire district forms the borough, is subject to the jurisdiction of the city magistrates, and contributes to the city taxes; and is in these respects, as well as in point of elective franchise, wholly distinct from the county at large.

"The site of the ancient city is an island, dividing the river Lee into two channels, which, after passing round, unite their waters below it. A portion of this island was formerly considered the city, and the neighbouring land, for a mile in every direction, constituted the suburbs under one of the charters, (Edward IV.) The tract of land now called the liberties was added by a subsequent charter (James I.), under which the whole became the county of the city of Cork.

"The island is connected with the main land on each side by numerous bridges, beyond which the suburbs have in course of time grown to a great extent, and form, in point of fact, a most important portion of the city.

"The limits of these suburbs were decided in 1813 for the purposes of local taxation; and a boundary separating them from the liberties was then laid down by the act of 53 George III. c. 3. Since that time, however, the suburbs have spread considerably.

"The government of the city is vested in a mayor, two sheriffs, a recorder, an unlimited number of aldermen, and a sufficient number selected from the burgesses to make up twenty-four, forming the common council.

"The number of dwelling-houses within the city and suburbs is 7,928, besides 1,684 warehouses, stores, and buildings; making a total of houses of all descriptions of 9,612. Of these 8,584 are slated, 1,028 are thatched, and 5,602 have seven windows and upwards."

⁵ See Mrs. Broughton's *Algiers*, 1839.

⁶ "Deoch an durrass," means literally, drink at the door.

⁷ The society did not, however, inculcate "*total abstinence*." The following is the resolution on which it was founded: "We, the undersigned members of the New Ross Temperance Society, being persuaded that the use of intoxicating liquors is, for persons in health, not only unnecessary but hurtful, and that the practice forms intemperate appetites and habits; and that while it is continued, the evils of intemperance can never be prevented—do agree to abstain from the use of distilled spirits, except as a medicine in case of bodily ailment; that we will not allow the use of them in our families, nor provide them for the entertainment of our friends; and that we will, in all suitable ways, discountenance the use of them in the community at large."

⁸ The Excise Returns may be referred to as conclusive evidence of the diminution in the consumption of ardent spirits: it is understood that in all the southern provinces the revenue is not sufficient to pay for the collection of it; and it is rumoured that arrangements are in progress for a large reduction of the expensive force employed by the Office. There are now but two distilleries at work in the whole county of Cork, and at the late fair of Ballinasloe—the great cattle fair of Ireland—there were but eight gallons of whiskey consumed; the average consumption heretofore being between seven and eight puncheons—*i. e.* about 800 gallons. The private stills are, as we have stated, entirely abandoned; one of the most fertile sources of demoralization among the peasantry has, therefore, been put an end to.

⁹ At Clonmel we had the safest means of knowing, that out of four thousand, of which one society consists, there had been but four “backsliders.” We naturally asked how it was possible to ascertain when the pledge was broken, if it were broken in private; and were told that each member was expected, as a moral duty, to communicate to the secretary the name of any member entering a public-house, or sending one of his family to it. This is of importance, as breaking down one of the strongest barriers against Irish improvement—the unwillingness to inform against a person who has committed a crime, no matter how abhorrent may be the crime and its perpetrator to the feelings of the witness, arising out of the contempt and hatred with which an “informer” is regarded.

¹⁰ In order to obtain some idea of the practical working of the system, in promoting economy among the humbler classes, we obtained returns from several of the savings-banks in the towns we visited. It will suffice perhaps to publish those from Cork, where it had been at work earlier than elsewhere.

For the year ending the 20th of Nov. 1838, the number of “small deposits,” *i. e.* under £5, was five thousand two hundred and fifteen.

For the year ending 20th November, 1839, six thousand four hundred and fifty-seven.

Being an increase of one thousand two hundred and forty-two.

The returns for the year 1840 we have not obtained. We do not expect they will be so encouraging; for the autumn of this year was a season of frightful want, one of those periodical visitations of poverty to which Ireland has been unhappily subject. Potatoes throughout the south averaged from 8*d.* to 10*d.* a stone, and they were frequently of so bad a quality that often a third was unfit

for use. The difficulty of procuring them at any cost was so great, that the inhabitants of many towns interfered to prevent even a portion from leaving their own districts. At Bandon we beheld a melancholy scene—several carts returning empty to their homes in the country, which they had quitted in the morning with money to procure food, but compelled to go back without it. Women and children accompanied them with loud cries; literally “keen-ing,” as if they were following a corpse to its place of rest. In Clonmel we saw the estimable rector distributing aid in food to 2,800 persons. In Kilkenny the state of things was still worse. A benevolent gentleman, the editor of a newspaper in that city, assured us that, on the morning of our visit, he had issued tickets for meal, at a very reduced price, to 2,500 families, computed to consist of ten thousand persons; nearly half the population.

If to this want of food had been added the evils of intemperance, the consequences would have been frightful. Yet, during the three months that the famine prevailed, except in Limerick, where there was some disturbance, there was scarcely an instance of breach of the peace. The people endured their sufferings and misery with wonderful patience; and, with the one exception, no attempt was made by the starving multitudes to obtain that which was the property of another.

We allude to these circumstances chiefly to account for the fact—we cannot doubt its being so—that this year the receipts at the various savings banks have not increased, the savings having been to a large extent drawn out to preserve existence.

¹¹ It is a fundamental rule of all the branch societies, of which there are many hundreds scattered through the country, that “no person even suspected of being a member of any illegal association, or of being bound by combination oaths, shall be allowed to become a subscriber to any of the reading-rooms (where the members meet) until he has fully cleared himself from such suspicion or accusation.” It is further provided that, in these rooms, “no political or religious controversy shall be, on any account, allowed.”

¹² Mr. Mathew asserts, and we presume can support his assertion by proof, that no member of the Temperance Society had been “brought before judge and jury,” up to the 22nd of September of the present year.

¹³ For the card and medal, if we understand rightly, the member is expected to pay one shilling; this has given rise to an inquiry as to what becomes of the money so collected. The pledge may be taken without receiving the medal; we met many persons who had not been rich enough to obtain it, and who were saving

their pence to do so. The Rev. Mr. Mac Leod, the coadjutor of Mr. Mathew, assures us that "not a fourth of the two and a half millions belonging to the society have taken either card or medal," and that a large number have received them gratis. Although the amount raised has been therefore much exaggerated, there is no doubt that it is considerable; we should counsel the furnishing some statement, but that to do so would be difficult, inasmuch as a great proportion of it is, to our knowledge, spent in affording temporary relief to those who come, wretched, poor, and diseased, from distances, and in forwarding various other objects of charity. A chapel, a tasteful and beautiful example of architecture, is erecting by Mr. Kearns Dean, the cost of which is to be defrayed out of the proceeds of the society. It is only justice to Mr. Mathew to state, that we have never heard a suspicion expressed that the money was improperly expended.

¹⁴ In a letter lately written by Mr. Mathew, he admits not only that these superstitions exist, but that they are not discountenanced by him. "If I could prevent them," he says, "without impeding the glorious cause, they should not have been permitted; but both are so closely entwined, that the tares cannot be pulled out without plucking up the wheat also. The evil will correct itself; and the good, with the Divine assistance, will remain and be permanent." It should be suggested to him that the greatest danger of relapse will arise from the discovery that such imaginings are unsubstantial and unreal.

¹⁵ The Rev. Matthew Horgan, the Parish Priest of Blarney, informs us that "the curious traveller will seek in vain for the *real* stone, unless he allows himself to be lowered from the northern angle of the lofty castle, when he will discover it about twenty feet from the top, with this inscription:—

CORMAC MC CARTHY FORTIS
ME FIERI FECIT. A.D. 1446."

The worthy Priest was our kind and courteous companion among the ruins, and the picturesque scenery in the neighbourhood. He is an Irish scholar—"a ripe and good one"—who has contributed largely to rescue from oblivion much of the antiquarian lore of his country; and we have to acknowledge some pleasant and profitable hours passed in his society.

¹⁶ Not far distant from Blarney are the remains of an ancient castle built by the English family of Barrett: it is said that O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, on marching by it in 1600, inquired who

lived there, and being answered that the owner was a good catholic, who had possessed it for four hundred years, swore in Irish: "No matter, I hate the English churl as if he came but yesterday." The feeling is by no means confined to the ancient chieftains or their descendants; an illustrative anecdote once came under our own notice. We had with us an English servant, who, on going to market, was hailed by a basket-woman wanting employment: "I b'leve, ma'am, you're English?" "Yes." "So am I, ma'am." "Indeed! when did you come over to Ireland?" "Oh! ma'am, I came over wid Oliver Crom'ell." A Roman Catholic clergyman of Cork was, during our recent visit to that city, called upon to administer the last rites of his church to an aged and dying woman. On his entrance, she addressed him in English; and after he had had a brief conversation with her, she commenced her "confession;" speaking, however, in Irish. The Priest was ignorant of the language, and told her so. "Then," she asked, "what brought ye here to me, if ye can't speak in my tongue, when ye knew what ye were wanted for?" "Good woman," he replied, "you understand English, and I can perform my duty as well in that language as in any other." The weak and emaciated woman raised herself from her straw pillow, and looking earnestly and angrily at her clergyman, thus addressed him: "*And did you think I was going to say my last words to God Almighty in the language of the Sassenach?*"

¹⁷ We should note that various other fine buildings are "in progress" to ornament the city; which may boast of some of the most skilful architects in the kingdom.

¹⁸ The Archdekins were an Anglo-Irish family, who "degenerating" became "*Hibernices quam Hiberniores*"—more Irish than the Irish themselves, and assumed the name of Mac Odo, or Cody. They "forfeited" in 1688, having followed the fortunes of James II.

¹⁹ "You're welcome—you're welcome,
Vice-Admiral Malcolm,
To anchor your squadron at Cove;
And, moreover, the stronger
Your force, and the longer
Your stay—the more welcome, by Jove," &c.

²⁰ Mr. J. Windele, the author of an interesting and valuable work, "*Notices of Cork and its Vicinity*," supplies the following table, kept for ten months of the year 1833-4, with a view to exhibit the slight range or variation of temperature that had taken

place at Cove; and argues, upon safe grounds and upon good authority, that those who seek to renovate health in continental climes may perceive how attainable it is nearer home, where extremes of heat or cold are alike unknown:—

	April	May	June	July	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.
Mean highest..	53	63	63	70	57	52	49	50
Mean lowest...	47	50	50	56	47	46	43	43

²¹ “The episcopal house,” says the amiable Bishop Bennett, “is at the east end of the village, a large irregular building, having been altered and improved by different bishops, but altogether a comfortable and handsome residence. The side next the village has a very close screen of trees and shrubs, and three other sides look to a large garden, and a farm of four hundred acres. This farm constitutes what is called the mensal lands, is generally close to the palace, and was intended for the corn and cattle consumed at the bishop’s table. The garden is large—four acres—consisting of four quarters full of fruit, particularly strawberries and raspberries, which Bishop Berkeley had a predilection for; and separated as well as surrounded by shrubberies, which contain some pretty winding walks, and one large one, of nearly a quarter of a mile long, adorned for great parts of its length by a hedge of myrtles, six feet high, planted by Berkeley’s own hand, and which had each of them a large ball of tar put to their roots.

“At the end of the garden is what we call the rock shrubbery, a walk leading under young trees among sequestered crags of limestone which hang many feet above our heads, and ending at the mouth of a cave of unknown length and depth, branching to a great distance under the earth, and sanctified by a thousand wild traditions; and which I have no doubt sheltered the first wild inhabitants of the town itself, *cluain* being the Irish name for a cave, or place of retirement. I have enclosed this place,” continues Bishop Bennett, “which is a favourite spot of mine, with a low wall; enlarged its limits, and planted it with shrubs, which grow in this southern part of Ireland (where frost is unknown) to a luxuriance of which the tall myrtles I have mentioned may give you some idea. Here I always spend some part of every day; sometimes with the mistress of my affections, with her arm in mine. On a Sunday, too, the gates are always thrown open, that my catholic neighbours may indulge themselves with a walk to the cave.

“Of Berkeley little is remembered, though his benevolence, I

have no doubt, was widely diffused. He made no improvement to the house; yet the part he inhabited wanted it much, for it is now thought only good enough for the upper servants. My study is the room where he kept his apparatus for tar-water. There is no chapel in the house; but a private door from the garden leads to the cathedral."

²² It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of opening roads through the less frequented districts of Ireland. The necessity which formerly existed for keeping a large armed force there has had, at least, this one good effect: "military roads" are to be found in all quarters. One of the wildest mountain-tracts of the county of Cork was, a few years ago, in such a state of insubordination as to be dangerous for travellers at all seasons, and a source of considerable annoyance to the Government. The question was asked, "What was to be done?" A shrewd adviser answered, "Make a road through it." The advice was taken, and the Bograh mountains are now peaceable and prosperous.

²³ Derrick, so late as 1760, writes that he set out from Cork for Killarney "on horseback, the city of Corke not affording at this time any sort of carriage for hire."

²⁴ We hired this car in Cork for twenty days, at the rate of ten shillings a day, expenses of man and horse included; for two persons it is a very desirable mode of travelling. It is needless to say that objects of the greatest attraction do not often lie in the beaten track, and that the most interesting and picturesque roads are seldom posted.

²⁵ This arrangement has been characterized as unsocial—but conversation is easily carried on by leaning across "the well." Its disadvantage is, that the eye can take in but the half of a landscape; a caustic friend likened it to the Irish character—which limits the vision to a one-sided view of everything.

²⁶ We shall, however, have some observations to offer on this subject hereafter; and especially in reference to the rough and careless way in which the roads are kept in repair; the stones that are laid down being generally huge knobs, that must remain for a year or two before they are sufficiently broken. This method of improvement is by the peasantry sarcastically called "powder pavement." We had once a rather whimsical illustration of its advantages. Travelling post, and about to change horses, the landlord of the inn came to our carriage door, and politely informed us we must have four horses for the next stage. We answered, that we had travelled it a year before with but two. "Oh!" he replied, "but the road has been mended since then."

An illustration is supplied by a road in the vicinity of Cork, between the villages of Carrigaline and Monkstown. Part of it is old, and, according to the ancient plan, hilly; to avoid a considerable elevation, a piece of new road was formed some time ago, substituting a dead flat for a steep; but so defective is the ground-work of this new line, that all travellers avoid it, taking the hill in preference. The new work is, therefore, perfectly useless; and will continue so until the old road has become entirely impassable.

²⁷ If the Irishman was not too firmly wedded to old *habits*, we should propose for his consideration a plan for providing his boys with jackets; namely, cutting off the tails of his unwieldy big coat; it is a constant custom when walking to throw it over the left arm, and it has always appeared to us an unnecessary waste of cloth.

²⁸ We were accompanied on our visit to Youghall and Lismore, and subsequently into Tipperary, by William Willes, Esq., of Cork—an accomplished artist, to whom the readers of this work will be largely indebted; and from whose observation, information, and experience, we derived as much benefit as we did from his pencil.

²⁹ Sir Joseph Banks, who took considerable pains to investigate the subject, considers that the potato was introduced into the British Islands (but not first in Ireland) in July, 1586, by the return expedition of Sir Walter Raleigh; for which the patent passed the Great Seal in 1584. Heriot, a scientific man, who accompanied the expedition, describes, under the head of "roots," those called in Virginia "Openawk," which he says are "round, some as large as a walnut, others much larger; they grow in damp soil, many hanging together, as if fixed on ropes; they are good food, either boiled or roasted." The baron Cuvier denies that the potato was derived from Virginia.

³⁰ Old Gerard, the English herbalist, who lived in 1590, thus describes the potato-luxury: "The potato roots are, among the Spaniards, Italians, and many other nations, common and ordinary meate; which no doubt are of mighty nourishing parts, and so strengthen and comfort nature, whose nutriment is, as it were, a mean between flesh and fruit, though somewhat windy; but, being roasted in the embers, they do lose much of their windiness, especially being eaten sopped in wine. Of these roots may be made conserves; no less toothsome, wholesome, and daintie, than of the flesh of quinces. And likewise those comfortable and delicate meates called in shops *morcelli*, *placentulæ*, and divers others such like. These roots may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may worke and

frame many delicate conserves and restorative sweetmeates. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes; some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes and eat them."

³¹ It is generally believed, however, that the potato, celebrated in the Elizabethan age, "is not the same root as that now commonly known by the name."

³² The Earl of Desmond, of whom we shall have to speak hereafter, in visiting Kilmallock, "the Balbec of Ireland," was perhaps the greatest subject, at that time, in Europe. Besides his numerous vassals, he had, it is said, 500 followers—gentlemen of his name and kindred. At his attainder, his confiscated estates amounted to 574,628 English acres, which were parcelled out among the queen's soldiers as rewards for crushing the rebellion.

³³ In his poem of "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," the poet Spenser thus speaks of the visit of Raleigh to Kilcoleman:—

"—I sate, as was my trade,
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore;
Keeping my sheep amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore.
There a strange shepherd chaunced to find me out;
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right;
Whom when I asked from what place he came
And how he hight, himself he did ycleep
The shepherd of the ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main sea deep."

And again, he describes Sir Walter sitting beside him on the banks of the Mulla listening to the music of his pipe:—

"And when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleas'd at it;
Yet æmuling my pipe; he took in hand
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And played thereon (for well that skill he cou'd),
Himselfe as skilful in that art as any."

³⁴ The present Duke of Devonshire is the proprietor of Youghall and Lismore; inheriting in the female line through the Clifford

family, to the heiress of which noble line Lord Cork's eldest son, created Earl of Burlington in 1663, was married.

³⁵ The house is called "Myrtle Grove," from the luxurious growth of the myrtles, by which it is nearly covered; some of which are between twenty and thirty feet high.

³⁶ One of these anecdotes we may quote. Raleigh had been directed to take prisoners the Lord Roche and his lady, and convey them to Cork; a task of no ordinary difficulty and danger, for Roche was safely ensconced in his strong castle, and the roads were beset with the troops of the seneschal of Imokilly, who had notice of the design. Sir Walter managed to avoid them, and arrived at the castle early in the morning, with a force of about ninety men; "whereupon the townsmen, to the number of five hundred, immediately took up arms." The knight marched directly to the gate, and desired to speak with the lord; which was agreed to, provided he would bring with him but two or three of his followers. The gate being opened, he and six of his soldiers entered; and after he had seen Lord Roche and spoken to him, by degrees Raleigh contrived to draw in a considerable number of his men, and to take possession of the outworks of the castle. Lord Roche "put the best face he could upon the matter," and invited the captain to dine with him. After dinner, Raleigh informed him of the purport of his mission; when his lordship, finding excuses of no avail, "resolutely said he would not depart." But Raleigh letting him know that he would take him by force, he found there was no remedy, and he and his lady set out on the journey, on a most rainy and tempestuous night, and through a very rocky and dangerous way, whereby many of the soldiers were severely hurt, and others lost their arms. However, the badness of the weather prevented their being attacked by the seneschal: and they arrived safe in the city [of Cork] (a distance of twenty miles) by break of day, to the great joy of the garrison, who were surprised that Raleigh had escaped so hazardous an enterprise.

³⁷ In Archdale's "Monasticon," there is a singular account of its origin; if this be, indeed, the structure referred to, of which there is some doubt. It was founded in 1224, for Franciscan friars, by Maurice Fitzgerald. He was building a castle on the spot; the workmen who were digging the foundations, on the eve of some festival, requested a piece of money to drink his health, which he desired his eldest son to give them. Instead of obeying the command, he abused the men; the act of disobedience and parsimony coming to the father's ears, he changed his plan, and built a monastery instead of a castle, as a punishment to his heir-

apparent. To this monastery, Maurice Fitzgerald, who had been Lord Justice of Ireland, subsequently retired, assumed the habit of St. Francis, died, and was interred within its walls. Several other members of "the princely house of Desmond" are entombed here.

³⁸ Of the numerous castles in the districts, over which we can afford only to glance, we may particularize Mogeely, on the south side of the Blackwater, and a few miles north of Youghall, of which the following traditional anecdote is told:—Thomas, Earl of Desmond, had a favourite steward who often "took great liberties with his lord," and who, having issued invitations to all the chiefs of Munster with their followers to spend a month at the castle, filled it with guests, for whose entertainment the master was unprepared. In a few days provisions grew scarce, and the earl, alarmed at the danger of sacrificing his reputation for munificent hospitality—for "his pride would not brook to let his visitors know the strait he was in"—devised a stratagem to save his credit, and gave command to his servants to set fire to the castle while the party was out hunting, and, of course, to pretend it was consumed by accident. Luckily, the steward, who had been absent, returned in time to rescind the order; and when the earl wended homeward "with a heavy heart, expecting to see Mogeely in flames," he was met "by a large prey of corn and cattle" sufficient to subsist him and his company for many months. In this tradition originated the "extravagant expedient," as it has been critically called, to which Sir Walter Scott resorted in his beautiful fiction of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, by making Caleb Balderstone burn, or pretend to burn, his master's castle, to avoid giving a reception to the Marquis.

³⁹ There were not wanting some to speak their minds plainly to the heartless sovereign; to express themselves with the bold spirit so characteristic of their country. It is stated that a Colonel Costelloe thus addressed the king, in reply to his customary taunt of insolent condolence: "Please your majesty, I ask no compensation for my services and losses in your majesty's cause; I see that to your friends, and to my countrymen in particular, you give nothing; and that it is your enemies alone who receive favour and reward. For ten year's service, for many wounds, and for the total loss of my estates, I ask nothing; but in the ardour of youth, and in the belief that I was asserting the sacred cause of liberty, I fought, for one year, in the service of the usurper:—give me back such portion of my estates as that year's service entitles me to."

⁴⁰ As an instance of the value of local tradition, we may mention an anecdote related to us by a gentleman who inquired of his guide what had occasioned the accumulation of so many skulls and bones at the entrance to Buttevant Abbey. "The reply," he added, "was one of the most ridiculous you can conceive—'Faix, Sir, 'twas a battle that Alexander the Great was killed in, that was fought hereabouts!'—Can anything be more absurd than this?" he concluded with an air of triumph. Now we did not agree with him in his opinion, and ventured to show our friend that the "Ollistrum More" of Irish tradition—so was Milton's "Colkitto or Macdonnell" called—was literally and correctly translated, by his guide, as Alexander the Great.

⁴¹ In reference to this matter, a whimsical circumstance occurred to us while travelling on a car between Dunbrody and Wexford. We had been talking over it, and speculating on the possibility of some happy chance enabling us to enrich the world by finding these "lost books" in some sequestered nook, when the carman turned suddenly round and startled us by an exclamation—"I know the man that has 'em." For an instant our hearts leapt with joy, and we eagerly asked, "Who? where?" "Oh, bedad, sir, I know the man that has 'em; he lives at Ballyhack, and has thim and the pinny magazine—both."

⁴² The famous "caves" are in the county of Tipperary; we shall describe them hereafter: some idea of their extent may be gathered from the fact that we traversed them for upwards of five hours.

⁴³ For the present, it is only necessary to state, that the Leprehawn—or Cluricaun, or Lurigadaun, or Loherimaun, or Luriceen—is a sort of material fairy, capable of being taken prisoner by mortal hands. The person who is lucky enough to encounter him has the power to compel him to surrender his treasure, provided he keeps his eyes fixed upon the cunning creature, who generally succeeds in averting the sight of his captor, and is then gone in an instant. The Leprehawn is the brogue-maker of the "good people," and is almost invariably found at work, with his lapstone on his knee.

⁴⁴ These ruined churches are favourite burial-places of the peasantry; and it is a common custom to make head-stones of fragments of broken pillars, mullions, and fretted work.

⁴⁵ There are two very opposite stories in reference to the career and death of this remarkable man; both, however, agree in describing him as "handsome, generous, brave;" high-spirited, "sudden and quick in quarrel;" and jealous for the honour of his religion.

One story goes, that a horse of O'Leary's having beaten, in a race, the horse of a Mr. Morris, the latter claimed it; tendering, in an insulting manner, its price upon the race-course:—"Papist, five pounds for your horse" (by the seventh of William III., chap. 5, Roman Catholics were disabled from having or keeping a horse exceeding five pounds in value). A quarrel ensued, and O'Leary, with threats of vengeance, made his escape. It is said that a magistrate was found upon the spot, who by a summary proceeding proclaimed O'Leary an outlaw, while the echo of his horse's hoofs was ringing in the air, and that he was immediately followed by a band of soldiers. Others say, that he rode about the county for some months, armed at all points, and protected by the peasantry. Hunted by the military, he had distanced them, and, as he thought, was in safety within sight of his own house, when, in the spirit of his natural daring, he turned round and waved his hat to his pursuers. His triumph was short; a bullet from the musket of a raw recruit, the first it is said he ever fired, laid him dead upon the road. Morris was tried for the murder and acquitted. A short time afterwards he was shot at, "in his lodgings near Hammond's Marsh," by the younger brother of O'Leary, who succeeded in escaping to America. This circumstance took place in 1773. Another version of the story has been furnished us by a friend intimately acquainted with the neighbourhood in which it occurred; and it illustrates the wild and reckless character of the Irish gentlemen of the period. O'Leary was remarkable for many personal qualities, for manly beauty and great strength; had unrivalled dexterity in athletic exercises, and courage approaching to madness. He engaged in a mortal feud with one of the neighbouring gentry; which originated, as stated by our informant, not in a dispute concerning a horse, but in a scuffle for priority in obtaining a goblet of water which an old woman handed to them at a spring near Mount Massey, called the Spa. For the assault, O'Leary was indicted, and bound to stand his trial; but he failed to appear, and resisted the recovery of his recognizances, which were estreated. A writ of outlawry consequently issued against him; and he went abroad for a time. On his return he made no attempt to conceal himself, but frequented fairs and markets, armed, and bidding ostentatious defiance to his enemies. The feud with his old adversary was renewed, and it became evident that one of the opponents would inevitably slay the other. A party of soldiers were stationed to arrest O'Leary near his house; he sallied out to meet them; several shots were exchanged; when "a little soldier," a raw recruit, covered him with his piece,

saying, "I'm sure to hit him now," pulled the trigger, and O'Leary fell dead.

⁴⁶ The hospitality of the Mac Sweeny and the O'Leary, is however eclipsed by that of another Irish chieftain, the ancestor of the O'Sullivans, a race of whom the legend says, "*Nulla manus, tam liberalis, atque generalis, atque universalis, quam Sullivanus.*" The name is said to have originated from the following circumstance. There chanced to arrive in Ireland, from Albany, a one-eyed Druid, who was also a bard, named Levawn. He was hospitably received by Eochy—chief of his name and nation—who had also but one eye. When the Druid was departing from the castle, he refused all the rich gifts offered to him, but demanded from his host a present of his only eye. Eochy, impelled by generosity, at once tore it from the socket and bestowed it upon his avaricious guest. There happened, however, at the time, to be a holy man residing with the outraged Eochy; and he, indignant at such ingratitude, prayed that the Druid's eye might depart from its place, and together with his own, become the property of Eochy. The prayer was heard—the chieftain became instantly the possessor of two eyes, and the Druid left the castle for ever blind. Hence Eochy and his posterity obtained the name of "Suil-Levawn"—Levawn's eye.

⁴⁷ During the lifetime of Mr. Hedges Eyre, it was impossible for the inn at Macroom to prosper; for, whenever a customer arrived, if his manner denoted him to be a gentleman, a messenger was soon in his chamber, with "compliments, &c., and a room was prepared for him in the castle;" particular injunctions being given not to sup before his removal. Since the death of the generous and hospitable gentleman, the inn has assumed a more stirring aspect, and is likely to have employment for both cook and housemaid.

⁴⁸ This poem was written, about the year 1826, by J. J. Callanan, a native of Cork: he died at Lisbon in 1829; and his grave was made, not by the "calm Avonbuce," in accordance with his fervent prayer, but by the banks of the Tagus—far away from "deep-valley'd Desmond." A volume of his poems was published soon after his death; and among them are many of merit fully equal to the fine example we have quoted.

⁴⁹ "Was he a gentleman?" we asked of the old man we have referred to. "Och surely," he replied, "for he couldn't speak to us in our tongue; and his hand was as soft as a lady's." We inquired if he was ever afterwards seen in the neighbourhood of the encounter, and the answer was "No; but an uncle's son of mine

would be on his oath that he saw him not many a long day back riding in a grand carriage about the streets of London; and nobody," he added, "that once seen his dark eye but would know it again."

⁵⁰ We asked a peasant why the mountain was called the Priest's Leap, and received this answer. "Ye see, sir, one time in this country there was five pounds for a wolf's head, and five pounds for a priest's head; and a dale o' money was made out o' the both of 'em. Well a holy priest was riding over the hill, and he was purshued by the Tories (they called thim Tories that time, that's the blagards that did be hunting the priests); and just as they had their bloody hands upon his robe, he prayed to St. Fiachna to help him out of their way; and the ass he was on gave a leap, and sprung seven miles over the mountain to th' other side of it,—and there are the marks of the baste's knees in the solid rock to this day. And the people won't blast the rock, though it comes right in the way of the road to Bantry." There is, beyond question, a singular rock which greatly interferes with the road—containing two excavations of a remarkable character—the removal of which rock seems to be necessary, but it remains untouched.

⁵¹ To account for the absurd manner in which these old roads were laid down, it must be remembered that, generally, they were not the lines deliberately selected; they were old foot-ways, gradually improved into some approach to the character of high-roads.

⁵² In the neighbourhood of Kinsale, there are many remains of antiquity of a date long antecedent to the visits of the Spaniards; we examined a singular rath, immediately adjoining "Rathmore" (the great rath), the seat of John Thomas Cramer, Esq., whose lady is sister to the gallant and distinguished officer (Colonel Thomas) who represents the town. We have seen nowhere so graceful a blending of art and nature as in this singularly romantic and beautiful demesne. Wealth and taste have gone, hand in hand for its improvement; it abounds with the richest and finest shrubs and flowers; and magnificent trees fling their branches over the very ocean. In the mildest climate of the south of Europe, it is impossible for foliage to grow in more luxuriant beauty.

⁵³ The singular circumstances connected with the history of De Courcy are recorded by Hanmer in his Chronicle of Ireland (A.D. 1571). Sir John de Courcy had held the highest offices in the country, but had been displaced by his rival Hugh de Lacy, and orders were given to arrest him. Sir John, having secret intelligence of the design, "kept himselfe aloofe," and his enemy had recourse

to stratagem to effect a seizure of his person; offering a large reward for his apprehension. "Then, privily, he dealt with four of his servants," who informed De Lacy, "We can direct you to a course to bring your purpose to effect; upon Good Friday yeerly, he weares no armes, but is wholly given up to divine contemplation, and commonly walketh all solitary round about the churchyard of Dune." Thus betrayed, De Courcy was attacked by a troop of horsemen. "He ranne to a wooden crosse that stood in the churchyard, took the pole thereof, and laid about him lustily"—so lustily that he slew thirteen of De Lacy's men, but in the end was taken, "clapt in the Towre of London," and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. "The Judases that had betrayed their master had their hire," but on condition of quitting Ireland never to return to it, upon pain of death. They embarked for England with a singular certificate, under Sir Hugh's hand, of the good service they had done, which contained this passage, "I deem them no better than Judas the traitor; wherefore, let no subject within the king's dominions give them any entertainment, but spit in their faces, and suffer them to rogue about and wander as Jews." Stress of weather compelled the men to land at Cork; where they were apprehended, brought before Sir Hugh, "and forthwith all foure hanged cheeke by jole." Some time after, a quarrel having ensued between John king of England, and Philip king of France, it was agreed to put it to the combat. On the part of the French there was a man "in readinesse;" but—(we quote the old chronicler)—

"King *Iohn* upon the sudden wist not what to do for a Champion to encounter with him; at length, one attending upon his person, enformed him that there was one *Courcy* in the Towre of London, the onely man in his dominions (if hee would undertake it) to answer the challenge. King *Iohn* ioyfull of this, sent the first, yea second, and third time, promising large rewards, and rich gifts, and that it stood him upon as farre as the honour of his Crowne and kingdome did reach, to make good the combat. *Courcy* answered very frowardly, (the which was taken in good part in regard of the urgent necessitie) that he would never fight for him, neither for any such as he was, that he was not worthy to have one drop of bloud spilt for him; that he was not able to requite him the wrongs he had done him, neither to restore him the heart's ease he had bereaved him of; yet notwithstanding all the premises, he was willing, and would, with all expedition, be ready to venture his life in defence of the Crowne and his country. Whereupon it was agreed, that he should be dyeted, apparelled, and armed to his content, and that his owne sword

should be brought him out of Ireland. The day came, the place appointed, the Liste provided, the scaffolds set up, the Princes with their nobility of each side, with thousands in expectation. Forth comes the French Champion, gave a turne, and rests him in his tent: They sent for *Courcy*, who all this while was trussing of himselfe about with strong poynts, and answered the messengers, if any of their company were to goe to such a banquet, I thinke he would make no great haste. Forth he comes, gave a turne, and went into his tent. When the trumpets sounded to bat-taile, forth come the combatants, and viewed each other. *Courcy* beheld him with a wonderfull sterne countenance, and passed by. The French man not liking his grimme look, the strong proportion and feature of his person, stalked still along, and when the Trumpets sounded the last charge, *Courcy* drew out his sword, and the French man ranne away, and conveyed him to Spaine. Whereupon they sounded victory, the people clapt their hands, and cast up their cappes; King *Philip* desired King *Iohn* that *Courcy* might be called before them, to shew some part of his strength and manhood, by a blow upon a Helmet; it was agreed, a stake was set in the ground, and a shirt of maile, and a Helmet thereon; *Courcy* drew his sword, looked wonderfull sternly upon the Princes, cleft the helmet, the shirt of maile, and the stake so farre in, that none could pull it out but himselfe. Then the Princes demanded of him, what hee meant to looke so sowrely upon them; his answer was, if hee had missed his blow upon the blocke, he would have cut off both the Kings heads. All that hee said was taken in good part; King *Iohn* discharged him out of all his troubles, gave him great gifts, and restored him to his former possessions in Ireland."

The grant of the "privilege" does not rest upon the same authority, although there can be no doubt of its existence. The King (John) it is said, "besides restoring to the Earl his property, bade him ask for anything else in his gift he had a mind to, and he should have it; upon which, he answered he had titles and estates enough, but desired that he and his successors, heirs male, might have the privilege (after their first obeysance) to be covered in the royal presence of him and his successors, kings of England, which the king granted." His descendants have repeatedly upheld their claim to the ancient grant, and the late Lord Kinsale kept his hat on before George IV. during his visit to Ireland; but merely for a few moments, in order to establish his right. The present lord is an absentee, and, we believe, has never seen the town from which he derives his title and his income. The prop-

erty is very limited. There is a tradition that when King John granted the privilege, he agreed to give his champion as much Irish land as he could ride round on a given day, and that the existing owners of the intended transfer made him intoxicated; so that he was able to ride over but a small district.

⁵⁴ One of the outer forts of Charles-Fort is called "the Devil's Battery." The legend attached to it is that the arch-enemy was wont to take his rounds upon the ramparts, carrying in his hand a cannon-ball, and terrifying the sentinels night after night. The cause of this appearance is said to have originated in a tragic event that once occurred there. The only son of the governor prevailed upon the sentinel on duty to convey a message from him into the town; taking his firelock and place during his absence. The young man fell asleep on his post, and the governor, visiting the stations, and finding, as he supposed, the sentinel betraying his trust, shot him dead, and to his horror, found he had slain his child. So great was his despair that he leaped from the ramparts into the sea and perished. From that fatal night his satanic majesty was a constant visitor at the fort; and a cannon is shown there to this day on which he left the mark of his thumb. Several other "frightful" stories of demons, ghosts, and hobgoblins, are told of the neighbourhood.

⁵⁵ There is a statement generally credited, but which, we believe, rests on no good authority (for we have vainly searched for and inquired concerning the alleged fact) that the Corporation had formerly carved upon the town-gate, the illiberal and insulting couplet—

"Enter here, Jew, Turk, or Atheist,
Anybody but a Papist;"

under which, it is said, upon authority equally apocryphal, an angry wit wrote the following—

"Whoever wrote this, wrote it well—
The same is carved on the gate of H——."

It is more than probable that the author of the latter was also the author of the former couplet; and that neither were ever seen upon the gates of Bandon.

⁵⁶ We once addressed ourselves to a landlord and tendered him the amount of his bill; he turned away somewhat haughtily, saying he was not the waiter, and called "Paddy" to receive our money. On other occasions we were compelled, reluctantly, to conclude that the master construed an order into an insult. We

must except from this observation the landlord at Bantry, who himself accompanied us to the neighbouring points of interest, and gathered together all the old story-tellers in his vicinity who he thought might afford us information. The host at Killarney too was attentive, agreeable, and useful. The waiters were invariably the very opposite of this character;—but they are far too original and amusing a class to be dismissed in a paragraph.

⁵⁷ We were enabled to carry on our memories a few of the words; and they, subsequently, led to our procuring a copy of the song. The following is a literal translation of some of the first lines, which give a pretty description of rural objects and sounds:—

“I went forth at early morn, the sun of summer was shining,
I heard the *winding* * of a shout—and the sweet music of birds;
The badger and the hare were abroad; and the woodcock with
the long bill;

I heard the son of the rock (*i. e.* echo) resounding the noise of
guns.

The red fox was on the rock; the thousand shouts of hunters arose.
The woman was at home in sadness, lamenting her geese;

Now the woods are falling,—let us haste o’er the sea,
John O’Dwyer of the valley,—you are without pastime.”

* “In many a *winding* bout.”—MILTON’S ALLEGRO.

⁵⁸ A tower near Castle Townsend is pointed out as the place in which the Dean composed this poem. It is now a complete ruin, being the mere shell of a turret overgrown with ivy, but commanding a beautiful prospect of the harbour and over the sea.

⁵⁹ It is also a singular fact, but one capable of easy proof, that the Irish, although the best soldiers in the world, make the worst sailors. A friend of ours had occasion, not long ago, to institute very minute inquiries on the subject, and he was astonished to find how few “able seamen,” natives of Ireland, were registered on the books of the Admiralty.

⁶⁰ It is the curse of Ireland that her “Advocates” are always striving after “vain things;” turning a deaf ear to real and practicable improvements; and preferring the advocacy of a small benefit that shall produce agitation, to a large good in which all parties may unite. At the present moment, the Irish papers are full of idle treatises showing that (we quote from one of them, “the Vindicator” of Belfast) “the immense sum of £254,000 is sent annually by Ireland for second-hand clothes in England; which,” adds the writer, “would, if we had native manufactories,

be spent at home." With the question whether a repeal of the Union would build these manufactories, we do not now meddle; but if the labours of such writers were devoted to prove the ability of the Irish to catch their own fish, to eat what they required, and sell the surplus, they would be much better employed, and might lead to results that would make the cost of these "old clothes" a very trifling consideration. We hope to see manufactories in Ireland flourish ere long (that they may do so has been proved in the neighbourhood of Waterford, where a cotton manufactory has been for some years established where fortunes have been made, and where 1,600 mechanics of both sexes are employed during the whole year); but the fisheries require far less capital, and afford far greater certainty of profit.

⁶¹ We have seen one, long disused, which contained six or seven natural chambers, and covered an area of, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, the entrance to which seemed hardly wide enough to admit a shepherd's dog; and close to the Old Head of Kinsale, a crevice in a high rock, leads, it is said, to an excavation large enough to hold a regiment; popular tradition states, indeed, that it contains a passage into the town—a distance of several miles.

⁶² Unhappily, an officer thrust his sword through one of these floating sods (they are no more), and the country people tell you "it limped in the water ever after."

⁶³ We extract the following passage from Croker's "Researches in the South of Ireland:"—

"About the year 1804, Colonel Hall, who had been some time quartered at Killarney, conceiving a favourable opinion of Ross Mine, induced one or two gentlemen in the vicinity to join in re-opening it. Having succeeded in clearing out the water and rubbish, the little company were encouraged by the flattering appearances to proceed to work it, which they did on rather an extensive scale, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances of its situation, nearly close to the lake, the ground not rising much above, and dipping towards it at an angle about thirty degrees from the horizon; so that in a short time the workmen had excavated completely under the lake, with every fear of its waters breaking in on them. The richness and abundance of the ore was, however, a sufficient inducement to counteract this danger and inconvenience, as, during the four years that Ross Mine was worked, nearly £80,000 worth of copper was disposed of at Swansea, some cargoes producing £40 per ton. But this very richness was the ultimate cause of its destruction, as several small veins of pure oxide of copper split off from the main lode, and ran

towards the surface. The ore of these veins was much more valuable than the other, consequently the miners (who were paid by quality as well as quantity) pursued the smaller veins so near the surface, that the water broke through into the mine in such an overwhelming degree, that an engine of thirty-horse power could make no sensible impression on the inundation; and thus a forcible stop was put to all further proceedings."

⁶⁴ The company expended £12,000, in addition to the produce, in proving the mine of Kippagh; and sunk the principal shaft 120 fathoms, extending on the several levels nearly 200 fathoms; and the mine having been altogether unproductive in depth, where it was expected the junction of two parallel lodes would have yielded return, the lease was surrendered to Lord Audley, who soon afterwards succeeded in forming, in London, the notorious "West Cork Mining Company" for working the mine.

⁶⁵ The Rev. Mr. Townsend, in his Survey of the County of Cork, states that the ashes yielded from ten to twelve pounds per ton.

⁶⁶ This has, indeed, been already done, and to a large extent. The discovery of the productive and profitable mine of Allihies, at Berehaven, in the county of Cork, was the result of a suggestion of Colonel Hall's, who, after exploring the land in company with its proprietor, Mr. Puxley, pointed out a particular spot especially favourable for experiment. It was tried, and from it has resulted one of the most successful mines of the kingdom.

⁶⁷ We sheltered, until a heavy shower by which we were overtaken had in some degree subsided, beneath a rock; and a story told us by a lady, whose veracity was never questioned, was recalled to our remembrance by the immediate *locale* in which we stood. We will endeavour to relate it in her own words:—

"When I was a little girl," she said, "my uncle was a magistrate of the county of Cork, an active but kind-hearted man, rendered vigilant by the period in which his energies were called into action by the Irish '*troubles*.' The attempt of the French to land in Bantry Bay, made the people suspicious of every ship that rode upon its waters; they forgot in their terror that France would not be likely to risk another storm in the same quarter. Now my uncle was what is called a very watchful man, always on the look-out for ships; and it was said, that if a nautilus had raised its tiny sail in Bantry Bay, my uncle would have boarded her—if he could.

"It is no wonder, then, that riding homewards from the town of Bantry one fine evening about six o'clock, before sunset (for it was summer time), he saw an exceedingly fine vessel, but of

foreign build, at anchor, nearer the shore than he, as a magistrate, quite liked. It was so calm an evening, that there was no sound from the sea, save the whisper of the ripple that wandered along the shore—the stillness was oppressive to one who loved the music of hound and horn better than meditation—but for all that, he *did* meditate upon the ship, and drew up his horse to observe her at leisure; it was so *deadly* calm, that the rays of the sun rested almost without sparkling upon the huge mirror of the bay that slept as calmly as a child upon its mother's bosom. While my uncle paused, he drew forth his little telescope and applied it carefully to his eye, and was more convinced than ever that the ship was a foreigner, and carried (as all ships did in those days) a sufficient quantity of guns for her own preservation. He had just taken down his glass, determining to ride back to the town, put the military on the alert, and demand to see her papers in the morning, when, immediately under the stern of the vessel, he saw a tall thin figure rise perpendicularly out of the water. His first impression was, that some one was indulging in an evening bath; but a feeling of extreme awe crept over him as he observed that the form *stood* upon the sea. My uncle was anything but superstitious, yet he found it impossible to shake off his terror; the mysterious being was there, shrouded, as if in the garb of the grave, standing with outstretched arms in the same spot. My uncle noted that it clasped its hands more than once, and then stretched them forward again towards the ship. He observed its movements with breathless attention, and after a lapse of, as nearly as he could calculate, three or four minutes, it slowly descended into the waters. That night my uncle never slept—and the next morning he rose before the sun, saddled his own horse, rode into Bantry, and accompanied by what he considered a sufficient force—in his capacity as magistrate—boarded the ship, which was anchored in the same spot, and demanded to see her papers. There was neither mystery nor trepidation in the skipper's manner, which was blunt and sailor-like; and the papers seemed 'all right.' My uncle was perplexed!—he did not know what to say or do—and at last, stimulated by an uncontrollable impulse, he mentioned what he had witnessed the previous evening. In an instant the rough sailor's manner changed; he trembled violently, and sank upon a chair. My uncle's keen grey eyes were fixed upon him—he covered his face with his hands—and, after a brief pause, exclaimed 'All is in vain; the vengeance of God is everywhere. Sir, *that* has followed me from sea to sea, from harbour to harbour, in storm and calm, everywhere.' This extraor-

dinary confession, made while the wretched man trembled with agony, and huge drops stood upon his brow, was followed by an appalling confession of murder upon the high seas, mingled with superstitious forebodings as to his having been doomed from his birth to destruction; and that, finding such was his doom, he had led on a mutiny and destroyed his captain; whose 'wraith' had attracted my uncle's attention on the previous evening. Such was his wild and incoherent tale; and upon that confession, borne out by the evidence of some of the crew, he, and we believe one or two of his associates, were executed in Cork." Such was our friend's story—and she added, that it made her uncle's spirit sad to speak of the circumstance, and that at last it was never mentioned before him.

⁶⁸ There is little doubt, however, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Arthur O'Connor had previously intrigued with the French government for the invasion of their country.

⁶⁹ Tone afterwards made another attempt to introduce the French into Ireland—in 1798. He was captured in the *Hoche*, off Donegal; transmitted to Dublin, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death. He appeared at his trial in French uniform; and on hearing the sentence, requested to be shot as a soldier holding a commission in the French service, under the name of Smith; the request was, of course, refused. On the evening previous to the day fixed for his execution, he wounded himself in the throat so desperately, that he could not be moved without the probability of dying before he reached the scaffold; after lingering in this state for about a week, he died in prison, on the 19th November, 1798.

⁷⁰ This force of 14,000 (or more correctly 13,975) men, is magnified by the *London Gazette* of the 3rd of January, 1797, into 20,000; and by the *Annual Register* into 25,000 men. Mr. Alison, in the 4th vol. of his "*History of Europe from the commencement of the French Revolution*," has followed the authority of the *Annual Register*, and states that the fleet "conveyed in all 25,000 land forces."

⁷¹ General Hoche and Admiral de Galles, the naval and military commanders of the expedition, were on board one of the frigates—the *Fraternité*—which parted company from the fleet soon after it left the harbour of Brest, and never joined the main body. The failure of the expedition is evidently as much to be attributed to the absence of the leaders, and consequent want of orders, as to the state of the weather.

⁷² The Irish government appears to have been most culpably

negligent. According to a writer of the period, "Hurry, confusion, and disorder, marked the advance of the army; all was terror, doubt, and dismay; troops disaffected, horses wanting, the munitions of war badly supplied, and even the ball was unfitted to the calibre of the cannon, furnished by a defective commissariat." This, although the statement of a partizan of France, is perhaps but little exaggerated. We can support it by authority of an opposite character. Colonel Hall, whose regiment was then quartered at Tralee and Killarney, received orders to march to Bantry, from the general commanding the district, and "oppose the landing of the French." If we recollect rightly, the force under Colonel Hall's command (for he was the senior field officer), including as many of his own regiment as he could instantly collect, when he arrived at "the bay" amounted to about 700 men; a force which the French, if they had landed, would instantly have annihilated; but which might have been very advantageously employed in breaking up the roads, and harassing the march of the invaders to Cork; procuring time for the government to make preparations to meet them. Colonel Hall's regiment then consisted of raw recruits, nine-tenths of whom had never seen a shot fired, and who would have cut but a poor figure if opposed to the élite of the French army. His intention, therefore (of which we have often heard him speak as a "dismal necessity"), was to have fired a volley in obedience to orders, and then to have saved the lives of his men, by grounding arms and surrendering as prisoners of war.

⁷³ The instructions were, in case of such a contingency, to cruise four days off the Mizen Head, and then to proceed to the mouth of the Shannon; to remain there three days, and then, if not rejoined, to return to Brest.

⁷⁴ The French had marvellously miscalculated as to the co-operation they anticipated from the Irish people, who were, in 1796, totally unprepared to receive them as friends, or to adopt the republican principles and government they designed to disseminate and establish. In his memorials to the Directory, Tone had represented the Irish as "fixing their eyes most earnestly on France," as "eager to fly to the standard of the republic;" the catholics as "ready to join it to a man," and that "it would be just as easy, in a month, to have an army in Ireland of 200,000 men as 10,000." Whether he had wilfully misstated the fact, or whether his sanguine temperament had led him to believe that his countrymen would join the French *en masse*, it is difficult to say. But it is certain that the invaders would have been received by the Irish

generally, not as friends, but as enemies. Along the coast, the south and west, most distinctly threatened, the peasants were actually in arms—such arms as they could command—to repel them. We have frequently heard Colonel Hall state that, on his march to Bantry, his men were cheered by the peasantry, supplied with food and drink by them, and received unequivocal demonstrations of their resolves to fight upon their cabin thresholds against the entrance of a Frenchman. In the London Gazette of the 7th of January, 1797, this feeling is particularly adverted to. "The accounts of the disposition of the country where the troops are assembled, are as favourable as possible, and the greatest loyalty has manifested itself throughout the kingdom; in the south and west, when the troops have been in motion, they have been met by the country people of all descriptions with provisions and all sorts of accommodations to facilitate their march; and every demonstration has been given of the zeal and ardour to oppose the enemy in every place where it could be supposed a descent might be attempted." The Gazette of the 17th contains a letter from the Lord Lieutenant (Earl Camden), in which, after noticing the good disposition evinced by the troops, his Excellency states, "the roads, which in parts were rendered impassable by the snow, were cleared by the peasantry. The poor people often shared their potatoes with the soldiers. * * * In short, had the enemy landed, their hope of assistance from the inhabitants would have been totally disappointed." Every account published at the time bears out this statement. Our own experience of the Irish justifies us in asserting that, even now, they have neither sympathy with, nor affection for, the French; and that under no circumstances could the majority of the people be brought to consider them as desirable allies.

⁷⁵ Of the ships, the *Nestor*, 74, was driven on shore; the *Séduisant* was wrecked on the Grand Stevent, going out of Brest; the *Impatiente* was wrecked on the Mizen Head; the whole crew, except seven, perished; the *Surveillante* was captured in Bantry Bay, and scuttled, having been abandoned by her crew; the *Resolve* was dismasted by being run foul of by the *Indomptable*, and afterwards towed into Brest; the *Tartare* was captured, after a short action, by the *Polyphemus*, and brought into Cork harbour. (The *Tartare* had 625 men on board, including troops, and had 16 killed and 35 wounded in the action; the *Polyphemus* lost only one marine.) The *Scævola*, gun-boat, foundered off the Irish coast. The *Ville d'Orient* transport was captured by the *Unicorn*, and carried into Kinsale, with 400 hussars on board completely

equipped. The Justine transport probably foundered at sea, and all on board perished. It is singular that so many of the ships contrived to escape the British fleet, which had kept incessant watch for them. The question was put in a song, very popular at the period:—

“O, where was Hood, and where was Howe,
And where Cornwallis then;
Where Colpoys, Bridport, or Pellew,
And all their gallant men?”

And it was not long afterwards asked in both Houses of Parliament. The reply of Mr. Dundas was a satisfactory vindication of the national character. He stated that Sir Edward Pellew's squadron was employed in cruising off Brest, to watch the motions of the enemy; but the hazy state of the weather was such, that fog guns were obliged to be continually fired, and the French fleet succeeded in getting out, notwithstanding all the efforts of that active and gallant officer to prevent them; that Admiral Colpoys' squadron, which was also hovering off Brest, came into harbour for supplies; and that Lord Bridport's squadron, which was ordered, on the 21st of December, off Cape Clear, sailed on the 25th, but the denseness of the fog prevented his falling in with a single French vessel.

⁷⁶ Vast quantities of coral sand are raised in all parts of the bay: it is highly esteemed as a manure; and produces, it is said, between four and five thousand pounds annually to the boatmen who procure it, and the peasants who convey it to distant parts.

⁷⁷ Many of these eagles' nests have had their histories for centuries. There is one in particular to which tradition still points, connecting it by a beautiful and touching legend with the family of the O'Sullivan. At the time when this once powerful race had been despoiled of their territory, by the “Saxon stranger,” the chieftain sought and found shelter in this remote glen. After lingering here for some months, however, he proceeded to join his friends then in arms in Ulster, and left his wife and children under the guardianship of his foster-brother, Gorrane Mac Swiney. Gorrane conveyed his precious charge to the foot of the eagles' cliff; and, learning they were eagerly sought after, he contrived a hut for their shelter, so cunningly devised as to seem but a mound of heather. Here, however, they soon wanted food, and the faithful follower saw but little chance of preserving them from perishing of hunger. While bitterly cogitating over their gloomy

prospects, he saw the eagle sailing to its eyrie with a leveret in its talons: a sudden thought struck him; he rapidly formed a rope of the twisted fibres of the bog-fir, called his young son, and together they ascended the mountain over-night. There they quietly remained until they had watched the eagles issue forth, return with their prey, and depart in quest of more. Gorrane then commenced operations: he carefully let the boy down the cliff, with directions to tie pieces of string round the throats of the eaglets, not so tight as to do them injury, but sufficiently close to prevent their devouring the food as it arrived. The plan was successful. The offal was left to sustain the young birds; but ample store was thus obtained to supply the family of the O'Sullivan until better days.

⁷⁸ Of the castle of Dunboy, the ancient stronghold of the O'Sullivans, a few walls only remain, barely sufficient to point out its locality. During the wars of Elizabeth, it was occupied by the Spaniards, who subsequently resigned it to Philip O'Sullivan. In 1601, Sir George Carew marched at the head of a small army to besiege it. The garrison was commanded by a gallant soldier, Mac Geoghegan; with whom co-operated Tyrrell, the best guerilla of his time. It consisted of less than a hundred and fifty fighting men—but they were the stoutest and bravest of all the Irish forces. For many days they kept their numerous and powerful enemies at bay; at length, a tower of the castle having been beaten down, they offered to surrender upon quarter. The messenger was hanged within their sight, and the breach was ordered to be entered. The Irish fought lustily for many hours, until the remnant were forced to take shelter in the cellars, the only entrance into which was a narrow stone staircase, which they continued to defend; offering, however, to surrender "if they might have their lives," which, in accordance with the barbarous policy of the age, were refused. They collected a quantity of powder into one of the vaults, and their captain sate down beside it, with a lighted match—a resolution having been formed to blow up the castle and all in it, unless quarter was granted. Ultimately, however, the English troops forced a passage, and Mac Geoghegan, who was lying there mortally wounded, raised himself, and snatching up the match staggered with it to the powder barrel, when Captain Power seized him, and held him in his arms until he was killed. The whole of the garrison were butchered—either slain, buried in the ruins, or executed. No single man of the gallant defenders of the castle escaped; and while the memory of Dunboy endures, a dark blot will remain upon the name of one of the

bravest, wisest, and most courteous of all the officers of Queen Elizabeth. The O'Sullivan remained among his native fastnesses until the cruel policy of the conquerors so wasted the district, that his followers gradually perished of famine, and the few that remained were compelled to accompany their lord to a far off distance in search of food. It is of this period, and to this county more especially, that Spenser refers when he states "the people of Munster were brought to such wretchedness, that even a heart of stone would have rued to see the same; for out of every corner of the woods and glynnes, they came creeping forth on their hands and knees, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrion, happy were they when they could find it; yea, and one another some time after; inso-much that the very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of water-cresses, or sham-rock, there they flocked as to a feast."

⁷⁹ The complaint that Ireland suffers in consequence of so many persons of rank and wealth expending their properties abroad, is by no means a new one—it has existed for centuries: it was sought to procure a remedy for the evil by legislative enactments so far back as the reign of Richard II. Enactments "made by our ancestors to prevent our gentlemen of estate and office from living abroad." We have before us a quaint volume, dated 1729, and "printed for R. Gunne, in Capel Street, Dublin," the writer of which deeply deplores "that the evil (of absenteeism) grows daily upon us, and has already thrown the nation into a wasteful consumption of all its substance." His book is entitled "A list of lords, gentlemen, and others who, having estates, employments, and pensions in Ireland, spend the same abroad; together with an estimate of the yearly value of the same, as taken in the months of May, June, and July, 1729." The list he divides into three classes: first, "those who live constantly abroad, and are seldom or never seen in Ireland;" second, "those who live generally abroad, and visit Ireland now and then, for a month or two;" and third, "those who are occasionally absent—their numbers being commonly the same, for if some come home, others go abroad and supply their places." The names of the three classes he gives alphabetically, stating the incomes of each; and, in commenting upon the facts he adduces, he observes "we are not now at a loss to point out the principal source of all our misfortunes, and the chief cause of all our distress; it appears plainly, from the list of absentees, and the estimate of the quantity of specie they

are reasonably supposed to draw yearly out of the kingdom, that no other country labours under so wasteful a drain of its treasure as Ireland does at present, by an annual remittance of £600,000 to our gentlemen abroad, without the least consideration or value returned for the same." And the writer further adds, "'tis melancholy to observe, that now we are labouring under great disadvantages of trade, and struggling with penury and want, the humour of living and spending abroad still increases among our men of quality and station."

⁸⁰ Several owners of mountain land—if the term "land" may be applied to tracts of country where the spade can seldom sink an inch—are in the habit of letting, for a long term, large districts of it at a nominal rent. We were present when the practice received a singular illustration. A peasant addressed a landlord with, "If ye please, yer honour, I want thirty shillings' worth of mountain." We were informed that the quantity allotted to him for this sum was thirty acres, for a period of thirty years. The labourer sets to work with his spade and his "four bones;" picks out every morsel of soil he finds enclosed by rocks; clears it of stones; gradually conveys manure to it; and, in the end, plants it with potatoes. Nothing in Irish scenery is more striking than such patches of cultivation up the mountain slopes. But an Irishman will endure any privation to obtain "a bit of land;" suffer any misery to retain it; and, indeed, commit any crime rather than permit it to be taken from him. If our readers could but imagine the extreme eagerness with which they covet its possession, and the frightful passions that are aroused when deprived of it, either justly or unjustly, they would easily understand the nature of those outrages which are continually occurring in Ireland, to blacken the Irish character. We shall go more deeply into the matter hereafter. Several of the mountains, however, have been taken possession of by wanderers, distinguished as "squatters." Any attempt to dispossess them would be dangerous to a degree; they usually mark the boundaries of their "properties" by lines of stones, and are peculiarly jealous of the in-coming of a new settler.

⁸¹ The use of the term "Barony"—a term with which English readers are not familiar—reminds us of the necessity for briefly explaining the divisions and subdivisions of the country. Ireland is divided into four provinces. These are the remains of the petty kingdoms which the island formerly contained. According to Sir James Ware, there were most anciently but two, viz.—Legh Cuin the northern, and Legh Moa the southern; and, accordingly, Bede

divides Ireland into north and south Scotia. The island was, however, very early partitioned into five divisions. And Giraldus Cambrensis, in the reign of Henry II., divides it into Connaught, Ulster, Leinster, North and South Munster.—Topogr. Hibern. Distinc. 1, c. 6. Other, and it would seem more correct, authorities mention Connaught, Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Meath.—See Ware's Antiq. cap. iii. citing a MS. of the time of Edw. I. in Archbishop Usher's library, now in Trinity College, Dublin, and the registry of Duisk. The authorities which mention these divisions, subdivide them into "Cantreds," which seem synonymous with the Saxon hundreds, still known in England. The term cantred, though found in ancient grants even after the coming of the English, has, however, long ceased to be used in Ireland; as Meath, also, has long ceased to be regarded as a province, East and West Meath being now counties in Leinster. The division into provinces is of little or no practical utility at the present day.

The provinces are subdivided into counties: this division was introduced by the English, in the reign of King John, who made twelve counties in Leinster and Munster, viz.—Dublin, Meath, Uriel, Kildare, Catherlogh, Kilkenny, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary. The division of the rest of the island (nearly two-thirds of it in extent) into counties, was not wholly completed until nearly three hundred years afterwards, in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth.—Stats. 3 and 4 Phil. and Mar. c. 2. Ir.; and 11 Eliz. Sess. 3, c. 9, Ir. See the Tanistry Case in Sir John Davies' Rep. 102, Edit. Dublin, 1762. There were originally several counties palatine, having, like those in England, jurisdictions independent of the ordinary courts of law. The rights of all the counts palatine had, however, by various means become vested in the crown, before the time of Sir John Davies, who was attorney-general for Ireland in the reign of James I., except Tipperary, which had been granted by Edward III. to the Earl of Ormond.—See case of County of Wexford, Davies' Rep. 168, *ut sup.* But these rights, and the royalties subsequently granted in Tipperary to the Dukes of Ormond, in the reign of Charles II., were all extinguished by Stat. 2 Geo. I. c. 8, Ir.; and there is now no county palatine in Ireland. Several of the counties have changed their names since their first institution. Thus, there is now no county called Uriel. The county formerly called Coleraine, is now Londonderry; Thomond, is now Clare; Catherlogh, is corrupted into Carlow, &c. As the division into counties was introduced for the purpose of holding assizes, appointing

sheriffs to execute the king's writs, &c., according to the laws of England; so it continues to be used to the present day in all the practical details of the law in Ireland as in England.

The counties are subdivided into baronies, a division which, it would appear, was also introduced by the English—a barony, in its original meaning, being the honour and dignity which gives title to a baron, which anciently consisted of 13 knights' fees and a quarter, or 400 merks per annum.—Jacob's Dict., by Rufhead and Morgan, tit. Barony. But as the division into counties has long since ceased to have any connection with the titles of counts or earls, so that into baronies has no longer any reference to the dignity which it originally supported. The division into baronies and half-baronies is at present of great practical utility for various purposes, as in regulating the number of constabulary under Stat. 6 Wm. IV. c. 13; the levying and application of presentments under the grand jury act, 6 and 7 Wm. IV. c. 116; for some purposes connected with elections, Stat. 2 and 3 Wm. IV. c. 88, &c. &c. It may be mentioned, in reference to the term barony, that although manor-courts still exist in Ireland, and take cognizance of debts within their respective districts, courts baron, at least in the sense in which they are used in England, in connection with the tenure of copyhold estates, have not been in use in Ireland. Indeed, it is commonly supposed there is no such thing as tenure by copyhold in Ireland, although a writer of high authority mentions an instance of an estate of this nature at Kilmoon or Primatestown, in the county of Meath—1 Gabbet's Dig. 445—and copyholds are occasionally mentioned in the Irish Statute Book. It may be also noticed, that there is a difference between the dignity of baron as an Irish title of nobility, and the same dignity in England. The curious in such matters will find ample matter to satisfy them in "Lynch's law and usage of pre-scriptive baronies in Ireland," and the work on Irish honorary hereditary offices and feudal baronies, by the same author.

The recognized ecclesiastical division of the kingdom into dioceses and parishes used by the Established Church, differs from that employed by the Roman Catholics. The division into parishes is less important for civil purposes in Ireland than it is in England. In consequence of the indisposition which existed to pay assessments made at vestries, and the difficulty of peaceably collecting them, the legislature have made various provisions to discontinue them: and the most important of the matters formerly provided by this means are now in the hands of the ecclesiastical commissioners and the grand juries; the principal charge at pres-

ent provided for at vestry, except in the county and city of Dublin, being a trifling annual assessment for parish coffins.

⁸² It is said to have been called, by the ancients, Bergus, or Bargus, and by the Irish, Bearbha; but some writers consider its present name to be merely a slight alteration of Barragh, the boundary river, as it was for several centuries the boundary which divided the English pale from the Irish clans.

⁸³ We have been favoured with the following, as among the most popular of the many legends connected with the ancient castle. It is given in the words of a gossiping old man, whom our informant had the good fortune to meet as he stood to take an admiring view of the venerable ruin. "Do you see that large round breach, in the middle of the wall opposite there, sir?" was the question demanded of us, in reply to an inquiry respecting the origin of its present dismantled appearance. "Yes," we answered. "Pray can you tell us how or by whom it was effected?" "To be sure I can. 'Twas Crummel—Oliver Crummel, sir, who did it," replied the man, warming as he spoke, and assuming a tone of no small importance, as it were, to show how fully he was acquainted with the subject. "Now, sir, if you were to see the castle on the other side, or to enter it, and climb its walls, as I have often done in my youth, you would see that the spot in which the breach is, is the weakest and least thick of any in the entire building; and well the crafty, cunning Crummel knew that, when he planted his cannon right *forneest* that very part." "But how did he become acquainted with the fact of its being so?" we asked. "Why, then, I'll tell you that too, sir," rejoined our friend. "Well, you see, when the castle was besieged, the poor fellows who were shut up within it, after a short time had nearly consumed all their provisions; and water, which you know will not keep fresh for any length of time, was the first to fail them. There happened to be in the castle two or three old women, servants of the governor, and as the loss of these was to be preferred to that of a single soldier—of whom there were barely enough to maintain the siege—recourse was had to the sending one of them during the night to the river, which, as you may see, runs hard by, for the purpose of drawing water to the castle. Well, as chance would have it, some of Crummel's soldiers, wandering about at the time, fell in with the old woman, and carried her off to their camp, determined to have some sport out of the 'Hirish hag.' Learning, however, the object of the errand in which they had surprised her, and that she had been an inmate of the castle, they resolved to turn the circumstance to their best advantage, and ac-

cordingly promised her restoration of freedom and a reward, provided she could conduct them into the fortress, or inform them of any way by which they would be likely to succeed in their designs. Frightened almost out of her wits by their threats, and now encouraged by their promises, she acquainted them with the fatal secret, that the portion of the front wall to which, on the inside, the staircase was fixed, was, in fact, the only point that would yield at all to their artillery. In short, after some time, they agreed on the following terms—that she, being sent back to the castle, should, about the middle of the ensuing night, ascend the stairs that conducted to the battlemented parapet surrounding the summit of the walls, and, standing by its edge, should hold forth a burning torch to signify the place where the frailty lay. Like a fool, as she must undoubtedly have been, and like a wretched dupe as she proved herself, she kept her word, and exhibited at the appointed hour the signal agreed on; and Crummel, who had been most anxiously awaiting her appearance, instantly discharged his shot in the direction where the light was seen, and continued the battery until he succeeded in compelling the garrison to surrender. And now, let me tell you, that *she* was the first to meet her death on that occasion—the old hag, as she deserved, having been blown to atoms—the victim of her own treachery.”

⁸⁴ Here is an invitation to the cotton-spinners of Manchester! But not to this particular locality alone; there are hundreds of places in Ireland where the water power is as great or greater, giving sure promise of fortune to the employer, as well as profitable labour to the employed. It is the calculation of an eminent English engineer, that in a space of two or three miles, between Lough Corrib and the Bay of Galway (the opposite neighbour of America, be it remembered), where there are several flour-mills, there runs, unemployed and to waste, a water power sufficient to turn every spindle in Manchester—a counterbalance for all the steam force employed there, which may be fairly estimated to amount to above 100,000 horse power.

⁸⁵ Among the English names, it has been remarked that a large proportion of them begin with the letter B—as the Bruens, the Butlers, the Bagenels, the Bests, the Browns, the Bunburys, the Burtons, and many others. Hence the sayings were common in Carlow, “Beware of the B’s,” and “the B’s of Carlow carry a sting”—alluding to the “good old times,” when “a duel at day-break was considered necessary to procure an appetite for breakfast.”

⁸⁶ The descent of this very ancient family has been “attested”

by Sir William Betham, and an outline of it is given in Mr. Ryan's history of the county; who extracts it from "the pedigree of the ancient illustrious, noble, and princely house of Kavanagh, in ancient times monarchs of all Ireland, and at the period of the invasion of Ireland, by Henry II., king of Leinster; deducing their descent from Bratha, the great grandfather of Milesius, who flourished fourteen hundred years before the Christian era, down to the present day." Whether or not sufficient data have been obtained for tracing back the progenitors of the Kavanaghs to a period so very remote, it is certain that safe authorities exist for establishing their claim to an uninterrupted succession for many centuries. "On the 4th of November, 1550, Charles or Cahir Mac-Art-Macmorrough Kavanagh, chief of the name, in the great council-chamber of Dublin, and in the presence of the lord-lieutenant, Sir Anthony St. Leger, submitted himself, and publicly renounced the title and dignity of Macmorrough, as borne by his ancestors." Stories, legends, and traditions of various members of the family—who took active parts in all the several wars of ages—of course abound in the county of Carlow. One of the most interesting we transcribe from Hardiman's "Minstrelsy." He lays, however, the scene of the incident in Connaught, which, says Mr. Ryan, "must certainly be an error, as the Kavanaghs were always a Leinster family." Tradition relates that it occurred at Clonmullin, a castle in the barony of Forth. It was in existence about fifty years ago; but the plough has since passed over the site. "Caroll Moore O'Daly was brother to the celebrated Donogh, a turbulent chieftain in Connaught, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his day, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, daughter of M. Kavanagh, a lovely and amiable lady, who returned his affections more favourably than her friends wished, who disapproved of the connexion. It happened that an affair of consequence drew O'Daly to another part of Ireland, and the friends of Ellen seized the opportunity of his absence to promote the suit of a rival. By a variety of reports, artfully conveyed to her, she was induced to suspect the attachment of her lover, and was finally persuaded he had left the country to be married to another. The afflicted Ellen, indifferent now to every object, was prevailed on by her friends to acquiesce in their choice. His rival was favourably received, and a day was fixed for their nuptials, which were to be as splendid as the hospitable manners and the social propensities of the Irish called for on such an occasion. The report of these preparations soon reached the ears of

the unfortunate O'Daly; he hastened his return, and arrived in Connaught on the evening before the appointed day. Under the impression of his feelings, he sought with his harp a wild and sequestered spot on the sea-shore, and, inspired by the enthusiasm of the occasion, he composed the song of '*Eibblin A'Ruin*,' which remains to this time an exquisite memorial of his skill and sensibility. Disguised as a gleeman or minstrel, he next day gained easy access among the crowd of company that thronged to the wedding; and after exercising his talents in a variety of ways for the amusement of the guests, he was called upon by Ellen herself to play. It was then that, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility this deeply interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his softened strain the very soul of pensive melody. The sympathetic heart of Ellen instantly felt its force; she recognised her lover in his disguise, and by that secret communication of sentiment that needs not the aid of words to convey it, intimated her unalterable attachment, and her readiness to fly with him from her reluctant engagement. The plan of escape was instantly concerted, the guests were more liberally supplied with usquebaugh than even the festivity of the occasion called for; they were reduced to a state of insensibility, and the happy lovers easily effected their escape."

87 The former relates that, A.D. 375, Eochaidh, a usurping sovereign, being exiled to Scotland by "Niall of the nine hostages," killed a Druid when on the eve of embarkation; for which crime Niall invaded his territory and "much distressed the inhabitants." The father of the Druid pitying the innocent, who thus suffered for the guilty, proposed to check all hostilities, provided Eochaidh were delivered into his hands. The people, reduced to the last extremity, acceded to the proposal, and placed the Prince at the disposal of his enraged enemy, by whom he was chained to a large upright stone, with a view of exposing him to all the pains of a lingering death; but after some time the Druid resolved on depriving him of existence by a more summary process, and ordered nine soldiers to destroy him, not being without a well-grounded apprehension that Eochaidh, who was possessed of great bravery and strength, would make a formidable resistance. Nor was he mistaken. Rendered desperate by the approach of his executioners, the Prince made a superhuman effort to obtain his liberty, which he effected by forcing one of the rivets of the chain by which he was confined. He immediately attacked the soldiers, possessed himself of arms, slew some of them, and finally

effected his escape. Keating points out the place in which the stone "may still be seen;" but Mr. Ryan gives it another locality, and accompanies his assertion with a "full description" of it—at the expiration of the fifteen hundredth year of its celebrity! We extract Mr. Ryan's note:—"CLOCH-A'-PHOILL (literally the *hole-stone* in Irish).—Two miles south of Tullow, in the parish of Aghade, is a huge piece of granite of singular appearance. It is about twelve feet in height and four in breadth, having an aperture through it, near the top. There is a tradition, that a son of one of the Irish kings was chained to this stone, but that he contrived to break his chain and escape. This tradition coincides exactly with our historical notice. There are marks left, caused by the friction of the iron on the stone. We would at once conclude that it was a bull or some other animal that was chained here, and not a human being, were not the tradition confirmed by written history, the verity of which we are not disposed to controvert. This stone is now thrown from its perpendicular, and it was a practice with the peasantry to pass ill-thriven infants through the aperture in order to improve their constitution. Great numbers formerly indulged in this superstitious folly, but for the last twenty years the practice has been discontinued. My informant on this occasion was a woman who had herself passed one of her infants through the aperture of this singular stone. She informed me, that some of the country people talked of having it cut up for gate-posts, but a superstitious feeling prevented them. Every antiquary would regret the demolition of the *cloth-a'-phoill*."

⁸⁸ A singular instance, characteristic of the age, is related of the immediate descendant of this earl. William, the eldest son, succeeded to the possessions of his father; on his accession, the bishop of Ferns (a Cistercian monk) made a formal complaint to the king, that William, the late earl, had forcibly taken possession of two manors or lordships belonging to his church, and held them by the sword. Having frequently remonstrated with the earl, but to no purpose, the bishop thundered against him the sentence of excommunication; which the earl completely despised, and alleged his determination to retain the lordships by the law of arms. On which declaration, one Melckeria, we are told, wrote a distich, personating the earl-marshal. Thus anciently Englished:—

"I am whom Ireland Saturn hight, and England Sol me calls;
Amidst the Normans Mercury, and Mars among the Gauls."

The earl died in full possession of the disputed territory, which descended to his son William, earl-marshal, the younger.

⁸⁹ A curious anecdote connected with Old Leighlin is told by Ware:—"On a certain time there was a great council of the people of Ireland held in the White-field; between whom there arose a controversy concerning the order of celebrating Easter. For Laserian, abbot of Leighlin, who presided over 1,500 monks, defended the new order, which was then lately sent from Rome; while others adhered to the old form. But St. Munnu did not immediately appear at this council, though every one waited for him. He stood by the old order, and came to the council the same day before evening. Then St. Munnu said to the abbot Laserian, in the presence of all the people, thus: It is now time to break up this council, that every man may depart to his own place. You have three options given you, O Laserian: let two books, one of the old order and another of the new, be cast into the fire, and let us see which of them shall escape from the flames. Or let two monks, one of yours and another of mine, be shut up in the same house, and let the house be set on fire, and we shall see which of them shall escape unhurt. Or let us both go to the sepulchre of a dead monk, and raise him up to life; and he will show us which order we ought to observe in the celebration of Easter. To which St. Laserian answered: We will not proceed to judgment with you; because we know, that if you commanded Mount-Marge to be changed into the White-field, and the White-field to be removed to the place where Mount-Marge stands, that, on account of your infinite labours and great sanctity, God would immediately do this for your sake. Afterwards the people returned every one to their own houses."

⁹⁰ The first police-station we visited was at Ballyneen, a village near Dunmanway; we were merely passing through it, and of course our inspection was quite unlooked for, and, consequently, unprepared for. The sergeant, a remarkably fine and intelligent young man, Alex. Hewston, readily complied with our request to be permitted to examine his barrack. It contained five men; strong and active fellows; the rooms were all whitewashed; the little garden was well cultivated and free from weeds; they slept on iron bedsteads; and the palliasses, blankets, pillows, &c., were neatly rolled up and placed at the head of each. The fire-arms and bayonets, polished as a mirror, were hung up over each bed; and the floors were as clean—to adopt a familiar simile—"as a new pin." Each man had his small box at his bed-foot. All was in as perfect order as if all had been prepared in this little out-of-the-way place for the accustomed call of the inspector. The sub-inspector, we learned, visited the station once a month—the

inspector once a quarter. In this barrack the men were all bachelors; but it is usual to assign one married man with his wife to each—the wife, of course, arranging the rooms, and providing the meals of the men, who always mess together. We afterwards examined many other stations, and invariably found our first impressions borne out.

⁹¹ The dress of both the cavalry and infantry is, the coat of rifle green, with black facings, and the trowsers Oxford grey; black belts; caps with leather tops; the arms, carbines and bayonets; and each man wears at his belt a handcuff case, in which handcuffs are always carried. When on duty in courts, the men carry batons, and deposit their arms in the police-barracks. When their duty is discharged, "they are to return the batons to the head or other constable authorised to receive them, and resume their arms." Each man is required to have, at all times, twenty rounds of ball-cartridge in his pouch.

⁹² Increased to ten pounds by 55th Geo. III., cap. 158.

⁹³ The force employed under this act were universally known by the cognomen of "Peelers;" and for a considerable time afterwards the name was so obnoxious to the peasantry, that the service became one of great danger, as well as odium; it was therefore found exceedingly difficult to induce men of good habits to join it.

⁹⁴ Chief magistrate's salary, seven hundred pounds per annum, besides allowance for a house, horses, &c. Chief constable, one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, with allowances. Sub-constable, fifty pounds per annum, with clothes and lodgings.

⁹⁵ The act requires that every sub-constable should be able to read and write, and be an able-bodied man. No man is taken under five feet eight inches in height; upon a late occasion, when a hundred men were sent on duty to a distant county, out of fifty from one county there were twenty-seven six feet two inches and over.

⁹⁶ We desired to form some estimate of the relative numbers of Protestants and Roman Catholics employed in the force; and found that, in Ulster, there was a greater proportion of the former, but that the latter greatly preponderated in the other provinces. We took, at chance, two returns—one from the Ulster list, the other from that of Munster; and ascertained that in Antrim county, in one district, there were twenty-three Protestants and six Catholics; and in Cork, in one district, twenty-two Catholics and seven Protestants: we believe a nearly similar result would have been exhibited by all the other returns from the north and the south. We inquired from many of the men, of both religions, whether their

opposite principles prevented their living in harmony or acting in concert; and were assured that the subject was seldom canvassed among them, and very rarely indeed led to "ill-blood." It is notorious, that in the army difference of religion never leads to discord: we rejoiced to find it was the case, also, in this force; and we were thus furnished with another gratifying proof that religious distinctions—as a ground of jealousy or hatred—are growing every day less and less influential in Ireland.

⁹⁷ The resignations are principally of men who have obtained better situations (members of the force being very much sought for by gentlemen and others requiring steady and efficient servants or assistants), or of men wishing to avoid the disgrace of dismissal.

⁹⁸ The present inspector-general is Colonel Duncan M'Gregor, an officer of great experience, derived from services in various parts of the world. It is admitted on all hands, that no man is better calculated to occupy so important a position; and he has succeeded—a task by no means easy—in governing the force without incurring the charge of recognising the existence of any party. Indeed, the great efficacy of the establishment arises to a considerable extent from the fact, that its chief officers have been enabled to remove all suspicion of its being biassed by undue motives, and to the respect and esteem in which the inspector-general is universally held. He is emphatically "popular" among all classes. In every instance in which we consulted either the officers or the men, upon the essential point whether they had confidence in their "commander-in-chief," we received but one answer—generally given with a feeling akin to personal affection. Colonel M'Gregor had been known to the world previously to his appointment in Ireland. It was this officer who published an account of the "Loss of the Kent Indiaman by Fire, in the Bay of Biscay"—and to whose own share of exertion on the melancholy occasion, testimony has been borne by every survivor except himself.

⁹⁹ We quote a few passages from the "Introduction to the Rules and Regulations for the Government and Guidance of the Constabulary Force." "The Inspector-general is particularly desirous in the outset to impress on every member of the constabulary, from the highest to the lowest, how very incumbent it is on them to act in the discharge of their various duties with the utmost forbearance, mildness, urbanity, and perfect civility towards *all* classes of Her Majesty's subjects; and that upon *no* occasion, or under *any* provocation, should they so forget themselves as to permit their feelings to get the better of their discretion, and con-

duct themselves rudely or harshly in the performance of their respective offices; for nothing will serve more to create a kindly feeling, and cause the force to be respected and looked up to, than a mild, conciliatory, moral, and decorous line of conduct, and a general readiness on the part of all classes to render kindness or assistance to every member of the community, whilst an opposite course and bearing could only engender in the mind of the public an angry or hostile feeling towards the members of the force, and consequently bring the establishment into disrepute. But, above all, both officers and men are studiously to avoid, in every respect, the most remote appearance of partisanship, or the expression of sectarian or political opinions. It is very difficult to make men fully understand the totally new position in which they are placed on becoming members of the force. They become peace-officers, and are in an entirely new situation; they are invested with certain powers by law which they must exert with great caution and prudence, and it is most essential that they keep under complete control their private feelings. It is totally inconsistent with the situation in which the law and their office place them, that they enter into altercations or squabbles of any kind; if wantonly assaulted, they have a legal power to arrest the assailant, or, if that be imprudent or impossible at the time, to take proceedings against him afterwards. As to altercation or squabbling, they are altogether inadmissible in a peace-officer; he has the power to avoid them, and must do so. There must be two parties in an altercation, and nothing can justify a constable's being one of them, or joining one of them. On all occasions in which men of the force are placed under circumstances tending to create feelings of irritation, they should maintain the utmost self-possession, self-control, and calmness. The position in which the constabulary force is placed, make it particularly desirable that their conduct should be marked by civility, and that they should show kindness, and render assistance, on all occasions when they see proper opportunities for doing so."

¹⁰⁰ The shillalah derives its name from a famous wood near Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, where the best oaks and black-thorns were grown. It was generally about three feet long; sometimes a smaller one was used, called "a Kippen," or "Cl' alpeen;" and occasionally one of eight or ten feet long, called "a Wattle." The peasantry were very choice in the selection of their national weapon, and especially careful in its preparation after it was cut. Sometimes it was tempered in a dung-heap, at others in slack lime; but the more usual mode was to rub it over re-

peatedly with butter, and place it "up the chimney," where it was left for a period of several months. We have in our possession one that we have pretty good evidence had been actively engaged in every fair in the neighbourhood for above twenty years, and at length came into the hands of a magistrate, from whom we received it, in consequence of its owner having been transported for manslaughter at a fight.

